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COTTAGE CHILDREN. (BY T. GAINSBOROUGH.)

STORIES
OF
ART AND ARTISTS

BY
CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT

AUTHOR OF HANDBOOKS OF "LEGENDARY AND MYTHOLOGICAL ART," "PAINTERS, SCULPTORS,
ARCHITECTS, AND ENGRAVERS," "CHRISTIAN SYMBOLS AND
STORIES OF THE SAINTS," ETC.

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JOHN WILSON AND SON, CAMBRIDGE.

This Book

IS DEDICATED TO MY LITTLE DAUGHTER,

HOPE,

**WHOSE FONDNESS FOR "STORIES," IS AN INCENTIVE TO
THE WRITING OF THEM.**

CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT.

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STORIES OF ART AND ARTISTS.

STORIES OF ART AND ARTISTS.

PAINTING was practised in Egypt three thousand years before the birth of Christ. But Egypt lost her place among the great powers of the world, and her art declined and died.

When, therefore, in these days, we speak of the origin of painting or of sculpture, we mean that of classic art, — or European art, which is traced back to the Greeks, — and there are many interesting stories told of the ancient artists.

ZEUXIS.

THIS celebrated painter was a native of Heracleia, and flourished in the last part of the fifth century before Christ. He travelled much in Greece, and probably visited Sicily.

He belonged to the Ephesian school of painting, which was characterized by its perfect imitation of the objects represented, and its reproduction of personal beauty in its subjects.

The most celebrated work by Zeuxis was a picture of Helen, painted for the temple of Juno at Croton. In order to make this a representation of the highest excellence of personal beauty in woman, five of the most lovely virgins were chosen as models for the picture, so that the painter might select the most beautiful features of face

and form among the five, — and thus in his one figure give a high average of feminine personal beauty. This picture was much praised by Cicero and other ancient writers; and Zeuxis himself declared not only that it was his masterpiece, but that it could not be surpassed by any other artist.

The painter received a large sum for this work; and before it was dedicated in the temple he placed it on exhibition, and from the admission fees made a great gain. Zeuxis was vain, not only of his talent, but of his wealth, of which he made much display; at times he wore a rich robe, on which his own name was embroidered in letters of gold.

This artist was a rival of another great painter, Parrhasius, and on one occasion these two men engaged in a trial of skill, in order to determine which one could most perfectly imitate inanimate objects. Zeuxis painted a bunch of grapes so perfectly that when it was publicly exposed the birds tried to peck them; the painter was more than satisfied with this testimony to his power, and confidently demanded of Parrhasius that he should draw aside the curtain which concealed his picture. It proved that the vain artist had been himself deceived, since the curtain was a painted one, and not a piece of stuff, as it had appeared to be. Zeuxis admitted his defeat, and generously pointed out that he had only deceived birds, while Parrhasius had deceived an artist.

Another time Zeuxis painted a boy carrying grapes, and when the birds flew at them the painter was very angry, saying, "I have painted the grapes better than the boy; for had I made him perfectly like life, the birds would have been frightened away."

Zeuxis also excelled in dramatic subjects, and executed many remarkable works. When Agatharcus, a scene-painter, boasted of his celerity in his work, Zeuxis replied: "I confess that I take a long time to paint; for I paint works to last a long time."

PAUSIAS.

THIS painter was born about 360 B. C., and lived at Sicyon. He is famous as being the first artist who used encaustic painting for the decoration of the ceilings and walls of houses. Encaustic painting is any kind of painting in which heat is used to fix the colors: thus, china-ware, tiles, *faience*, and many sorts of pottery are illustrations of encaustic painting, which before the time of Pausias had only been employed for representing the stars on the ceilings of temples; but the special kind used by him was done in heated or burnt wax, and was employed for just such interior decoration as that which we now distinguish by the general name of fresco painting.

The most celebrated works of Pausias represented the "Sacrifice of an Ox," a "Cupid with a Lyre," and "Methe, or Drunkenness," drinking out of a glass goblet through which her face was seen; this was a remarkable effect.

Pausias loved Glycera, a lovely young garland-twiner, and he so studied her and her flowers that he became very skilful in representing them on canvas, and won great fame as a flower-painter. A portrait which he made of Glycera was mentioned and praised by several ancient writers.

Lucius Lucullus bought at Athens a copy of this picture, for which he paid the large sum of two talents, or twenty-three hundred and sixty dollars.

APELLES.

APELLES was the most distinguished of all the Greek painters. He lived from about 352 to 308 before Christ. This artist spent the most important portion of his life at the court of Alexander the Great, and executed his greatest works for that monarch.

His picture of the Venus Anadyomene — which means, Venus rising

out of the sea — was his most famous work. In it the goddess was wringing her hair, and the silvery drops fell around her in such a way as to throw a transparent veil before her form. This picture was painted originally for the temple of Æsculapius, at Cos, which city has been called the birthplace of Apelles; Augustus carried this great work to Rome, and placed it in the temple which he dedicated to Julius

Cæsar. After a time it fell into complete decay, and during the reign of Nero a copy was made of it by Dorotheus.



BUST OF JUPITER, FOUND AT OTRICOLI;
NOW IN THE VATICAN PALACE,
ROME.

Apelles painted many allegorical pictures, such as representations of "Slander," "Thunder," "Lightning," and "Victory;" but it is probable that after the celebrated "Venus," some of his portraits of Alexander were his best works. Of one of these pictures the king said: "There are two Alexanders: one is the son of Philip, who is unconquerable; the second, the picture by Apelles, which is inimitable."

In spite of the great perfection to which Apelles carried his art, he never relinquished his studies, and was careful to use his pencil every day. From him came the maxim, *Nulla dies sine linea*, — "No day without a line;" or, "No day without something accomplished."

Apelles also made improvements in the mechanical part of his art. From what is now positively known, his principal discovery was the use of varnish, or that which is now called glazing or toning; but other discoveries are attributed to him.

That the character of Apelles was noble and attractive is shown by the fact, that, although Ptolemy had formed an opinion of the artist

which was not in his favor, yet when Apelles was driven by a storm to Alexandria, and the sovereign brought into contact with the painter, their relations became those of true friendship; and though Apelles' enemies endeavored to ruin him with Ptolemy, their schemes were fruitless.

Apelles treated other artists with great generosity, and was the means of bringing the works of Protogenes, of Rhodes, into the favor they merited. He did this by going to Rhodes, and buying pictures of Protogenes, for which he paid high prices, declaring that they were worthy to be sold as his own work. Apelles said that he himself was excelled by Amphion in grouping, and by Asclepiodorus in perspective, but that he claimed grace as his own peculiar gift, in which he excelled all others. He also blamed Protogenes for finishing his works too much, and asserted that he himself knew "where to take his hand from his work."

One of the peculiarities of Apelles was, that when he had finished a picture he exhibited it in a public place, and concealed himself where he could hear what was said of it. On one occasion a cobbler criticised the shoes of a figure; the next day the correction he had suggested was made. Then the cobbler proceeded to find fault with the legs, when Apelles rushed out in a fury, and commanded the cobbler to speak only of such things as he knew about. From this circumstance came the proverb: *Ne ultra crepidam sutor*, which means, "Let not the shoemaker go beyond his last;" but is more generally given, "Let every man stick to his trade."

PROTOGENES.

THIS Rhodian artist became very famous, for after the praise of Apelles others were roused to the appreciation of the great artist who had been content to do his best, and was too modest to assert himself. His most celebrated work was the picture of Ialysus, a mythical hero,

grandson of the god Apollo, and a special patron and guardian of the island of Rhodes. The artist represented him either as hunting or as returning from the chase. Some of the ancient writers relate that Protogenes spent seven, or even eleven, years on this picture. Pliny says that the artist became discouraged in his attempt to paint, to his



HEAD OF JUNO. (POSSIBLY BY ALCAMENES. IN THE LUDOVISI PALACE, ROME.)

liking, the foam at the mouth of a tired hound; finally, in his impatience he threw a sponge, with which he had repeatedly washed off his colors, at the offending spot,—and thus produced the very effect he wished!

This great work was doubtless dedicated in the temple of Ialysus, at Rhodes; and when Demetrius Poliorcetes besieged that city, he was careful to spare this temple for the sake of the picture of Protogenes. Demetrius also showed marked personal attentions to the painter, who lived in a cottage out-

side of the walls of the city, and quietly continued his work in the midst of the siege. When Demetrius demanded of him how he dared to remain in so exposed a position, Protogenes answered: "I know that you are at war with the Rhodians, but not with the arts." Upon this reply, Demetrius stationed a guard about the cottage, and the

painter worked quietly on, amidst the din of war which raged all about him. The Ialysus was carried to Rome in later times, and placed in the Temple of Peace.

Another remarkable picture by Protogenes was the representation of a satyr leaning against a column. The painter bestowed great pains upon the figure of the satyr, and considered it the best part of the work; but on the column he painted a partridge, which was so true to nature that much attention was given to it, — even the bird-sellers brought tame partridges to the picture, and when the living birds saw the painted one they chirped to it as if it were alive. This amused and delighted the populace, but it was so disagreeable to Protogenes that he painted out the bird, in order that men might see the satyr.



THE QUOIT-THROWER. (A COPY OF THE ORIGINAL BY MYRON.)

AËTION.

THIS artist is sometimes said to have lived in the time of Alexander; but Lucian, who gave an account of him, distinctly declares that he lived in the time of Hadrian and the Antonines.

He painted a wonderful picture of the "Nuptials of Alexander and Roxana," with Erotes, or cupids, busy about them, and with the armor of the king. When this work was exhibited at the Olympic games, one of the judges — Proxenidas — exclaimed: "I reserve crowns for the heads of the athletæ, but I give my daughter in marriage to the painter Aëtion, as a recompense for his inimitable painting." Later, this picture

was carried to Rome, and it has been said that Raphael sketched one of his finest compositions from it. The chief excellence of this painter was in his mode of mixing and laying on of colors.

THE FIRST BAS-RELIEF.

ABOUT twenty-five hundred years ago there lived at Sicyon, in Greece, a modeller in clay, whose name was Dibutades. He had a daughter who is called by two names, Kora and Callirhoe. This young girl could not assist her father much, but she went each day to the flower-market, and brought home flowers which she put in vases in the little shop, to make it pleasant for the modeller, as well as attractive to his customers. Kora was very beautiful; and as she went out with her veil about her, the young Greeks of Sicyon caught glimpses of her face, which made them wish to see her again, — and thus many of them visited the artist Dibutades.

One of these young men at length asked the modeller to receive him as an apprentice; his request was granted, and by this means the young Greek made one of the family of the artist. The three lived a life of simple happiness; the young man could play upon the reed, and had much knowledge, which fitted him to be the teacher of the lovely Kora. After a time, for some reason that we know not, it was best for him to go away; and he then asked Kora to promise that she would be his wife. Vows of betrothal were exchanged, and they were very sad at the thought of parting.

The last evening, as they sat together, Kora suddenly seized a coal from the brazier, and traced upon the wall the outline of the face which was so dear to her. It was an inspiration on the part of the girl; and so correct was the likeness, that when Dibutades saw it he instantly knew whom it represented. Then he wished to do his part, for he loved

the young man also; so he brought his clay, and from the outline which Kora had made he filled in a portrait in bas-relief, the first that was ever made. Thus the love of Kora had originated a great art.

After this time, Dibutades perfected himself in the making of medallions and busts, and decorated many beautiful Grecian buildings with his work. He also founded a school for modelling at Sicyon, and



THE FIRST BAS-RELIEF.

became so famous that several Greek cities claimed the honor of having been his birthplace.

The first bas-relief made from Kora's outline was preserved in the Nymphæum at Corinth about two centuries, after which it was destroyed by fire. Kora's lover became her husband, and a famous artist at Corinth.

PHIDIAS.

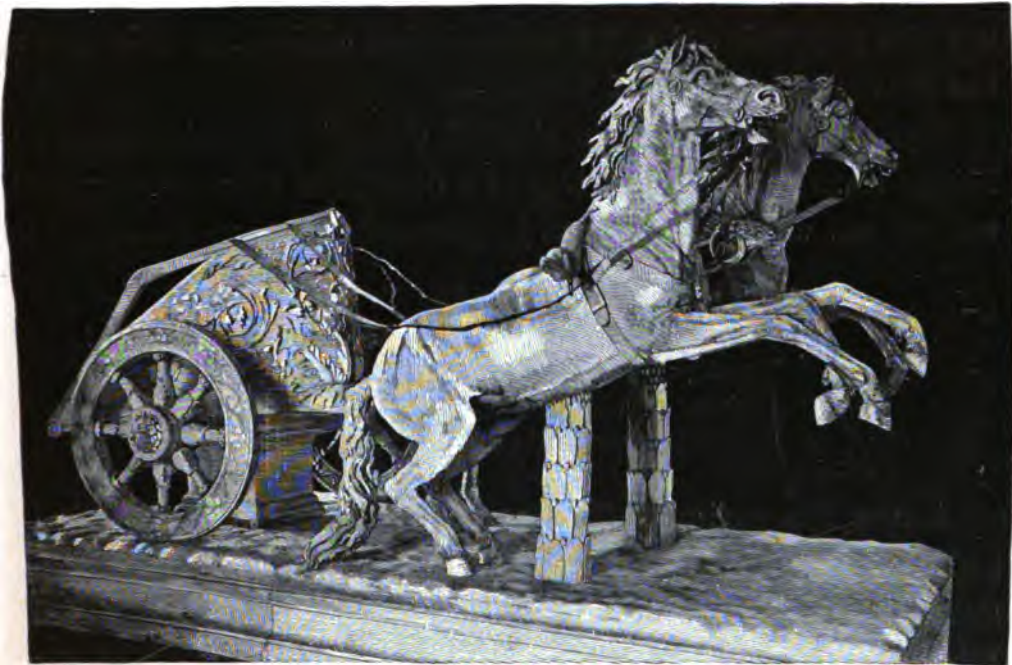
ALTHOUGH the Egyptians were great sculptors, as some of their remaining works show, and though the Lions of Nineveh attest the skill of the Assyrians, yet the sculpture of the Greeks is that which is most admired by all the world. Of all Greek sculptors Phidias is the most famous. He was the son of Charmides, and was born at Athens about 500 B.C., becoming very prominent in the time when Pericles was sole ruler at Athens. Phidias was made overseer of all the public works, which then was a very important office, because all the temples and buildings were restored which had been destroyed by the Persians. Many of these great works were done by other celebrated architects and sculptors under the direction of Phidias, but he himself made the very remarkable statue of Athena, or Minerva, which was placed in the larger chamber of the temple of that goddess, called the Parthenon.

This statue was of the kind of work which is called *chryselephantine*, said to have been invented by Phidias. Its foundation was of wood, which was covered with ivory and gold; the ivory was used for the flesh parts of the statue, and the gold for the draperies and ornaments.

Athena, or Minerva, was the goddess of wisdom and of war, and this statue represented her as victorious. It was nearly forty feet high, including the base; the different parts were very much ornamented; the crest of the helmet was formed like a sphinx, and had griffins on each side; the coat of mail, or upper garment, was fringed with golden serpents, and had a golden head of Medusa in the centre; the lower end of the spear rested on a dragon; the shield was embossed on both sides with representations of Athenian legends, and even the base upon which the statue stood was wrought in relief, with many gods and goddesses and other figures upon it.

Phidias wished to put his name on his work, but not being allowed to do so, he accomplished his purpose by making his own portrait in one of the figures upon the shield.

Many other works by Phidias were in and upon the Parthenon; some of these are now in the British Museum in London, and are known as the Elgin marbles, from the fact that they were carried to England by the Earl of Elgin.



THE MOST ANCIENT FORM OF GREEK CHARIOT. (FROM AN ANTIQUE SCULPTURE.)

After the completion of the Minerva, Phidias went to Elis, where he made the wonderful statue of the Olympian Jupiter for the great temple of that god in the Altis, or sacred grove, at Olympia. This represented the god as seated on a throne, holding in his right hand a statue of victory, and supporting a sceptre, surmounted with an eagle, with his left hand. A curtain concealed this statue except on great festival days, when it was exposed to full view. The decorations and ornaments upon every part of the figure, and upon the

throne, were wonderful in their design and execution ; there were hundreds of figures of gods, youths, dancing-girls, and animals, and flowers in great abundance.

When the statue was completed, the sculptor prayed to Jupiter for a sign in approbation of his work, and it is said that the pavement close by was struck by lightning. As an honor to Phidias, his descendants were given the office of caring for this statue and cleaning it. A building outside of the Altis, where he had worked, was also preserved, and called the work-shop of Phidias. His name was inscribed at the feet of this statue.

Jupiter was the most powerful of all the gods of mythology, and Phidias represented him according to a description which Homer had written, and which, as translated by Alexander Pope, reads, —

“ He spoke, and awful bends his sable brows,
Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod,
The stamp of fate, and sanction of the god ;
High heaven with trembling the dread signal took,
And all Olympus to the centre shook.”

Among the pupils of Phidias was Alcamenes, a distinguished sculptor. It is said that he contended with Phidias in making a statue of Minerva to be placed on a very high column at Athens. When the two works were completed and exhibited, that of the pupil received the greater praise, because it was highly finished, while that of the master seemed coarse and rough. But Phidias demanded that they should be raised to the intended height, when it was found that the statue of Alcamenes lost its effect, and that of Phidias proved all that could be desired.

Alcamenes, like Phidias, was a sculptor of the gods ; and it is thought that a statue of Juno, which was found in a temple between Athens and Phaleros, was his work. The head of Juno which we give is probably a part of the statue found in this temple.

When Phidias returned from Elis to Athens, he found that his friend and master Pericles had fallen into bad repute through the jealousy of his enemies. This jealousy was extended to Phidias, and he was accused of having stolen a part of the gold which had been furnished him for making the statue of Minerva. As the plates of gold were so arranged that they could be removed from the statue, they were weighed, and Phidias was cleared from all suspicion of dishonesty. His accusers next brought a charge of impiety, because he had introduced his own portrait on the shield; upon this charge he was thrown into prison, where he died, some writers say from disease, while others declare that he was poisoned. His death occurred about 432 B.C., and it is not possible to say positively that any work executed by the hand of Phidias exists; but the marbles known as the "Elgin marbles," in the British Museum, are certainly works executed under his eye, if not by his hand, and some authorities do not hesitate to consider them his work. These marbles consist of single figures and groups which formed portions of the outside decorations of the Parthenon, of which temple Phidias was the chief architect, and all its ornaments were subject to his approval. These sculptures may be considered as equal, or indeed superior, to any now existing, and they belong to the time when sculpture had reached its very highest point.

MYRON.

THIS sculptor was born at Eleutheræ, about 430 B.C., but is spoken of as an Athenian because his native city belonged to the Athenian franchise or district, and because his most celebrated work—the statue of a cow—stood in the midst of the largest open space in Athens, and his fame was thus connected with that city. This cow was represented as in the act of lowing, and was elevated upon a

marble base. It is praised by many writers, no less than thirty-six epigrams having been written upon it, which have all been collected by Sontag, and are in the "Unterhaltungen für Freunde der alten Literatur," or "Entertainments for the Friends of Ancient Literature." In later times the cow was removed to Rome, and placed in the Temple of Peace.

The second most famous work of Myron was the "Discobolus," or the disk or quoit thrower. The original statue exists no longer, but there are several copies of it, one of which was found on the Esquiline Hill at Rome in A. D. 1782, and was placed in the Villa Massini.

This statue shows forth the sculptor's most striking characteristic, which was to represent figures in excited action, at the very moment of some great effort of strength or skill. This is a very difficult thing to do, since no model can constantly repeat such acts; and if that were possible, there is but a flash of time in which the artist can see what he is trying to reproduce. And yet this figure is so life-like that it seems, when one looks at it, as if it would be safer to stand so that the quoit shall not hit him as it flies. Besides the Discobolus, there are several other works attributed to Myron; they are,—a copy in marble of his statue of Marsyas, in the Lateran at Rome; a torso, restored as a son of Niobe, in the gallery at Florence; the torso of an Endymion, in the same gallery; a figure restored and called Diomed; and a bronze in the gallery at Munich.

CALLIMACHUS.

THERE are many of the ancient artists of whom very little is known, but that little is so interesting that in the case of some it is well worth the telling. Such a one is Callimachus, who is said to have invented the Corinthian capital, which is so beautiful in architecture. The time when Callimachus lived cannot be given more nearly than by

saying that it must have been between 550 and 396 B. C. The story runs that a young girl died at Corinth, and her nurse, following the usual custom, placed on her grave a basket which contained the food that the girl had liked best. It happened that the basket was placed upon an acanthus, and the leaves of the plant grew up around the basket, and were so graceful, thus holding it in their midst, that Callimachus, who saw it, used it as a design for the capitals of pillars; and the name of Corinthian was given to it.

It is also said, by some ancient writers, that Callimachus invented a lamp which would burn a year without going out; and that such an one, made of gold by him, was used in the temple of Minerva at Athens.

ALCAMENES.

THIS favorite pupil of the great Phidias has been mentioned already in the account of that master. The most celebrated work by Alcamenes was a statue of Venus. Most of his figures represented the gods, among them being one of Hephæstus, or Vulcan, in which the lameness of that god was managed so skilfully that no deformity appeared.

Concerning the "Venus Aphrodite," as the famous statue is called, it is related that Agoracritus — also a pupil of Phidias, and a celebrated artist — contended with Alcamenes in making a figure of that goddess; and when the Athenians gave the preference to that of Alcamenes, Agoracritus, through indignation and disappointment, changed his figure, which represented the goddess of Love, into a Nemesis, or the goddess who sent suffering to those that were blessed with too many gifts. He then sold the statue to the people of Rhamnus, who had a temple dedicated to Nemesis, and made a condition that it never should be set up in Athens.

There is a difference of opinion as to the merits of Alcamenes and of Agoracritus; some writers say, Phidias so loved the last that he even put the name of Agoracritus upon some of his own works. But the ancient writers generally consider Alcamenes as second only to Phidias, and the most famous of all that master's pupils.

PRAXITELES.

THIS sculptor stood at the head of a school of Grecian art, which differed from that of Phidias by representing youth, beauty, and more generally pleasing subjects, while the older artists represented grandeur and solemn dignity. Praxiteles was born at Athens about 392 B.C. He is supposed to be the son of Cephisdotus, who is also thought to be the son of Alcamenes,—thus making Praxiteles the grandson of the latter. He chose for his subjects the soft and delicate forms of Venus, Cupid, the young Bacchus, youthful satyrs, and so on. His most famous work was the “Cnidian Venus.” The story is that Praxiteles made two statues of the beautiful goddess, one being nude and the other draped; the people of Cos chose the latter, and the Cnidians bought the nude figure. They erected for it an open temple, so that the goddess could be seen from all sides. Many people went to Cnidos for the sole purpose of seeing this statue, and felt that they were repaid for their trouble; while the Cnidians themselves so valued it, that when their oppressor, King Nicomedes of Bithynia, offered to release them from a debt of one hundred talents (about a hundred thousand dollars) if they would give the Venus to him, they refused, and declared that it was the chief glory of their State.

It is also related that Praxiteles had promised to give his friend Phryne whatever statue she should choose from his work-shop. She

wished to select the one which the artist himself considered the best; and in order to ascertain which was his favorite, she sent a servant to tell him that his work-shop was on fire. He exclaimed, "All is lost if my Satyr and Cupid are not saved!" Then Phryne told him of her deceit, and chose the Cupid as her gift.

There is a Cupid in the Vatican Museum at Rome which is said to be a copy of that chosen by Phryne, but no one knows exactly whether this is true or not; it is, however, very graceful and beautiful, and the face has a sweet dreamy expression.

VENUS DEI MEDICI.

THERE are many works of art of so much importance that although little is known of them, all the world is interested to see them and to know whatever it is possible to learn about them. The Venus dei Medici is one of these, and I place it here immediately after the account of Praxiteles because many art critics believe that it is a copy of the famous Cnidian Venus. The statue was made by Cleomenes, who lived, as nearly as can be told, between 363 and 146 B. C. He was an Athenian. There have been many copies of this statue found in different places, which proves that it was held in great esteem in ancient times; that by Cleomenes is now the glory of the tribune of the Uffizi Gallery at Florence; it was dug up in the seventeenth century at Rome. There is a question as to the exact spot where it was found, but the Portico of Octavia is generally believed to have been the place. Cosmo III. removed it to Florence in 1680, and it is called the Venus dei Medici on account of its having rested in the Medici Palace at Rome, from the time when it was found until it was taken to Florence.

As Venus was the goddess of Love and of Beauty, it was natural

that many sculptors should make representations of her, and there are several very famous ones still existing in different museums. One in the gallery of the Louvre is called the "Venus of Milo," or Melos, from the place where it was found. It is so beautiful that many people prefer it before all others, and some critics believe it to be a copy of a work by Alcamenes. You will see a picture of it on page 23. Another Venus, in the Capitoline Museum at Rome, is called the "Venus of the Capitol," and is much praised; it was found among some ruins on the Quirinal Hill. The "Venus Callipiga," which was found in the "golden house of Nero," and is now in the museum at Naples, is the last one I shall name, although there are others worthy of admiration.

THE NIOBE GROUP.

THIS is the grandest and largest group of Greek statuary of which we have any knowledge or possess any copy. We do not know by whom it was made, but its fame rests between Praxiteles and Scopas: no one can decide between these two sculptors. Scopas was born on the Island of Paros, which was under the rule of Athens, about 420 B.C. He was a very great artist, and many accounts of his works have come down to us; but of the Niobe group we know nothing positively until the time of Sosius, who was appointed governor of Syria and Cilicia by Mark Antony, in the year 38 B.C. This Sosius built a temple in his own honor at Rome, and called it the temple of Apollo Sorianus; he brought many beautiful works of art from the East to adorn this temple, and among them the Niobe group. It remained in its place at Rome about a century, and what became of it is unknown. In the year A.D. 1583, there was found, near the church of St. John Lateran, in Rome, a copy of this group; it



THE ANTIQUE STATUE
of NIOBE IN THE
GALLERY AT FLORENCE

was purchased by the Grand Duke of Tuscany and placed in the Villa Medici; in 1775 it was taken to Florence and placed in the Uffizi, in an apartment prepared especially for it; all the figures were restored, and each one was set up on a separate pedestal. This work was not completed until 1794.

There are but thirteen figures. Some must be missing, as sixteen are required to illustrate its sad story, which is as follows: Niobe was the daughter of Tantalus, and was born on Mount Sipylos. As a child, Niobe was a playmate of the great goddess Leto, or Latona; later she married Amphion, while Leto was the wife of the great god Jupiter.

Niobe had a very happy life, and was the mother of seven sons and seven daughters. This prosperity made her forget that she was only a mortal, and she became proud and insolent, even to the gods themselves.

Leto had but two children, — Apollo, the god of the silver bow; and Artemis, or Diana, who was the archer-queen of Heaven. Amphion was the king and Niobe the queen of Thebes; so when the worship of Leto was established in that city, Niobe, who remembered the goddess as her playmate, was very angry that such honor should be paid her, and she drove to the temple in her chariot and commanded the Theban women to refuse this worship. She also held herself up



before them as superior to Leto, and said that the goddess had only two children, while she, their queen, had fourteen lovely sons and daughters, any one of whom was worthy of honor. The goddess Leto was so enraged by this, that she begged of Apollo and Artemis to take revenge on Niobe. Then they descended, and in one day all the children of Niobe were slain, — the sons by Apollo, and the daughters by Artemis.

Niobe, thus left alone, could only weep, until at last Jupiter taking pity on her turned her into stone, and whirled her away from Thebes to Mount Sipylus, the scene of her childhood. This myth seems to be intended to teach that pride and insolence will meet with punishment. The picture on page 21 shows Niobe still defiant, although her sons are lying slain about her feet. The full-page picture just before represents the dreadful moment when Niobe sees the last of her children falling around her, and is trying to protect her youngest from the arrows of the sure-aiming gods.

Several different statues which exist in other cities and galleries have been thought to be the figures missing from the group in Florence; however, nothing has been fixed upon concerning them, and there is enough there to make it the most important group of ancient statues now remaining.

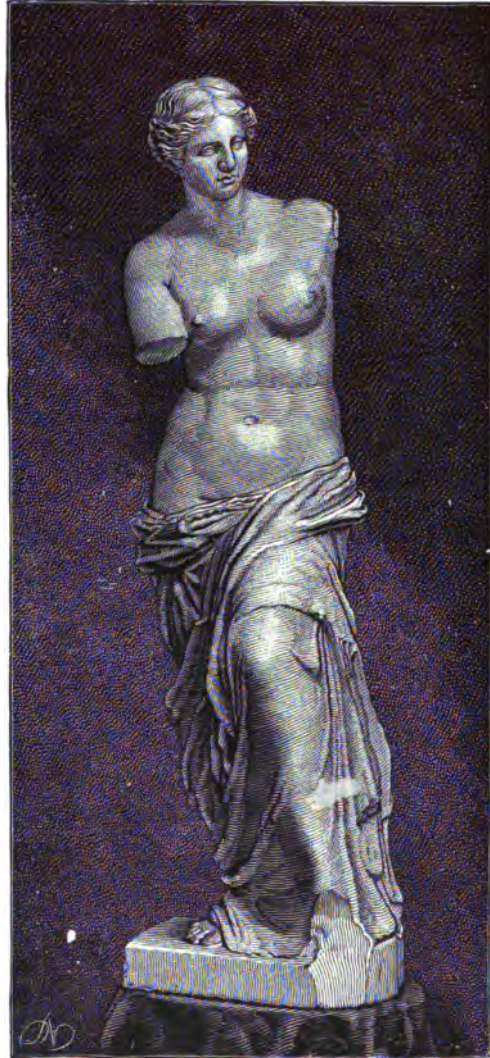
THE TOMB OF MAUSOLUS.

THE ancient historians tell us of the "Seven Wonders of the World," and name them as the Pyramids of Egypt, the Hanging-Gardens of Semiramis at Babylon, the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, the Statue of Jupiter by Phidias, the Tomb of Mausolus at Halicarnassus, the Colossus at Rhodes, and the Pharos, or Light-house of Alexandria. Of these seven wonders of ancient times, one, the statue of Jupiter, was the

product of sculpture alone, while all the others were the result of a combination of architecture as a fine art and architecture as a useful art, with the arts of ornament and what may be termed scientific art; thus they all come within the scope of stories of art and artists. The works of Phidias have already been spoken of; we will now describe the tomb of Mausolus. He was the king of Caria, of which country Halicarnassus was the chief city and the place where the tomb was built. He died about 353 B.C., and his wife Artemisia, who had no children, was overcome with grief at his death. The body was burned, according to custom. Artemisia gradually faded away from the effects of her sorrow; and she lived only two years longer than Mausolus.

Meantime, she had begun the erection of the Mausoleum; and although she died before its completion, the artists continued faithfully to execute her commands, and to vie with each other in the excellence of their work, for the sake of their own fame.

There were five artists engaged in the ornamentation of the Mausoleum, — Bryaxis, who executed the reliefs upon the north face; Timo-



THE VENUS OF MILO.

theus those of the south; Leochares the west, and Scopas the east; while Pythis was allotted the quadriga, or four-horse chariot which crowned the whole. The tomb was erected upon ground that was higher than the city, and overlooked the entrance to the harbor. Writers of the twelfth century praised its beauty, but in A.D. 1402, when the Knights of St. John took possession of the place, the monument no longer remained, and a castle was built upon its site. The tomb had been buried, probably by an earthquake. The name of Budrum was then given to the place. In A.D. 1522, some pieces of sculpture were found there; but it was not until much later that Mr. Newton, an Englishman, discovered to what great monument these remains had belonged. A large collection of statues, reliefs, parts of animals, and other objects was brought to London and placed in the British Museum, and called the Halicarnassus sculptures.

The whole height of the Mausoleum was one hundred and forty feet; the north and south sides were sixty-three feet long, and the others a little less; the burial vault was at the base, and the whole structure was a mass of magnificent design and execution. It is said that the figure of Mausolus was in the quadriga, above all, and so placed that it could be seen from a great distance by land or sea. It was a work worthy to be called a wonder in its day, and from it we still take our word "mausoleum," which we apply to all burial-places worthy of so distinguished a name.

THE COLOSSUS AT RHODES.

THE art of the island of Rhodes was second only to that of Athens. This island is but forty-five miles long and twenty miles wide at its broadest part, and yet its works of art were so numerous as to make their number seem like a fable. In the city of Rhodes alone there were

three thousand statues, and many paintings and other beautiful objects. It was here that Chares, of Lindos, another city of the Island, erected his famous Colossus, or statue of the sun. One hundred statues of the sun ornamented the city of Rhodes, and Pliny says that any one of them was beautiful enough to have been famous; but this one by Chares was so remarkable as to eclipse all the others.

The erection of this statue occupied twelve years, from 292 to 280 B.C., and it cost three hundred talents, or about three hundred thousand dollars of our money. It stood near the entrance to the harbor of the city, but we have no reason to believe the oft-repeated story that it was placed with its legs extended over the mouth of the port, so that ships sailed between them. Yet its magnitude is almost beyond imagining, for a man of ordinary size could not reach around one of its thumbs with his arms, and its fingers were larger than most statues, while its whole height was one hundred and five feet.

The men of Rhodes obtained the money for the Colossus by selling the engines of war which had been abandoned to them by Demetrius Poliorcetes, when he laid siege to their city in vain, in 303 B.C.

In the year 224 B.C., fifty-six years after its completion, an earthquake overthrew the Colossus, and the Rhodians were forbidden, by an oracle, to restore it. Its fragments remained scattered upon the ground nine hundred and twenty-three years, until A.D. 672, when they were sold to a Jew of Emesa, by the command of the Caliph, Othman IV. It is said that nine hundred camels were required to carry them off, and they were estimated to weigh seven hundred thousand pounds.

There are coins of Rhodes bearing a face which is supposed with good reason to be that of this Colossus.

When we consider what carefulness was necessary to cast this enormous figure in bronze in separate pieces, to adjust them to each other, and in any sense satisfy the standard of art that existed in Rhodes when it was made, we are quite ready to allow that Chares of

Lindos was a worthy pupil of his great master Lysippus, and that his Colossus merited a place among the "Seven Wonders."

There were colossal statues in Egypt, the remains of which may still be seen, which were much older than the Colossus of Rhodes, and more remarkable, on account of their having been made of single stones and moved from the places where they were quarried to those upon which they were erected.

The largest one is that near the Memnonium, at Western Thebes. It was sixty feet high, twenty-two feet across the shoulders, and one toe is three feet long. This statue is estimated to have weighed eight hundred and eighty-seven tons, and was moved one hundred and thirty-eight miles.

The two famous colossi — of which one was called "The Singing Memnon," and was believed to hail the rising sun with musical sounds — are on the plain of Quorneh. These were each made from one block, and were forty-seven feet high, each foot being ten and two-thirds feet long; they are in a sitting posture. These last statues were erected about 1330 B.C., and the one at Western Thebes about two hundred and seventy years earlier.

THE TEMPLE OF DIANA AT EPHESUS.

WITH a short account of this wonderful temple I shall leave the "Seven Wonders;" for the Great Pyramid, the gardens of Semiramis, and the Pharos of Alexandria do not come so strictly within our subject as do those of which we have spoken. A temple existed at Ephesus before the building of that which we describe. It had also been dedicated to Diana or Artemis, who was the same goddess who aided her brother to slay the children of Niobe. The first temple was burned, and some writers say that the fire occurred on the night in which Alexander the Great was born, which was in the autumn of the year 356 B.C.

The second temple was four hundred and twenty-five feet long by two hundred and twenty feet wide, and was ornamented with one hundred and twenty-seven columns, each of which was the gift of a king, according to the account of Pliny. These columns were very large, and made of beautiful marbles, jasper, and other fine stones. Some of them were carved in elegant designs, one being the work of Scopas, who is believed to have made the Niobe group. It required two hundred and twenty years to complete this temple, and the necessary money was so difficult for the people to obtain, that even the ornaments of the women were given to be melted down in order to add to the fund; and yet when Alexander offered to pay for the temple if his name should be inscribed upon it, they refused his aid.

When the edifice was completed, many works by the best artists were placed therein. The Ephesian artists were proud to do all they could for its adornment, without other reward than the honor of seeing their works in so grand and sacred a place, while the works of other artists were bought in great numbers. The great altar was filled with the sculptures of Praxiteles; a very celebrated painting by Apelles, called the "Alexander Ceraunophorus," was there, and it is probable that many other artists of whom we have heard were employed in its decoration.

This great temple was plundered by the Emperor Nero; the Goths carried the work of its destruction still further in 260 A.D.; and finally, under the Emperor Theodosius, A.D. 381, when all pagan worship was suppressed, this temple was destroyed, and now almost nothing remains at Ephesus to remind one of its past grandeur. It is probable that the materials which composed the temple, as well as those of other noble buildings there, have been carried to Constantinople and other cities, and much may still be hidden beneath the soil; but it is the saddest place, and has the least to repay one who visits it, of all the ruined cities which I have seen.

THE LAOCOÖN GROUP.

THIS famous piece of statuary, now in the Vatican Museum at Rome, is not very old in comparison with many of the works we have described, its probable date being the time of the Emperor Titus, who lived from A.D. 40 to 81. He was a liberal patron of art, and it is believed that



THE LAOCOÖN GROUP.

Agesander, Polydorus, and Athenodorus, sculptors of Rhodes, executed this work at the command of Titus, in whose palace it was placed.

In 1506 the Laocoön was found in the excavation of the baths of Titus, and was placed in the Vatican by Pope Julius II. An arm which was wanting was restored by an Italian sculptor named Baccio Bandinelli. Napoleon Bonaparte carried it to Paris, but in 1815 the

group was returned to Rome, together with other art treasures which he had borne away.

This work illustrates the story of Laocoön, who was a priest of Troy. When the Greeks left the wooden horse outside that city and pretended to sail away, Laocoön warned the Trojans of the danger of drawing it within the walls, and as he spoke he thrust a lance into the side of the horse. But Sinon, who had been left behind by the Greeks, contrived to persuade the Trojans that the horse would be a blessing to them; and it was drawn into the city, where feasts and sacrifices were ordered to do honor to the occasion. Laocoön was preparing a sacrifice to Neptune, when two huge serpents were seen coming from Tenedos. All the people fled,—only the priest and his two sons remained by the altar; and to them the fearful creatures went, soon killing all three by their horrible entwining. When Laocoön and his sons were really dead, the serpents went to the Acropolis and disappeared behind the shield of Tritonis. This story has been told by several poets, and in Virgil's *Æneid* is read by many boys and girls.

The famous group of the Vatican shows the moment when the serpents are entwined about all three figures, and represents the most intense suffering of mind and body.

THE FARNESE BULL.

THIS is another celebrated group, believed to belong to the first century of our era. It was the work of two brothers, Apollonius and Tauriscus of Rhodes, and was carried from Rhodes to Rome by Asinius Pollio, and placed in the baths of Caracalla. After being covered up in the ruins of these baths for many years, it was found in the sixteenth century, and is now in the Museum of Naples.

This group tells a part of the story of Dirce, who had incurred

the displeasure of Antiope, the mother of Amphion, the king of Thebes and the husband of Niobe.



THE FARNESE BULL.

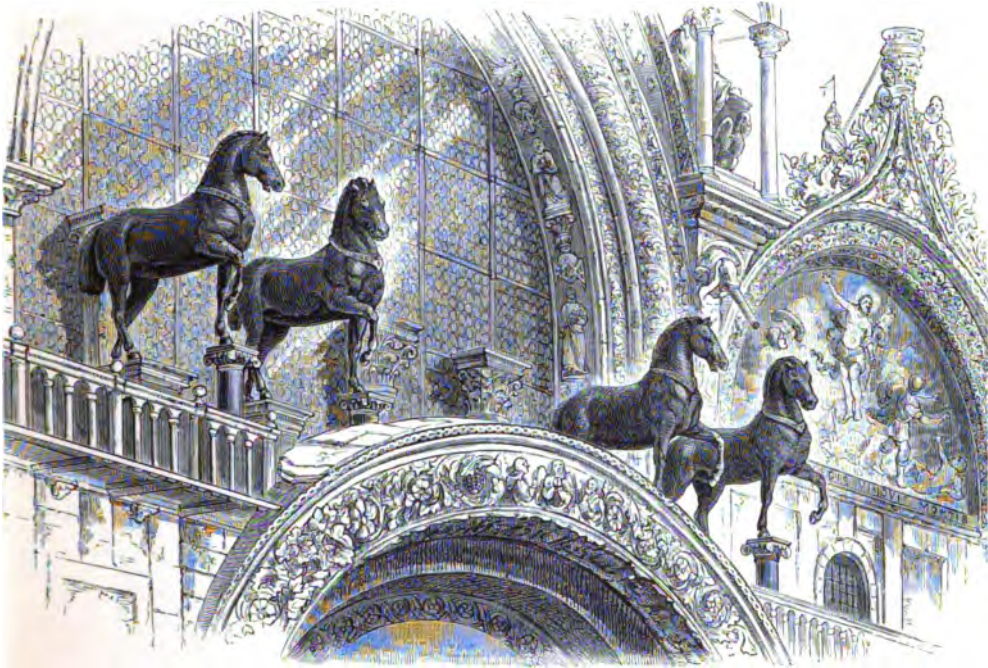
Then Amphion and his twin brother Zethus, in order to satisfy the wrath of their mother, bound Dirce to the horns of a wild bull, who dragged her to death. It is said that Dionysos changed her body into a well on Mt. Cithæron. A small river near Thebes was also called by her name.

The moment represented in the sculpture is that when Dirce is struggling to free herself from Amphion and Zethus, who are fastening the cords to the horns of the savage animal.

THE BRONZE HORSES OF VENICE.

HIGH up above the central portal of the Cathedral of St. Mark in Venice, there are two bronze horses at each side of the arch. They are large, and weigh 1932 pounds each. It is wonderful to think how they have been carried over the world, now raised to great heights, and again lowered and carried great distances. When we consider the difficulties of thus moving them by land and sea, we understand how valuable they must have been considered. The positive truth concerning their origin is not known. Some critics believe them to be of the Greek school of Lysippus; but the general belief is that the Emperor Augustus carried them from Alexandria to Rome after his victory over Mark Antony, about 30 B.C.

Augustus placed them on a triumphal arch, and the emperors Nero, Domitian, Trajan, and Constantine, each in turn, removed them to arches of their own. At length Constantine carried them to Constantinople, his new capital, and placed them in the Hippo-



THE BRONZE HORSES OF VENICE (SHOWING THE TOP OF THE ARCH ABOVE THE PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE TO THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. MARK.)

drome; from there they were brought to Venice by the Crusaders in 1205. In 1797 Napoleon Bonaparte carried them to Paris, and in 1815 they were returned to Venice, where they now stand,—

“Their gilded collars glittering in the sun.”

THE DIOSCURI ON MONTE CAVALLO, AT ROME.

THESE two figures on horses are believed to represent the twin brothers Castor and Pollux, and are said to be the united work of the two great sculptors Phidias and Praxiteles. They are colossal in size and spirited in execution. The Monte Cavallo is so named on account of these statues, which were excavated in the baths of Constantine. It is a portion of the Quirinal Hill, and is beside the Quirinal Palace, which is now the Roman residence of the King of Italy.

Castor and Pollux were famous for their brotherly love; and their legend relates that, as a reward for their affection, Jupiter placed them together among the stars after their death, where they are called *Gemini*, the Twins. They were worshipped in Greece, and at Rome there was a temple erected to them, opposite the temple of Vesta, in the Forum, and on the 15th of July the *equites* (or soldiers on horses) went there in solemn procession to perform their rites in honor of the DioscURI.

NOTE.

Ancient Sculptures now existing.

Copy of the head of Asclepius after Alcamenes : in the British Museum.

Copies after those of Praxiteles.

Venus : as seen on the Cnidian coins.

Venus : the finest copy in marble is in the Glyptothek, Munich.

Cupid : National Museum at Naples.

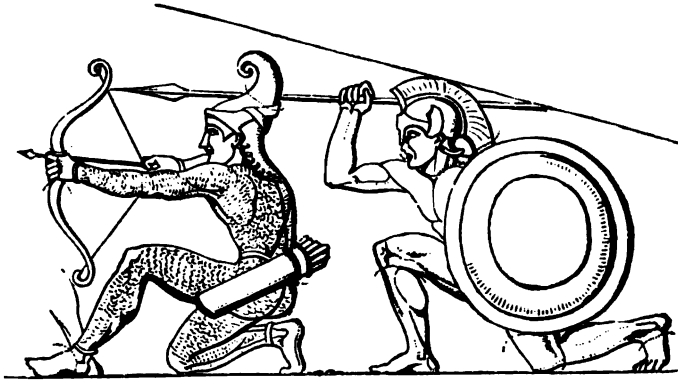
Cupid : Vatican Museum, Rome.

Satyr : Capitol, Rome.

Apollo with the Lizard : Louvre, Paris.

The DioscURI on Monte Cavallo : Rome ; said to be the joint work of Phidias and Praxiteles.

The Niobe Group : Uffizzi, Florence ; copy after Scopas.



FIGURES FROM THE PEDIMENT OF THE TEMPLE OF MINERVA AT EGINA.

BEFORE leaving the subject of ancient sculpture, I wish to speak of some other beautiful works which are still preserved, and which the illustrations here given will help you to understand. The first is from the frieze of the temple of Minerva, or Pallas, at Egina. This word was formerly spelled *Ægina*, and is the name of an island in the Gulf of Egina, near the southwest coast of Greece. Its chief city was also called Egina, and here a beautiful Doric temple was built about 475 B.C., which was the period of the greatest prosperity and importance of the island.

Many of the columns of this temple are still standing, but large parts of it have fallen down; in 1811 these ruins were examined, and some fine pieces of sculptured marble were obtained, which are the most remarkable works still existing from so early a period. Thorwaldsen, the Danish sculptor, restored these marbles, and the King of Bavaria purchased them; they are now in the Glyptothek, or Museum of Sculpture, at Munich.

The two figures given above formed a part of what is called the western pediment of the temple; this pediment contained a group of eleven figures, almost life-size, and represented in spirited action. I ought to tell you that a pediment is the triangular

space which is formed by the slanting of the two sides of the roof up to the ridge-piece at the ends of buildings, and in the Greek temples the pediment was usually much ornamented, giving a fine opportunity for large groups.

The figures in the centre were the most important actors in the scene or story represented by the sculptures, and were of full size, usually standing; then, as the space on each side became narrower, the figures were arranged in positions to suit it, and the whole composition was so fitted into the slant as to produce a regular and symmetrical outline. Thus the whole effect when completed was grand and imposing, as well as very ornamental to the building.

The figures in this western pediment of the temple at Egina illustrated an episode in the story of the Trojan War; it was the struggle of Ajax, Ulysses, and other Greeks with the Trojan warriors, over the dead body of Achilles. The Greeks ardently desired to possess themselves of the body of their brave leader, in order to give it a fitting burial, and they finally succeeded in bearing it off to their own camp.

The myth relates that the god Apollo guided the arrow of Paris, which slew Achilles, who could only be wounded in his heel, — because when his mother, the goddess Thetis, dipped him in the river Styx to make him invulnerable, or safe from being hurt by weapons, she held him by the heel; and as this was the only part of his body not wetted, it was only in this that he could be wounded.

It is believed that the warrior in this picture who is about to send his arrow is Paris; he wears the curved Phrygian helmet and a close-fitting suit of mail. In the whole group there is but one other clothed warrior; all the rest are nude. The highest part of this pediment has the figure of the goddess Minerva, or Pallas,

standing beside the fallen body of Achilles, which she attempts to cover with her shield, while a Trojan warrior tries to draw the body away from the Greek who opposes him. The two figures in our plate are placed at one side, where the space in the triangle is growing narrow. You can imagine what spirit there must be in the whole group, when there is so much in these two comparatively small figures. How sure we are that the arrow will shoot out with deadly power; and how the second warrior is bracing himself on his feet and knee, and leaning forward, in order to thrust his lance with all possible force!

These Eginetan statues have traces of color and of metal ornaments about them. The hair, eyes, and lips were colored, and all the weapons, helmets, shields, and quivers were red or blue, and some portions of the garments of the goddess show that the statue must have had bronze ornaments. We know nothing of the artists who made these sculptures, but critics and scholars think that the works resemble the written descriptions of the statues made by Callon, who was a famous sculptor of Egina, and probably lived about the time in which the temple was built.

The next four illustrations are from the sculptures of the Parthenon, the beautiful temple at Athens, of which we have already spoken. This temple was completed in 437 B.C., a little later than that at Egina. The Parthenon passed through many changes before it was reduced to its present condition of ruin. Probably about the sixth century of our era it was dedicated to the Virgin Mary and used as a Christian church, until, in 1456 A.D., the Turks transformed it into a Mahometan mosque. In 1687 the Venetians besieged Athens; the Turks had stored gunpowder in the eastern chamber of the Parthenon, and a bomb thrown by the Venetians fell through the roof, setting fire to the powder, which exploded, and completely destroyed the centre of the temple. Then Morosini, the commander of the

Venetians, attempted to carry off some of the finest sculptures of the western pediment; but in lowering them to the ground the unskilful Venetians allowed them to fall, and thus they were broken in pieces.

Early in the present century Lord Elgin carried many of the Parthenon marbles to England, and in 1816 they all were bought by the British Museum. Finally, in 1827, during the rebellion of the Greeks against the Turks, Athens was again bombarded and the Parthenon still further destroyed, so that those who now visit it can only —

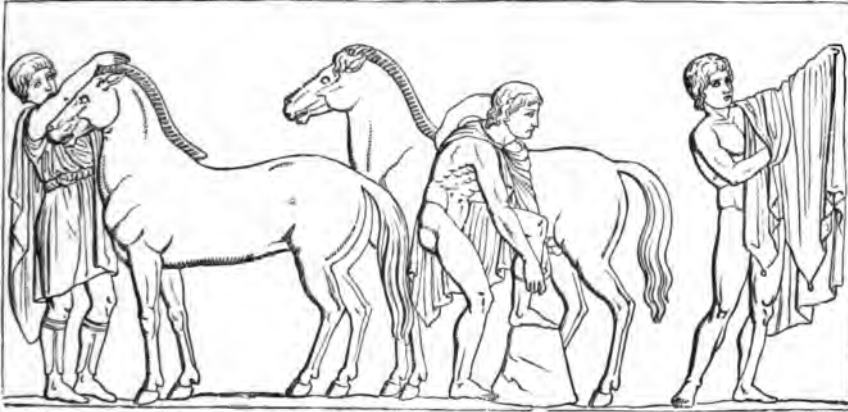
“Go forth and wander through the cold remains
Of fallen statues and of tottering fanes,
Seek the loved haunts of poet and of sage,
The gay palæstra and the gaudy stage!
What signs are there? A solitary stone,
A shattered capital, with grass o’ergrown,
A mouldering frieze, half hid in ancient dust,
A thistle springing o’er a nameless bust.
Yet this was Athens! Still a holy spell
Breathes in the dome and wanders in the dell,
And vanished times and wondrous forms appear,
And sudden echoes charm the waking ear;
Decay itself is drest in glory’s gloom,
For every hillock is a hero’s tomb,
And every breeze to Fancy’s slumber brings
The mighty rushing of a spirit’s wings.”

The British Museum now contains very nearly all that are left of the sculptures of the two pediments of this magnificent temple. The torso¹ which is pictured on the next page is believed to be that of a statue of Theseus.

This figure made a part of the group of the front or eastern pediment of the temple, in which the story of the birth of Minerva was represented. This goddess is said to have sprung forth, all armed, from

¹ “Torso” is a term used in sculpture to denote a mutilated figure.

the head of Zeus, or Jupiter; and it is fitting that Theseus should be represented as present on the occasion, since he was the greatest hero, and the king of Athens, of which city Minerva was the pro-



YOUTHS PREPARING TO JOIN THE CAVALCADE. (FROM THE FRIEZE OF THE PARTHENON.)

tecting goddess. All the sculptures of the Parthenon, as you will remember, are attributed to the great sculptor Phidias and his school, and are very beautiful.

Next come three illustrations from the frieze of the Parthenon. Perhaps you know that a frieze is a band extending below a cornice, which runs around the outside of a building or the inside of an apartment. The cornice is placed high up where the roof joins the sides of a building, or where the ceiling joins the walls of a room; the frieze is just below, and may be very narrow or broad, as the proportions of the object it ornaments require. The sculptured frieze of the Parthenon was outside the walls of the temple or the *cella*,



TORSO OF A STATUE OF THESEUS.

as it is called in architecture, and was about five hundred and twenty-two feet long, and three feet and four inches broad. About four hundred feet of this are still preserved, so that a good idea of it can be formed. The portions of this frieze which were carried to England were taken down in slabs. The subject represented is the chief procession of the Panathenæa, which was the most important of all the festivals celebrated at Athens.

The festival continued several days, which were passed in horse-racing, cock-fighting, gymnastic and musical contests, and a great



MAIDENS AND MUSICIANS. (FROM THE FRIEZE OF THE PARTHENON.)

variety of games; poets also recited their rhapsodies, and philosophers disputed over their doctrines in public places. But its chief purpose was to carry in procession, up to the Parthenon, the garment woven and embroidered for the great goddess by the maidens of the city.

This garment was called a *peplos*, and was made of a crocus-colored stuff, on which were embroidered the figures of the gods engaged in their conquests of the giants. In later days, when the Athenians wished to flatter a man, they sometimes had his likeness embroidered on the *peplos*, in the company of the gods; but this

never occurred while the people were yet uncorrupted by wealthy rulers.

The procession which attended the presentation of the peplos at the temple was as splendid as all the wealth, nobility, youth, and beauty of Athens could make it; a vast multitude attended it, some in chariots, others on horses, and large numbers on foot. The noblest maidens bore baskets and vases containing offerings for the goddess; aged men carried olive-branches; while the young men, in full armor, appeared as if ready to do battle for Minerva. The peplos was not borne by hands, but was suspended from the mast of a ship which



YOUTHS ON HORSEBACK. (FROM THE FRIEZE OF THE PARTHENON.)

was moved along on the land, some writers say by means of machinery placed under-ground. When the procession reached the temple, the splendid garment was placed upon the statue of the goddess.

During the festival of the Panathenæa prisoners were allowed to enjoy freedom; and such men as merited the gratitude of the republic were then rewarded by the gift of gold crowns, their names being announced by the heralds during the gymnastic games. We do not know exactly the order in which all the ceremonies were observed, but it is believed that the procession of the peplos was celebrated on the last day of the festival.

It is probable that this frieze was executed from a design by Phidias. Near the entrance on the east there was an assemblage of the gods, in whose presence the peplos was being presented to the guardians of the temples; near them were the heralds and officers of the procession. Then there were groups of animals for sacrifice, and, again, groups of people, — sometimes they were lovely maidens bearing their gifts on their shoulders, or musicians playing on the flute, as seen in one of these plates; and, finally, the procession ended with numbers of youths on horseback, riding gayly along; and in one portion there were others still occupied in bridling their



BACCHUS PLAYING WITH A LION. (FROM THE MONUMENT OF LYSICRATES.)

steeds, mounting and making other preparations to join the cavalcade. The wonderful excellence of the design of this great work is a subject of which art-lovers never weary; and certainly it is most remarkable that in this great number of figures no two can be said to resemble each other, and that there is such an endless variety of positions, and so much spirited action in it all. The whole work bears marks of having been produced in the time when sculpture reached its perfection.

There is at Athens a work of a later period than the Parthenon, and much smaller and less important than a temple, which also

is very interesting; it is the Choragic Monument of Lysicrates. It is decorated with some very amusing scenes from the life of Bacchus, and was erected in the year 334 B. C., when Lysicrates was *choragus*; that is to say, when it was his office to provide the chorus for the plays which were represented at Athens. The duties of this office were arduous and expensive: he had first to find and bring together the members of the chorus; then to have them instructed in music, and to provide proper food for them while they studied.

The choragus who presented the finest musical entertainment received a tripod as his reward; and it was customary to build a monument upon which to place the tripod, as a lasting honor to the choragus to whom it had been given. There was in Athens a street formed by a line of these monuments, called the "Street of the Tripods." It was the custom to dedicate these tripods to some divinity; and that of Lysicrates was devoted to Bacchus. The sculptures represent him seated, playing with a lion.

While the handsome young god thus amuses himself, his companions the Satyrs are engaged in punishing the Tyrrhenian pirates who, according to the myth, attempted to sell Bacchus into slavery. In order to revenge himself, he changed their masts and oars into serpents and himself into a lion; then music was heard, and ivy grew all over the vessel, while the pirates went mad and were changed into dolphins. The frieze on the monument shows the Satyrs venting their anger on the pirates: some have branches of trees with which to beat the unlucky victims; one pirate is being dragged into the sea by one leg; some of them are already half changed into dolphins, and leap into the water with great readiness. Those with heads of dolphins and with human bodies are very queer, and the whole design is full of humor and lively action. Bacchus was regarded as the patron of plays and theatres, and indeed the Greek drama grew out of the choruses which were sung at his festivals.

In comparison with all the works of art which exist in the world, the remaining pieces of Greek sculpture are so few that those people who love and study them know of nearly every one, and almost consider them as they do their friends from whom they are separated. One of these famous sculptures is the statue of the Apollo Belvedere, which was found about the end of the fifteenth century in the ruins of ancient Antium. The Cardinal della Rovere, who was afterward Pope Julius II., bought it and placed it in the palace of the Belvedere, in Rome. From this fact the statue took its present name; the Belvedere was afterward joined to the Vatican, in the museum of which palace the Apollo now stands. We do not know who made this statue, but its beauty and excellence, and above all the intellectual quality of the expression on the god's countenance, prove that it belonged to a very high age in art, — probably to the early imperial period.

There has been much speculation as to what the god held in his left hand; it was formerly said to have been a bow, but more recent discoveries lead to the belief that it was the ægis or shield, with the head of Medusa upon it. With this he is discomfiting a host of enemies; for, according to Homer, this ægis was sometimes lent to Apollo by Jupiter, and all who gazed on it were paralyzed by fear, or turned to stone; thus he who held it could vanquish an army.

In the story of Apollo it is related, that when the Gauls invaded Greece, and threatened to destroy the shrine of Apollo at Delphi, the people appealed to the gods; and when they asked Apollo what they should do to save the treasures which had been dedicated to him, he replied: "I myself will take care of them and of the temple virgins!" So it happened that while the battle was in progress a great storm arose, and the thunder and lightning were frightful, — hail and snow being added to all the rest; and in the

midst of this war of Nature and of men Apollo was seen to descend to his temple, accompanied by the goddesses Diana and Minerva. Then the Gauls were seized with such fear that they took to flight, and the shrine of the god escaped injury at the hands of its barbarian assailants.

CIMABUE.

AFTER the decline of what is termed Ancient Art, — that is to say, in the strictest sense, Greek Art, — there was a long period, of the individual artists of which we can tell almost nothing. Ancient Rome was full of wonderful works of art; but many of them were brought from Greece or other Eastern countries; many more were made by Grecian artists in Rome, and after the time of the Emperor Augustus there were many years of which we shall not speak.

Giovanni Cimabue, the artist who is honored as the first Italian that revived any portion of the old beauty of painting, was born in Florence, in 1240. He was of noble family, and his parents allowed him to follow his inclination for art, until at last he painted the Madonna of the Church of Santa Maria Novella, which has always been, and must continue to be, a work of great interest. This was done when the artist was thirty years old.

I fancy that any one who now sees this picture wonders at its ugliness, instead of being filled with admiration, as were the Florentines six hundred and ten years ago. But then Cimabue was watched



PORTRAIT OF CIMABUE.

with intense interest, and all the more because he would allow no one to see what he was painting. At length it happened that Charles of Anjou passed through Florence on his way to his kingdom of Naples. Of course the noble Florentines did all in their power to entertain this royal guest, and besides other places he visited the studio of Cimabue, who now uncovered his work for the first time. Many people flocked to see it, and expressed their delight so loudly that the portion of the city in which the studio was has ever since been called the *Borgo Allegri*, or "the joyous quarter."

When the picture was completed, it was borne to the church in a grand, solemn procession. The day was a festival; music was played, the magistrates of Florence graced the occasion with their presence, and the painter must have felt that he was more than repaid for all that he had done.

After this, Cimabue became famous all over Italy. He died about 1302, and was buried in the church of Santa Maria del Fiore; above his tomb were inscribed these words: "Cimabue thought himself master of the field of painting. While living, he was so. Now he holds his place among the stars of heaven."

GIOTTO.

ONE of the titles that is given to Cimabue is that of the "Father of Painting;" and this can well be said of him when we remember that it was Cimabue who found Giotto, and acted the part of a father to the boy who was to be such a wonderful painter. The story is that when Cimabue was quite old and very famous, he was riding in the valley of Vespignano, a few miles from Florence, and saw a shepherd-boy, who while his flocks were feeding was making a portrait of one of his sheep on a bit of slate with a pointed stone. Cimabue looked at the sketch, and found it so good that he offered to take the



THE MADONNA OF THE CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA NOVELLA.
(PAINTED BY CIMABUE.)

little Giotto—who was only twelve years old—and teach him to paint. The boy was very happy, and his father—who name was Bondone—was glad of this good fortune for his son; so Giotto di Bondone lived thenceforth with the noble Cimabue, and was instructed in letters by Brunetto Latini, who was also the teacher of the great poet Dante, while his art studies were made under his adopted father, Cimabue.

In the first picture by Giotto of which we have any account he introduced the portraits of Dante and his teacher Latini, with several others. In later times, when Dante was persecuted by his enemies in Florence, this picture was covered with whitewash, and it was only restored to the light in 1841, after centuries of concealment. It is a precious memento of the youth of two men of great genius,—Dante and Giotto.

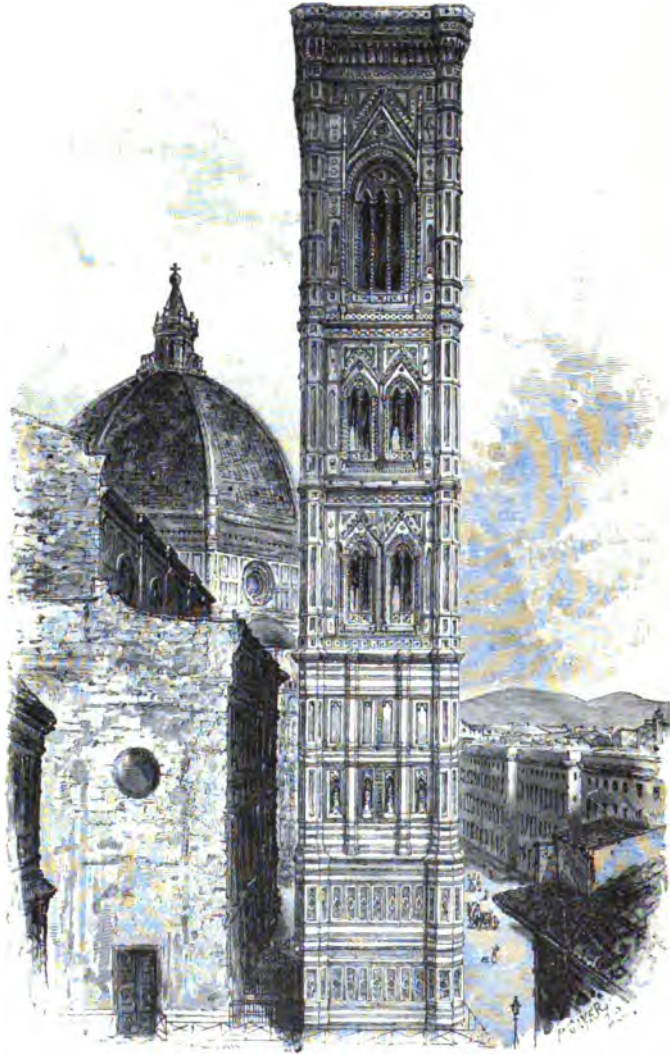
Pope Boniface VIII., hearing in Rome of Giotto's paintings, sent to invite him to his court. The messenger of the Pope asked Giotto to show him something of the art which had made him so famous; and Giotto taking a sheet of paper and a pencil, drew quickly with a single motion a circle so perfect that it was considered a miracle, and gave rise to a proverb, which the Italians still love to use: *Piu tondo che l' O di Giotto*,—"Rounder than the O of Giotto." When in Rome the artist executed both mosaics and paintings for the Pope; and by the time that he was thirty years old the dukes, princes, and kings, far and near, contended for his time and labors.

When at Naples, in the employ of King Robert, one very hot day the King said: "Giotto, if I were you I would leave work and rest."

"So would I, Sire, *if I were you*," said Giotto.

When the same King asked him to paint a picture of his kingdom, Giotto drew an ass bearing a saddle, on which were a crown and sceptre; on the ground beside the ass was another saddle, with a

very new, bright crown and sceptre, which the ass was eagerly smelling. This was to signify that the Neapolitans were so fickle that they were always searching for a new king.



GIOTTO'S CAMPANILE, OR BELL-TOWER, IN FLORENCE.

Giotto was a great architect as well as a great painter, for he it was who made all the designs, and even some of the working models for the beautiful bell-tower or campanile of Florence, near the cathedral

and baptistery. When the Emperor Charles V. saw this tower he exclaimed, "It should be kept under glass." A citizen of Verona, who was in Florence while this tower of Giotto's was building, exclaimed that "the riches of two kingdoms would not suffice for such a work." This speech being overheard, he was thrown into prison and kept there several weeks, and was not permitted to leave the city until he had been taken to the treasury and convinced that the Florentines could afford to build a whole city of marble. Giotto died in 1336, and was buried in the church of Santa Maria del Fiore with great honors, and Lorenzo de' Medici afterward erected a monument to him.

BUFFALMACCO.

THE real name of this painter was Christofano Buonamico. He was born in 1262 and died in 1340, and while no one work can be pointed out as positively his, he is always remembered on account of his love of fun and for his practical jokes. Ghiberti called him a good painter, and one able to excel all others when he set about it.

When he was a student under Andrea Tafi, that master compelled all his scholars to rise very early; this disturbed Buonamico so much that he determined to find some means of escaping the hardship. As Tafi was very superstitious, Buonamico caught about thirty large black beetles, and fastened little tapers to their backs; these he lighted, and then sent the beetles one by one into his master's room, about the time when Tafi was in the habit of rising and calling the pupils from their sweetest sleep.

When Tafi saw these creatures moving about in the dark, bearing their little lights, he did not dare to get up; and when daylight came he hastened to his priest to ask what could be the meaning of this

strange thing. The priest believed that he had seen demons; and when the master talked with Buffalmacco about it, that rogue confirmed this idea by saying that as painters always made their pictures of demons so ugly, these fearful creatures were probably angry, and he thought it wise to work only by day, when they would not dare to come near. In the end, this trick of the young painter was so successful that not only Tafi, but all other masters in Florence abandoned the custom of working before sunrise.

Upon one occasion, when Buffalmacco had executed a commission to paint a picture of the Virgin with the infant Jesus in her arms, his employer failed to pay him his price. The artist sorely needed the money, and hit upon a means of getting it. He changed the child in the picture to a young bear. When his patron saw it, he was so shocked that he offered to pay the artist immediately if he would restore the child to the Virgin's arms. Buffalmacco agreed to this, and as soon as he had the money in his hand he washed the bear away and left the picture as it had been before; for in painting the bear upon the child's picture he had merely used water-colors to serve his joke, and had not injured the picture at all.

The stories of this sort which Vasari tells of Buffalmacco in his "Lives of the Painters" are almost unending, and we feel that this merry fellow must have been light-hearted and happy; but, alas! his end was sad enough, for when seventy-eight years old he died in a public hospital, not having saved enough out of all his earnings to buy a crust of bread, nor to pay for a decent burial.

FRA ANGELICO DA FIESOLE.

THE real name of this wonderful artist was Guido Petri de Mugello. He was born at Fiesole, near Florence, in 1387. When but twenty years old he became a monk, and entered the convent of San Marco at Florence, from which place he scarcely went out during seventy years. He considered his painting as a service to the Lord, and would never make a bargain to paint a picture ; he received his orders from the prior of his convent, and began his work with fasting and prayer. He never changed anything when once painted, because he believed that he was guided by God in his work. Pope Nicholas V. summoned him to Rome to paint in the Vatican. It is very curious that the key to the chapel which Fra Angelico painted was lost during two centuries. All this time very few people saw his beautiful works there, and those who entered were obliged to go in by a window. The chief merits in the works of Fra Angelico are the sweet and tender expression in the faces of his angels and saints, as well as the spirit of purity that seems to breathe through every painting which he made.



PORTRAIT OF FRA ANGELICO.

While he was at Rome the Pope wished to make him the Archbishop of Florence ; this honor he would not accept, but after his death he was called, and is still known, by the title of *Il Beato*, or “the Blessed.” Many of his works remain in his own convent at Florence,

and I love them most there, where he lived and worked, and where he liked best that they should be.

LEONARDO DA VINCI.

THIS artist was born in 1452, at the castle of Vinci, in the lower Val d' Arno. He grew to be a handsome young fellow, full of spirit and fun, and early showed that he had unusual gifts; he was a good scholar in mathematics and mechanics, wrote poetry and loved music, besides wishing to be a painter.



OUTLINE COPY OF AN ANGEL
PAINTED BY FRA ANGELICO.

His master was Andrea del Verocchio, an eminent man of his time. Leonardo soon surpassed him, however; for while the master was painting a picture of the baptism of Christ the pupil was permitted to aid him, and an angel which he painted was so beautiful, we are told, that Signor Andrea cast aside his pencil forever, "enraged that a child should know more than himself."

Leonardo had a peculiar power of recollecting any face which he had seen, and could paint it after his return to his studio. Once a peasant brought him a piece of fig-tree wood, and desired to have a picture painted on it. Leonardo determined to represent a horror. He collected lizards, serpents, and other frightful things, and from them made a picture so startling that when his father saw it he ran away in a fright. This was sold to a merchant for one hundred ducats, and later to the Duke of Milan for three times that



PORTRAIT OF THE POET DANTE. (PAINTED BY GIOTTO.)

sum. It was called the *Rotello del Fico*, which means “a shield of fig-tree wood.”

After a time, Leonardo engaged his services to the Duke of Milan. He was the court-painter and superintendent of all the *fêtes* and entertainments given in that city. Leonardo afterward founded an academy



PORTRAIT OF LEONARDO DA VINCI.

of painting there, and was engaged in bringing the waters of the river Adda into the city from Mortesana, a distance of more than two hundred miles. Thus he made himself much fame, while he led a very gay life; for the court of Milan was a merry court.

The greatest work which Leonardo did there was the painting of the “Last Supper,” on the wall of the Dominican Convent of the Madonna

delle Grazie. This picture has remained famous to this day, and although it is now almost destroyed by the effect of time, such engravings have been made from it that we can imagine how it looked when perfect. Some good copies, made while it was in fair preservation, exist in other cities.

It is said that the prior of the convent was very impatient at the time which Leonardo took for this work, and complained to the Duke. When the artist was questioned, he said that the trouble

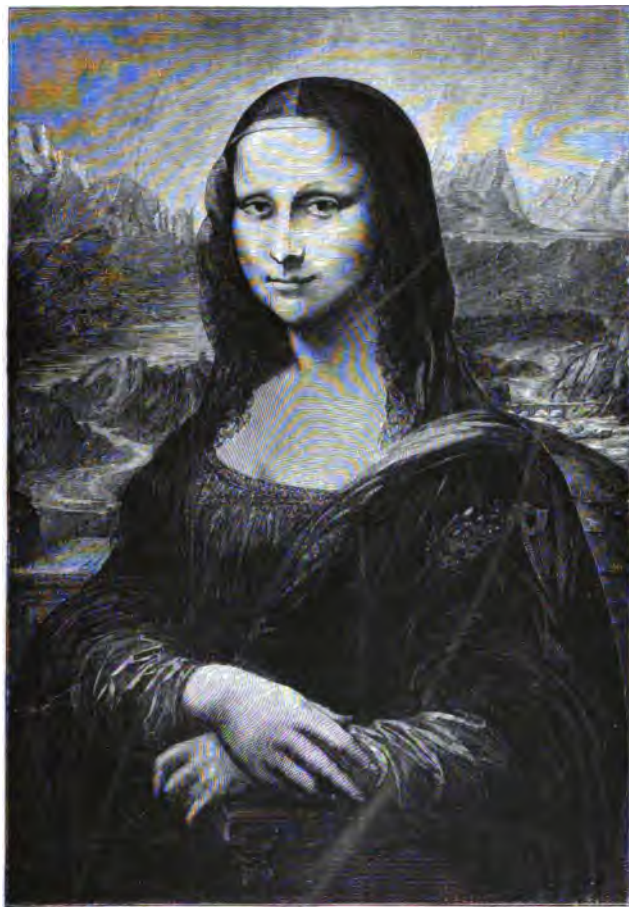


"THE LAST SUPPER." (PAINTED BY LEONARDO DA VINCI.)

of finding a face which pleased him for that of the traitor, Judas Iscariot, caused the delay; and added that he was willing to allow the prior to sit for this figure, and so shorten the time. This reply amused the Duke and silenced the prior.

At length the misfortunes of the Duke of Milan made it impossible for him to aid Leonardo further, and the artist came to poverty. He went next to Florence, where he was kindly received; but some trouble ensued between himself and Michael Angelo, who was then winning his fame. They both made designs for painting the Palazzo Vecchio, and

as jealousy arose, Leonardo left the city and went to Rome, where Pope Leo X. employed him in some important works. He could not be happy, however; he was not loved and honored as he had been at Milan; and when he heard that the Pope had criticised his work, he



MONA LISA DEL GIOCONDO. (PAINTED BY LEONARDO DA VINCI.)

joined the French King Francis I. at Pavia, where he then was, and remained with this monarch until his death. When they went to Paris, Leonardo was received with much honor, and everything was done for his comfort; but his health had failed, and he died at Fontainebleau, where he had gone with the Court, in 1519.

Leonardo da Vinci may be called the "Poet of Painters." One of his most famous pictures was the portrait of Mona Lisa del Giocondo, sometimes called *La Joconde*. Leonardo worked on this picture at times during four years, and was never satisfied with it. The painting is now in the gallery of the Louvre at Paris.

MICHAEL ANGELO BUONAROTTI.

THIS great artist was born in the castle of Caprese, in 1475. His father, who was of a noble Florentine family, was then governor of Caprese and Chiusi. When the Buonarotti family returned to Florence, the little Michael Angelo was left with his nurse at Settignano, where his father had an estate. The home of the nurse was there, and for many years pictures were shown upon the walls of her house which her little charge had drawn as soon as he could use his hands.

When Michael Angelo was taken to Florence and placed in school, he became the friend of Francesco Granacci, who was of noble family like himself, and a pupil of the artist Ghirlandajo, one of the best masters in Florence. Already, Michael Angelo was unhappy because his father did not wish him to be an artist. At length, however, he became a pupil of Ghirlandajo, and that at a time when the master was engaged on the great work of decorating the choir of the church of Santa Maria Novella, at Florence. Thus Michael Angelo came immediately into the midst of wonderful things, and he was soon remarked for his complete devotion to the work about him. One day when the workmen were at dinner, the boy made a drawing of the scaffolding and all belonging to it, with the painters at work on it. When Ghirlandajo saw this he exclaimed: "He understands more than I myself."

It was not long before he corrected the drawing of the plates



PORTRAIT OF MICHAEL ANGELO BUONAROTTI.

which the master gave his pupils to copy; then the plates were refused to him. Lorenzo de' Medici soon gave permission to both Michael Angelo and Francesco Granacci to study in the gardens of San Marco. Girlandajo, we may well suppose, was only glad to be free from a pupil who already knew so much.

Duke Lorenzo had placed many splendid works of art in the gardens of San Marco, and pictures and cartoons were hung in buildings there, so that young men could study them. Many young sculptors worked there, and one Bertoldo, an old man, was their teacher. Michael Angelo now began to model, and his first work was the mask of a faun, which he copied so well as to attract the attention of Lorenzo. He praised Michael Angelo, but said: "You have made your faun so old, and yet you have left him all his teeth; you should have known that at such an advanced age there are generally some wanting." When he came again to the gardens, he found a gap in the teeth of the faun so well done that he was delighted with it.

Soon the Duke sent for the father of Michael Angelo, and obtained his full consent that the boy should be an artist. The young sculptor was then taken into the palace, where he was treated with great kindness by Lorenzo, and sat at his table, where he met all the remarkable men of the day, and listened to such conversation as is most profitable to a boy. It was the rule that whoever came first to the table should sit next to the Duke, and Michael Angelo often had that place.

But all this happy life was sadly ended by the death of Lorenzo de' Medici, and Michael Angelo left the palace and used a room in his father's house for his work-shop. After a time, Piero de' Medici induced him to return to the palace; but the young man was ill at ease there, and soon went to Venice. Here he met a sculptor of Bologna, who induced him to visit that city; but the commissions he received so

excited the jealousy of other artists in Bologna that he returned again to Florence. He was now twenty years old, and the next work of his which attracted attention was a "Sleeping Cupid," which so resembled an antique statue that it was sold in Rome for a very old work; two hundred ducats were paid for it, though Michael Angelo received but thirty ducats. By some means the knowledge of this fraud came to Michael Angelo, and he explained that he had known nothing of it, but had also been deceived himself; the result of all this was that he went to Rome, and was received into the house of the nobleman who had bought the "Cupid."

He remained in Rome about three years, during which time he executed the "Drunken Bacchus," now in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence, and "La Pietà" (or the Virgin Mary seated, holding the dead body of Jesus across her lap), a fine piece of sculpture, now in the Basilica of St. Peter's at Rome.

When Michael Angelo returned to Florence he executed some paintings and sculptures, but was soon employed on his "David," one of his greatest works. It was completed and put in its place in 1504, and there it remained more than two centuries, — next the gate of the Palazzo Vecchio. A few years ago it was feared that the beautiful statue would crumble in pieces if longer exposed to the weather, and it was removed to a place where it now stands, safe from sun and rain.

When the "David" was completed, Michael Angelo was not quite thirty years old, but his fame as a great artist was firmly established. Through all his long life — for he lived eighty-nine years — he was constantly and industriously engaged in the production of important works.

Michael Angelo was not merely a great painter, a great sculptor, or a great architect, — he was all of these. His most famous painting was that of the "Last Judgment" in the Sistine Chapel of the Vatican.



UNFINISHED MEDALLION, — MADONNA AND CHILD. (BY MICHAEL ANGELO.)

His most famous sculptures were the "David," "La Pietà," the "Tomb of Pope Julius II.," "Moses," "The Dying Youth," and the famous statues of "Day" and "Night;" and his greatest architectural work is the Cupola of St. Peter's Church. But these are, in truth, a small part of all that he did. He served under nine popes, and during his life thirteen men occupied the papal chair. There were great political changes also during this time, and the whole impression of his life is a serious, sad one. He seems to have had very little joy or brightness, and yet he was tender and thoughtful for all whom he loved. He was an old man before he met Vittoria Colonna, who was a very wonderful woman, and much beloved by Michael Angelo. He wrote poems to her, which are full of affection and delicate friendship; for to all the other gifts which this great man possessed was added that of poetry, which he used so nobly and purely. The Italians associate the name of Michael Angelo Buona-



STATUE OF MOSES. BY MICHAEL ANGELO.

rotti with those of Dante Alighieri and the painter Raphael, and speak of these three as the greatest men of their country in what are called modern days.

Michael Angelo died at Rome in 1564. He desired to be buried in Florence, but it was feared that his removal there would be opposed. His body was therefore taken through the gate of the city as merchandise; when it reached Florence it was borne to the church of San Piero

Maggiore. The funeral was at evening; the coffin, placed upon a bier, was borne by the younger artists, while the older ones carried torches; and thus it reached Santa Croce, its final resting-place, — the same church in which the poet Dante was buried.

A few months later magnificent services were held in his memory in the church of San Lorenzo, where are his fine statues of "Day" and "Night," made for the Medici chapel of this edifice. A monument was erected to him in Santa Croce, and his statue is in the court of the Uffizi. The house in which he lived, and which is still visited by those who honor his memory, contains many very interesting personal mementos of this great man and of the noble spirit in which all his works were done.

In 1875 a grand festival was made to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of his birth. The ceremonies on this occasion were very impressive, and at that time some documents relating to his life, which had never before been opened, were given over by command of the King into the hands of suitable persons, to be examined. Mr. Heath Wilson, an English artist residing in Florence, wrote a new Life of Michael Angelo; and the last time that the King, Victor Emmanuel, wrote his own name before his death, it was on the paper which conferred upon Mr. Wilson the order of the *Corona d' Italia*, in recognition of his services in writing this book.

RAPHAEL.

RAPHAEL SANZIO, or Santi, was born at Urbino on Good Friday, 1483. His father was a good painter, and the son showed his talent for art when very young. Raphael's mother died when he was eight years old, and his step-mother Bernardina was devoted to him, and loved him tenderly. As his father died three years after his mother, he was left to the care of an uncle and of Bernardina. His father was doubtless



RAPHAEL'S PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF.

his first instructor, for he was occupied in painting a chapel at Cagli before his death, and he took the young Raphael with him to that place. But we usually say that Perugino was his first master, because when twelve years old he was placed in the school of that painter at



PORTRAIT OF CÆSAR BORGIA. BY RAPHAEL.
(BORGHESE PALACE, ROME.)

Perugia. Here he remained nearly eight years, and here, just before leaving, he painted one of his very celebrated pictures, which is now in the gallery of the Brera at Milan. It represents the marriage of the Virgin Mary, and is called "Lo Sposalizio."

The legend of the life of the Virgin relates, that when she was

fourteen years old the high-priest told her that it was proper for her to be married, and that he had had a vision concerning her.

Then the high-priest followed the directions which had been given him in the vision, and called together all the widowers among the people, and directed that each one should bring his rod or wand in his hand, as thereby a sign would be given by which they should know whom the Lord had selected to be the husband of Mary.

Now, when Joseph came with the rest before the high-priest a dove flew out from his rod and rested a moment on his head, and then flew off toward heaven; and so it was known that he was to be the husband of Mary. Still another account says that all the suitors left their rods in the temple over night, and in the morning that of Joseph was found in blossom.

In the picture painted by Raphael, with this story as its subject, there is a large temple in the background, to which a long flight of steps leads up; at the foot of these the high-priest is joining the hands of Joseph and Mary, while groups of men and women stand on each side. Joseph holds his blossoming rod in his hand, while some of the disappointed suitors are breaking their rods in pieces.

This picture of "Lo Sposalizio" is a very interesting and important one, because it shows the highest point of attainment in his earliest manner of painting. In the same year in which he painted this picture, 1504, Raphael made his first visit to Florence; and though he did not remain there very long, he saw a new world of art spread out before him. He beheld the works of Ghirlandajo, Fra Bartolommeo, Leonardo da Vinci, and Michael Angelo, and we can well understand that after his return to Perugia he tried to equal what he had seen. He soon revisited Florence, and remained there until 1508.

Some of Raphael's most famous and lovely pictures were painted during these three years, before he was twenty-five years old; one is called the "Virgin of the Goldfinch," because the little Saint John is



LA MADONNA DELLA SEDIA, — "THE MADONNA OF THE CHAIR." (PAINTED BY RAPHAEL.)

presenting a goldfinch to the infant Jesus. Another is called "La Belle Jardinière," on account of the garden in which the Virgin sits, with the child standing at her knee. In all, he painted about thirty pictures during his stay at Florence; and made himself so famous that the Pope, Julius II., who was a great patron of the fine arts, sent for him to come to Rome.

When Raphael presented himself to the Pope, he was assigned several rooms in the palace of the Vatican, which he was to decorate in fresco. These pictures can scarcely be described here, but they were, taken altogether, his greatest work, and are visited by thousands of people every year. They are frequently called "Le Stanze" (meaning "the rooms" or "apartments") of Raphael.

At this time he also painted several beautiful easel pictures, — his own portrait, which is in the Gallery of Painters at Florence, and the lovely "Madonna di Foligno" in the Vatican gallery, so called because it was at one time in a convent at Foligno. While Raphael was at work upon "Le Stanze," Julius II. died; but Leo X., who followed him, was also a patron of our artist, who now was very popular and became very rich. He built himself a house not far from St. Peter's, in the quarter of the city called the Borgo; he had many pupils, and they so loved him that they rendered him personal service, and he was often seen in the streets with numbers of his scholars, just as noblemen were accompanied by their squires and pages. His pupils also assisted in the immense frescos which he did, not only at the Vatican, but also for the rich banker Chigi, in the palace now called the Villa Farnesina.

One of the great works Raphael did for Pope Leo X. was the making of the Cartoons which are so often spoken of; they were for a long time at Hampton Court, and are now in the South Kensington Museum in London. These were designed to be executed in tapestry for the decoration of the Sistine Chapel, where Michael Angelo painted the "Last Judgment." The Pope, Leo X., ordered these tapestries to

be woven in the looms of Flanders, in rich colors, with wool, silk, and threads of gold. They were completed at Arras and sent to Rome in 1519, and were first exhibited on Saint Stephen's Day, December 26, when all the people of the great city flocked to see them. These works have an interesting history. In 1527, when Rome was sacked by the fierce Constable de Bourbon, the tapestries were removed by the French soldiers; they were restored in 1553, but one piece was missing, and was supposed to have been burned in order to obtain the gold thread that was in it. In the year 1798 the French once more carried off these precious spoils, and sold them to a Jew in Leghorn. It is known that this Jew burned one of the pieces, but he found he gained so little gold from it that he kept the others whole. Pius VII. afterward bought them, and once more placed them in the Vatican.

This history adds an interest to the tapestries; but the Cartoons are far more valuable and interesting, because they were the actual work of Raphael. After the weaving was finished at Arras, they were tossed aside as worthless; some were torn; but a hundred years later the painter Rubens learned that a part of them were in existence, and he advised King Charles I. of England to buy them. This Charles did, and then the Cartoons went through almost as many adventures as the tapestries had met. When they reached England they were in strips, having been so cut for the convenience of the workmen. After Charles I. was executed, Cromwell bought the Cartoons for three hundred pounds. When Charles II. was king he was about to sell them to Louis XIV., for the English king needed money badly, and the French king was anxious to add these treasures to the others which he possessed; but Lord Danby persuaded Charles to keep them. They were at Whitehall, and were barely saved from the fire in 1698; and soon after that, by command of William III., they were properly repaired and removed to a room at Hampton Court, which was made expressly for them under the care of the architect Sir Christopher Wren. There

were originally eleven; seven only remain, and are so placed in the Kensington Museum that all who wish can see and study them.

Raphael's fame had now so spread itself to other countries that it is said King Henry VIII. invited him to England. Henry was told that he could not hope to see the artist, who however courteously sent him a picture of Saint George, the patron saint of England; and when Francis I. in his turn tried to induce Raphael to visit France, the artist sent him a large picture of Saint Michael overpowering the Evil One. Francis I. then sent Raphael so great a sum of money that he was unwilling to keep it without some return, and sent to Francis the lovely "Holy Family," now in the gallery of the Louvre, in which the infant springs from his cradle into his mother's arms, while angels scatter flowers. At the same time the artist sent a picture of Saint Margaret overcoming the Dragon, to the sister of Francis, — Margaret, Queen of Navarre. After these pictures had been received, the King sent Raphael a sum equal to fifteen thousand dollars, and many thanks besides.

About 1520 Raphael painted his famous "Sistine Madonna," so called because it was intended for the convent of Saint Sixtus, at Piacenza. The Madonna, with the child in her arms, stands in the upper part of the picture, while Saint Sixtus and Saint Barbara kneel below. This is very beautiful and wonderful, because no sketch or drawing of it has ever been found, and it is believed that this great painter put it at once upon the canvas, being almost inspired to the work. In the year 1753 Augustus III., the Elector of Saxony, bought it of the monks of Piacenza, and paid nearly thirty thousand dollars for it. It is now the great attraction of the fine gallery at Dresden. It was originally intended for a procession standard, or *drappellone*, but the monks used it as an altar-piece.

Another famous picture is called "Lo Spasimo" and represents Christ bearing his cross. In 1518 this was painted for the monks of Monte Oliveto, at Palermo. The ship in which it was sent was wrecked,

and the case containing the picture floated into the port of Genoa, where the picture was unpacked and dried before it was injured. There was great joy in Genoa over this treasure, and the news of it spread over all Italy. When the monks of Palermo claimed it, the Genoese refused to give it up; and it was only the command of the Pope that secured its restoration to its owners. During the time of Napoleon I. it was carried to France, but is now in the Museum of Madrid.

While Raphael was so productive as a painter, he found time to devote to other pursuits. The Pope had named him superintendent of the building of St. Peter's, and he made many architectural drawings for that church; he was also very much interested in digging up the works of art which were buried in the ruins of ancient Rome. There still exists a letter that he wrote to Leo X., in which he explained his plan for examining all the ruins of the city.

He also made some designs and models for works in sculpture. There is a statue of Jonah sitting on a whale in the Church of Santa Maria del Popolo, in Rome, said to have been modelled by Raphael and executed in marble by Lorenzetto Lotti; an Elijah, seen in the same church, is said to have been made by Lotti from a drawing by Raphael. He also interested himself in what was happening in the world; he corresponded with many learned men in different countries; he sent artists to make drawings of such things as he wished to see and had not time to visit, and was generous in supplying the needs of those who were poorer than himself.

Raphael lived in splendor and loved the gay world, and at one time he expected to marry Maria di Bibbiena, a niece of the Cardinal Bibbiena, but she died before the time for the marriage came.

Among the most lovely Madonnas of this artist is that called "Della Sedia" (of the chair); and there is a very pretty legend about it, which says that hundreds of years ago there was a hermit named Father Bernardo dwelling among the Italian hills, and he



THE SISTINE MADONNA. (PAINTED BY RAPHAEL.)

was much loved by the peasants, who went to him for advice and instruction. He often said that in his solitude he was not lonely, for he had two daughters: one of them could talk to him, but the other was dumb. He meant to speak of the daughter of a vine-dresser, who was named Mary, and who always tried to do all in her power for the comfort of the old man: she was the daughter who spoke. By his dumb daughter he meant a grand old oak-tree that grew near his hut and sheltered it from storm, and hung its branches over him so lovingly that the old man grew to feel it was like a dear friend to him. There were many birds in its branches, to whom he gave food, and they in return gave him sweet songs. Many times the woodmen had wished to cut this strong tree down, but Father Bernardo prayed for its life, and it was spared to him.

At last there came a terrible winter; the storms were so severe that few trees and huts remained, and the freshets that rushed down the hills swept off all that the tempests had left. At last, after a dreadful storm, Mary and her father went to see if the hermit was still alive, for they feared that he had perished. But when they came to him they found that his dumb daughter had saved his life. On the coming of the freshet he had gone up to the roof of his hut; but he soon saw that he was not safe there. Then, as he cast his eyes to heaven, the branches of the oak seemed to bend toward him, and beckon him to come up to them; so he took a few crusts of bread and climbed up into the tree, where he stayed three days. Below, everything was swept away, but the oak stood firm; and at last, when the sun came out and the storm was ended, his other daughter came to take him to her own home and make him warm and give him food, for this dreadful time of hunger and storm had almost worn him out.

Then the good Father Bernardo called on Heaven to bless his two good daughters who had saved his life, and prayed that in some way

they might be distinguished together. Years passed, and the old hermit died. Mary married, and became the mother of two little boys; the old oak-tree had been cut down and made into wine-casks. One day, as Mary sat in the arbor and her children were with her, — she held the youngest to her breast, and the older one ran around in merry play, — she called to mind the old hermit and all the blessings that he had asked for her, and she wondered if his prayers would not be answered in these children. Just then the little boy ran to his mother with a stick to which he had fastened a cross, and at that moment a young man also came near; he had large dreamy eyes, and a restless, weary look. And restless he was, as the thought of a lovely picture was in his mind, but not clear enough in form to enable him to paint it. It was Raphael Sanzio d'Urbino; and when his glance fell upon the charming, living picture of Mary and her children, he saw in flesh and blood before him the lovely dream that had floated in his thoughts. But he had only a pencil! On what could he draw? Just then his eye fell on the smooth cover of the wine-cask standing near by. He quickly sketched upon this the outlines of Mary and her boys, and when he went away he took the oaken cover with him; and thereafter did not rest until, with his whole soul in his work, he had painted that wonderful picture which we know as "La Madonna della Sedia."

Thus, at length, was the prayer of Father Bernardo answered, and his two daughters were made famous together.

At last the time came in Rome when there was much division of opinion as to the merits of the two great masters, — Michael Angelo and Raphael; the followers of the latter were the more numerous, but those of the former were very strong in their feelings. Finally, the Cardinal Giulio dei Medici, who was afterward Pope Clement VII., gave orders to Raphael and to Sebastian del Piombo to paint two large pictures for a cathedral which he was decorating at Narbonne.

It was well known that Michael Angelo would not enter into an open rivalry with Raphael, but he was credited with making the drawing for the "Raising of Lazarus," which was the subject to be painted by Sebastian.

Raphael's picture was the "Transfiguration of Christ;" but, alas! before it was finished he was attacked with a fever, and lived but fourteen days. He died on Good Friday, 1520, his thirty-seventh birthday. All Rome was filled with grief; his body was laid in state upon a catafalque, and the picture of the Transfiguration stood near it. Those who had known him went to gaze on his face, to weep, and to give the last tokens of their love for him.

He was buried in the Pantheon, where he himself had chosen to be laid, near the grave of his betrothed bride Maria di Bibbiena. An immense concourse dressed in mourning followed his body, and the ceremonials of his funeral were magnificent. A Latin inscription was written by Pietro Bembo, and placed above his tomb. The last sentence is: "This is that Raphael by whom Nature feared to be conquered while he lived, and to die when he died." Raphael had also requested Lorenzetto Lotti to make a statue of the Virgin to be placed over his sepulchre.

Raphael's property was large; he gave all his works of art to his pupils Giulio Romano and Francesco Penni; he gave his own house to Cardinal Bibbiena, and ordered that another should be purchased with a thousand scudi, the rent of which should pay for twelve masses to be said monthly on the altar of his burial chapel: this wish was observed until 1705, when the rent of the house was too small to pay for these services. The remainder of his riches was divided among his relatives.

There was for many years a skull in the Academy of St. Luke at Rome which was called that of Raphael, although there was no good reason for this. At length, in 1833, three hundred and thirteen years after his death, some antiquarians began to dispute about this skull,

and received permission from the Pope, Gregory XVI., to make a search for the bones of Raphael in the Pantheon.

After five days spent in carefully removing the pavement in several places, the skeleton of the great master was found, and with it such proofs as made it impossible to doubt that the bones were really his. A cast was made from the skull and the right hand; the skeleton was then exhibited in a glass case, and multitudes of people went to gaze upon it. Finally, a grand funeral service was held. Gregory XVI. gave a marble sarcophagus, in which the bones were placed and interred reverently in their old resting-place. More than three thousand people attended the burial ceremony, among whom were persons of the highest rank in Rome, and many artists of all nations, who moved about the church in a procession, bearing torches, while beautiful music was chanted by a concealed choir.

The number and amount of Raphael's works are marvellous when the shortness of his life is remembered. He left behind him two hundred and eighty-seven pictures and five hundred and seventy-six drawings and studies.

It was not any one trait or talent which made Raphael so great, but it was a rare combination of faculties, and a personal charm which won all hearts, that entitled him to be called the greatest modern painter. His famous picture "Saint Cecilia," with its sweet expression and exquisite coloring, its impressive union of earthly beauty with holy enthusiasm, is symbolic of the varied qualities of this wonderful man.

THE LEGEND OF THE PAINTER OF FLORENCE.

WHILE Raphael and some other artists found their greatest pleasure in making the loveliest pictures that they could imagine, there were also those who repeated again and again the pictures of Satan, and always tried to make him more and more hideous and frightful.

Oftentimes the Virgin was painted with the infant Jesus in her arms treading the Evil One beneath her feet, and she was made to look more beautiful and Satan more ugly by the contrast.

Once upon a time one of these artists had a very high scaffolding, and was painting his favorite subject of the Virgin and the Devil on a church, above a door, where those who passed in the street could see him. He wished to make this work his masterpiece, and his thoughts were fixed upon it night and day. The Virgin was finished, and was very beautiful. She seemed to look down with love and tenderness, and to grant a blessing to all who cast their eyes up to the height where she stood.

Then the painter fixed his thoughts upon Satan, and tried to imagine the most dreadful form of face that could be given him. The poet Southey told this story in verse, and says, —

“What the painter so earnestly thought on by day
He sometimes would dream of at night:
But once he was startled, as sleeping he lay:
’T was no fancy, no dream; he could plainly survey
That the Devil himself was in sight.”

Now, when the painter saw the Evil One thus before him he had no fear, but gave all his thought to the study of the features which he so wished to reproduce in his picture. Satan begged the artist to paint him in a more attractive way, and also threatened him with some dreadful punishment if he did not consent to his wishes. But when morning came, the pious painter early mounted the scaffolding and touched and retouched his work, until the face of the Satan in his work was the exact picture of the one he had seen the night before.

“Happy man! he is sure the resemblance can’t fail;
The tip of his nose is like fire;
There’s his grin and his fangs and his dragon-like mail,
And the very identical curl of his tail;
So that nothing is left to desire.

“He looks, and retouches again with delight;
’Tis a portrait complete to his mind;
And, exulting again and again at the sight,
He looks round for applause, and he sees with affright
The original standing behind.”

The painter was more alarmed by this second appearance of Satan than he had been by that of the night, for the scaffold was very high and narrow; and when the Evil One stamped on it in his anger it broke, and the poor artist saw only death before him, and that all the more bitter because it came just at the moment when he believed that he had achieved a triumph in his art.

But in this need his piety did not fail him; he looked up at the sweet face above him, and cried out for help. The Virgin extended her arms and held him in safety, while the scaffold went crashing down to the ground. There were many persons in the street who saw all this wonderful thing, and rejoiced that the good painter was saved. As for Satan, he fled in rage, while the painter called after him, “I’ll paint thee more ugly than ever.”

A somewhat similar story is told of a Spanish painter, who was a Friar, and also excelled in painting the Virgin with great beauty and Satan with intense ugliness. To him Satan also appeared, but under an attractive and friendly form. After some time he persuaded the artist to take from the Sacristy of his convent certain jewels and give them to him; at first the Friar refused, but Satan knew how to flatter him, and at last went with him to secure the precious articles. As they were returning, bearing the jewels, Satan gave the alarm, and all the monks of the convent gathered about the poor deceived artist. When they found the jewels in his hands there was no explanation to be made, and as it was night they bound the poor painter to a pillar and left him there.

No sooner was he alone than Satan came back to him and laughed at him for his folly; told him he was now punished for the ugly

pictures he had made of him, and mockingly asked why he did not call upon the Virgin whom he so loved. Then the poor painter did cry out, and beg the Virgin Mother to come to his relief. Immediately she appeared, and not only set him free, but also helped him to bind Satan to the same pillar to which he had been fastened. Then she told the painter to go to breakfast with the other monks. They were much astonished to see him, and listened to his story with great interest. The Virgin also restored all that was missing from the Sacristy ; and when the monks came to understand the truth of what had happened they gave the Evil One a severe flogging. The blows were laid on with right good-will, and they did not stop until they were all weary.

From this time the Friar-painter worked in peace, his Virgins being more beautiful and his Satans uglier than ever before.

The old legends about pictures are very curious, and are as wonderful and interesting as fairy tales ; there are several of them that relate how at different times the carved figures of the Saviour on the cross have bowed their heads in answer to prayer. Others tell how pictures have been painted by unseen hands ; and there is now in Florence, in the Church of the Santissima Annunziata, a picture of the Virgin which is called the "Miraculous Annunciation." It is said that when the artist, Pietro Cavallini, had finished all the picture except the head of the Virgin, he fell asleep ; when he awoke the picture was completed, and he knew that it had been done by a divine hand, for but a short time had passed, in which no human artist could have made such a beautiful head, and he had all the time remained before the picture, so that no other person could have done it without arousing him.

This picture is kept in the chapel of the Annunciation, which is to the left as one enters the church. It is considered so sacred that it is only shown on high festival days, when a great crowd of worshippers go to see it ; at other times it is invisible.

ONORATA RODIANA.

THERE is a very interesting story told of an artist of Cremona, — Onorata Rodiana, — who while still a young maiden acquired such fame as a painter that she was summoned by the Marquis Gabrino Fondolo, called the “Tyrant of Cremona,” to decorate some rooms in his palace.

One day, as Onorata was mounted on a ladder, working at a wall-painting, a young courtier passing through the room began to tease her, and his banter degenerating into rudeness, she came down from the ladder and tried to run away from him. He pursued her, however, and caught her, when in her fright she drew a dagger from her belt and stabbed him fatally. Seeing what she had done, and fearing the wrath of the Marquis Fondolo, she hastened to put on the disguise of a boy's dress, and fled to the mountains. She there fell in with a band of *condottieri*. The life of these men, half-soldier and half-brigand in its character, so fascinated Onorata that she at once consented to become one of their number, glad of the chance afforded her to make herself acquainted with the grand mountain scenery and the careless jollity of life in its wilds. She soon showed so much daring and skill that she was made an officer in the band, and held a post of command.

When the “Tyrant of Cremona” heard of the affray between the courtier and the maiden, and of her crime and flight, he was furious, and threatened to hunt her to the very death; but so skilfully had she concealed her identity that the marquis was baffled in all his efforts to track her. After a time, as he could find no other suitable artist to complete the paintings which Onorata Rodiana had begun, he declared a full pardon for her if she would return to the palace and finish her works. The news of this pardon was spread throughout the surrounding country, and when Onorata heard of it she gladly laid aside her sword to resume her palette and brushes. She completed her task;

and then finding that the exciting life she had led among the mountains had taken a strong hold upon her fancy, she returned to it and to the outlawed companions who had learned to respect and love her.

Again and again she left them, only to return each time; for her heart and life were divided between her beloved art and her romantic soldiering. At last, when her native village of Castelleone, near Cremona, was laid siege to, Onorata led her band to its relief, and drove away the enemy. But she rescued her birthplace at the cost of her life; for she was mortally wounded in the conflict, and died soon after, within sight of the home of her childhood. I believe that she is the only woman who has ever been successful as both an artist and a soldier; and I am sorry that I can find no work of hers of which a picture may be given here; her story is well authenticated in history, and she died about the year 1472.

TITIAN.

THE great painter whom we call Titian was named Tiziano Vecelli. Sometimes Cadore is added to this, because his native place was the village of that name, situated in the Friuli, a district lying north of Venice. The family of Vecelli was of noble rank, and its castle of Lodore was surrounded by an estate on which were small houses and cottages. In one of these last, still carefully preserved, Titian was born in 1477.

As a child, Titian was passionately fond of drawing; and so much was he in love with color also, that instead of using charcoal or slate for his pencils, he pressed the juices from certain flowers to make colors, and with these he painted the figure of a Madonna while he was still very young. When he was nine years old he was taken to Venice to study painting, and from that time he was called a Venetian. Each great centre of art then had what was called a "school of art" of its

own, and this expression occurs frequently in books about art: it means the peculiar characteristics of the artists of the city or country spoken of. For example, "the Roman School" means such a style of design and color as is seen in the works of Raphael, who is called the head of that School. So Titian came to be the head of the Venetian School of painting. He is also called by some writers the most excellent portrait-painter of the world.

At first, in Venice, the boy was in the school of Sebastian Zuccato, a painter and worker in mosaics; next he was a pupil of the Bellini, and formed an intimate friendship with his fellow-pupil Giorgione, who also came to be a great painter.

I am sure that every one must know how much it sweetens study and makes one quick to understand and patient to work, to have a loving and sympathetic companion,—one to whom we can talk freely, feeling sure that we are understood, and who will be glad for us and proud of us when we make any advance. Such was the relation between Titian and Giorgione, and they lived in the same studio and worked together,—Titian with his golden tints, and Giorgione with his more glowing colors. This happy time was when they were just coming to manhood, and were filled with bright hopes for the future.

The name Giorgione means "Great George," and was given to this artist because he was very handsome, and had a noble figure and bearing.

At length, when Titian was about thirty years old, the two friends were employed in the decoration of the "Fondaco dei Tedeschi," which was a hall of exchange for the German merchants in Venice. Here the work of Titian was more admired than that of Giorgione; and from this cause such a jealousy arose that they ceased to live together, and we have reason to believe that they never were good friends again. Yet after the early death of Giorgione his former companion completed the pictures he had left unfinished; and there is no doubt that Titian



TITIAN'S PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF.

grieved over his friend's death, which must have lessened greatly his pleasure in the fact that he himself was then left without a rival in all Venice.

One of the most interesting pictures painted by Titian is "The Presentation of the Virgin in the Temple," which is now in the Academy of Venice. There are many pictures of this subject, but none so famous as this one. The legends of the life of the Virgin Mary relate how carefully her mother, Saint Anna, watched over her infancy; and when the child was but three years old, it was decided to present her at the temple of the Lord. So her father Joachim said:

"Let us invite the daughters of Israel, and they shall take each a taper or a lamp and attend her, that the child may not turn back from the temple of the Lord."

And being come to the temple, they placed little Mary on the first step, and she ascended alone all the steps to the altar; and the high-priest received her there, kissed her, and blessed her, saying, —

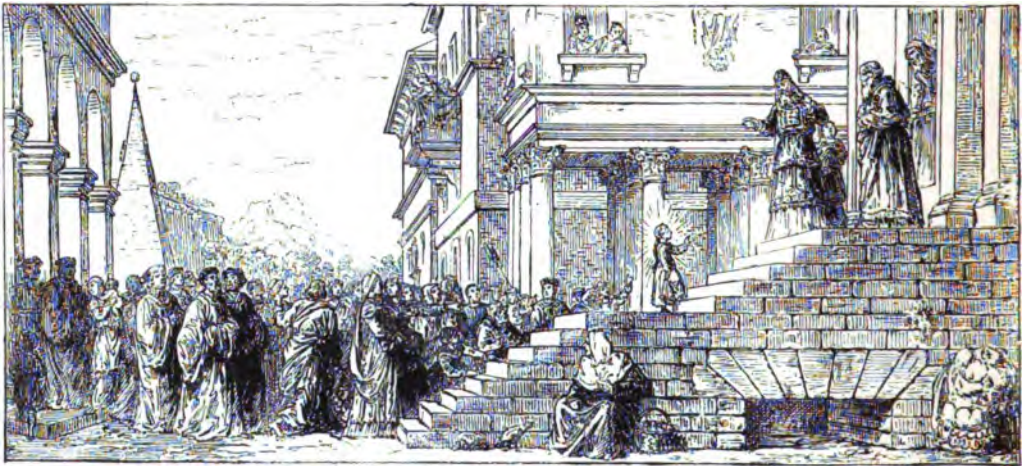
"Mary, the Lord hath magnified thy name to all generations, and in thee shall be made known the redemption of the children of Israel."

Then the little Mary danced before the altar, and all her friends rejoiced with her and loved her; and her parents blessed God because she had not turned away from the temple.

Titian's picture of this presentation was painted for the Church of the Brotherhood of Charity; this is called in Italian, "La Scuola della Carità," — and it is this church which is now the Academy of Art in Venice. The picture is gorgeous in color, and has a great deal of life and action. It is said that the priest who stands behind the high-priest is a portrait of Cardinal Bembo; Titian himself is standing, looking up, and some of his friends are near him.

A very interesting portrait by Titian is that of Caterina Cornaro. This young Venetian lady was so very beautiful that when her uncle, who had been exiled to Cyprus, showed her portrait to the young

Prince Lusignan, the youth fell madly in love with her, and as soon as he became King of Cyprus asked her to marry him. The Republic of Venice solemnly adopted Caterina as its daughter, and gave her to the King, with a very rich dowry. In two years her husband and her infant son both died, and she reigned alone over Cyprus during fourteen years; then she resigned her crown and returned to Venice, about two years after Titian went there to study. She was received by the Venetians with grand ceremonies, and even the "Bucentaur," the ship of the State, was sent out to meet her and bear



OUTLINE SKETCH OF TITIAN'S PAINTING, "THE PRESENTATION OF THE VIRGIN IN THE TEMPLE."

her to the city,—an honor which was never accorded to any other woman in all the history of Venice. At this scene of pomp the boy artist was present, and it must have made a deep impression on his mind. His portrait of this beautiful lady is in the Uffizi Gallery in Florence; it represents her in a full Greek dress, with a gemmed crown upon her head, while near her is placed the wheel, the symbol of her patron saint, Saint Catherine. There are other portraits of her by Titian; and even in our day her story is of interest to artists, for not long ago a German painter, Hans Makart, painted a large pic-

ture called "Venice Doing Homage to Caterina Cornaro," for which the Prussian Government paid about twelve thousand five hundred dollars; the painting is now in the National Gallery at Berlin.

In the same gallery with the portrait of Caterina is also the lovely "Flora;" and near by, in the Pitti Palace, hangs one which is called "La Bella di Tiziano" (the beautiful lady of Titian). These two pictures are often copied.

The fame of Titian spread throughout Italy and all over Europe, and the Duke Alphonso I., of Ferrara, invited him to come to that city. Titian remained a long time at the court of this duke, and made many fine pictures for him; among them was the famous "Bacchus and Ariadne," now in the National Gallery in London. The mythological story of Ariadne relates that she had been deserted by her husband Theseus, and left upon the island of Naxos; Bacchus, the beautiful young god of wine and pleasure, saw Ariadne there, and thought her so lovely that he married her and placed the marriage crown which he gave her among the stars. In Titian's picture the car of Bacchus, drawn by leopards, has halted, and the god leaps out to pursue Ariadne; satyrs, fauns, and nymphs come in a gay troop out of a grove, and all dance about the car with wild, careless grace.

While in Ferrara, Titian also painted a second mythological picture, which represents a statue of Venus surrounded by more than sixty children and Cupids; some of them are climbing trees, some flutter in the air, while others shoot arrows, or twine their arms about each other; this picture is now in Madrid.

Titian was next invited by the Pope, Leo X., to go to Rome; but he longed for his home in Venice, and for the visit which he was in the habit of making each year to his dear Cadore. He was weary, too, with the ceremony and pomp of court life; and declining to go to Rome, hastened home to Venice.

Titian had married a lady named Cecilia, who died about 1530; he had two sons, Pomponio and Orazio, and a daughter called Lavinia. After the death of Titian's mother, his sister Orsa came from Cadore to live with him and care for the three little ones; we shall say more of them all, further on.



GROUP FROM TITIAN'S PAINTING, "THE PRESENTATION OF THE VIRGIN IN THE TEMPLE."

In the same year, 1530, the Emperor Charles V. and Pope Clement VII. met at Bologna; all the most brilliant men of Germany and Italy were gathered there, and Titian was summoned to paint the portraits of the Pope and the Emperor, as well as those of Ippolito dei Medici and many other notable men. When Titian returned again to Venice, he was a great man; he had honors, titles, and riches, and no longer lived in the simple manner of his earlier years. He now had a house at Berigrande, opposite the island of Murano; the

garden and the views from it were very beautiful. The wide canal, which at night was filled with gay gondolas bearing parties of ladies and their attendants, and the Murano, which was like another city with its graceful domes and towers, and beyond all the Friuli Alps, with their snow-peaks rising to the heavens, made up the lovely panorama upon which Titian continually gazed; and its effects are seen in the landscape portions of his works. At Berigrande he enjoyed society, and entertained at his table the wise and witty men and women of Venice, as well as many strangers who visited the city. On one occasion, when a cardinal and others invited themselves to dine at his house, which was called "Casa Grande," he flung a purse to his steward, and said:—

"Now prepare a feast, since all the world dines with me."

While living in Casa Grande he spent "the most glorious years of a glorious life," and all great people, both ladies and gentlemen, desired to have their portraits from his hand. If a collection of these portraits could be made, it would include nearly all the men of his time in Europe whose names have lived until now. The only man of note whose portrait he did not paint was Cosmo I., grand duke of Florence, who refused to sit for him.

After he was sixty years old, Titian went the second time to Ferrara, Urbino, and Bologna, and again made a portrait of Charles V.; this time the Emperor had a favorite dog by his side. At length, in 1545, Titian accepted an invitation from Pope Paul III., and went to Rome. A portrait of this Pope with his two grandsons, painted at this time by Titian, is in the Museum of Naples, and is a remarkable work. While at Rome he painted several fine pictures; one of the most famous was that of Danaë, which Michael Angelo praised very much. He repeated this subject several times; a very beautiful copy is in the Gallery at Naples; others are in Vienna and England. Titian was sixty-nine years old when he left Rome.

During the winter of 1548 Titian went to Augsburg, where Charles V. again required his services. The Emperor had become very fond of the artist, and treated him with the greatest respect and consideration. While on this visit, it happened one day that Titian dropped his pencil, and the Emperor picked it up and returned it to him; court etiquette forbade that the sovereign should do such a service for any one, and Titian was much embarrassed. Charles seeing this, said: "Titian is worthy to be served by Cæsar."¹ At Augsburg the painter was made a count, and received a yearly pension of two hundred gold ducats.

Some writers have said that Titian visited Spain; this does not now appear to be true. But it is certain that Charles V. continued through life his favors to him; and when the Emperor resigned his crown and went to live in the monastery of Yuste, he took with him nine pictures by Titian. One of these was a portrait of the Empress Isabella, upon which Charles gazed when on his death-bed; it is now in the Museum of Madrid. After Charles had given up his crown to his son Philip II., the new monarch patronized the artist as his father had done, and many fine works by the master are now in Madrid.

It is wonderful that Titian continued to paint so well when very aged; he was eighty-one years old when he finished his picture of "The Martyrdom of Saint Lawrence" for the Church of the Jesuits in Venice. Saint Lawrence is a prominent saint in the Roman Catholic Church, and it is historically true that he lived and that he died the dreadful death which is related in his legend. He was a Spaniard, but went to Rome when quite young, and was found so worthy in his life that Sixtus II., who was then the bishop of Rome, trusted him greatly, and made him the keeper of the treasures of the Church. When Sixtus was led away to his martyrdom Lawrence clung to him, and wished to die also; but Sixtus told him that he would live three days longer, and commanded him to give the Church treasures to the poor. So Law-

¹ "Cæsar" was one of the titles of the Emperor.

rence went through the city, and gave much comfort to the sick and suffering, and cured some by laying his hands on them, which was thought to be a miracle. Very soon, however, he was summoned before the Emperor Valerian; and when he could not show that tyrant the treasures of the Church, he was condemned to be put to death by being stretched on an iron bed, with bars like a gridiron, and roasted by a fire placed under him. He suffered this cruel death with great courage, and blessed God with his last breath.

Titian has painted this martyrdom as a night scene, and the wonderful effect of the lights he has used makes it a very remarkable work. Above is a star, from which shoots a ray of heavenly glory on the face and form of Saint Lawrence, who is gazing up at it; beneath is the light from the fire, and besides these there are two pans of burning pitch, the light from them casting a red glow over all.

It is a true pleasure to watch the effects of all sorts of lights and shadows. The beauty of the sunshine that appears to flow out of the blue sky is made more beautiful in contrast with the deep shadows thrown on the grass by trees and other large objects. How much prettier are the light and shadow together, than all brightness or all shadow could be! It is by the study of these things, and the representation of them, that painters give us so much pleasure.

Now, in the picture of Saint Lawrence the face is not an agonized one, for it is lighted by the glory from above, rather than by the deep, bright lights which the wicked men about him have made. Some of the spectators are terrified by the calmness with which Saint Lawrence suffers, and they turn to flee; others are hardened by the sight; only one appears to be unaffected by the scene. In visiting the galleries of Europe one sees many pictures of the martyrdoms suffered by the early Christians; but I know of none more masterful than this.

Although Titian had enjoyed much prosperity, he had also suffered much. His wife and his dear sister Orsa had died; his son Pomponio

became a worthless fellow, and had made his father very unhappy ; his daughter Lavinia had married, and the old artist was left alone with



THE HIGH-PRIEST, FROM TITIAN'S "THE PRESENTATION OF THE VIRGIN IN THE TEMPLE."

Orazio, who, however, was a dutiful son. But Titian had then reached such an age that most of the friends of his middle life had died, and he was a lonely old man.

He had painted many pictures of his daughter Lavinia, who was very beautiful. One of these, at Berlin, shows her in a rich dress holding up a plate of fruit, and is one of the best of all his works.

Orazio was also an artist, but he usually painted on the same canvas with his father, and his works cannot be spoken of separately. Many pupils from all parts of Europe gathered about Titian in his latest years, and it is said that toward the close of his life, when he was at work upon an "Annunci-

ation," some one told him that it did not resemble his former works ; this made him very angry, and he seized a pencil and wrote upon



**THE VIRGIN. FROM TITIAN'S PAINTING, "THE PRESENTATION OF THE VIRGIN
IN THE TEMPLE."**

the painting, "*Tizianus fecit fecit*," — by which he meant to say, "Titian truly did this!"

When Titian was ninety-six years old, Henry III. of France visited Venice, and waited upon him in his house; the King was attended by a train of princes and nobles. The aged master entertained his Majesty with princely hospitality; and when the King wished to know the price of some pictures, Titian presented them to him with an ease and grace of bearing which excited the admiration of all.

Finally, in 1576, the plague broke out in Venice, and both Titian and Orazio were attacked by it. It was impossible for the father, who was now ninety-eight years old, to recover. It was hoped that Orazio might live; and he was therefore taken away to a hospital, while his father, over whom he had so tenderly watched, was left to die alone. But the care taken of Orazio was of no avail, as he also died.

When plagues and dreadful maladies prevail, wicked people often become more wicked and lose every feeling of humanity. So it was in Venice at this time; and while the old master still lived, robbers entered his apartment and carried off his money, his jewels, and some of his pictures.

Titian died on the 27th of August, 1576, and all Venice mourned for him. There was a law that no person who died of the plague should be buried within the city; but an exception was made in this instance, and Titian was borne to the church of Santa Maria Gloriosa de' Frari, and there buried. This church is usually called simply "the Frari," — it is the same for which he had painted his great picture "The Assumption," now removed to the Academy of Venice. Another work of his, called the Pesaro altar-piece, still remains, not far from his grave.

The spot where he is buried is marked by a simple tablet, on which is inscribed in Italian: "Here lies the great Tiziano di Vecelli, rival of Zeuxis and Apelles."

In 1794, about two centuries and a quarter after his death, the citizens of Venice determined to erect a monument to Titian, and the sculptor Canova made a design for it; but the political troubles which soon after occurred prevented the carrying out of the plan, and it was not until 1852 that the Emperor Ferdinand I., of Austria, erected a costly monument to Titian's memory. It is near his grave, and consists of a Corinthian canopy, beneath which is a sitting statue of the painter; several allegorical statues are added to increase its magnificence. This monument was dedicated with imposing ceremonies; and it is curious to remark that not far away, in the same church, the sculptor Canova is buried, and his own monument is made from the design which he had drawn for that of Titian.

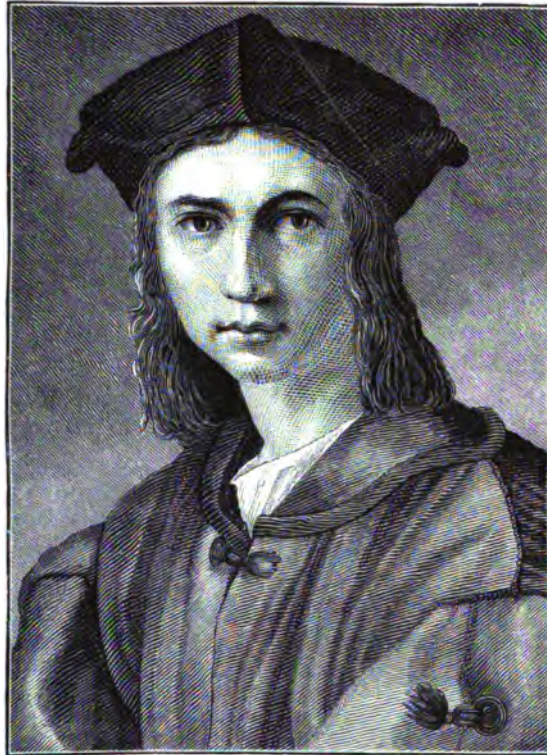
ANDREA DEL SARTO.

THE true family name of this painter was Vannucchi. He was called del Sarto because his father was a tailor,—or *un Sarto*, in Italian. Andrea was born in 1488, and when quite young was employed as a goldsmith and worker in metals. But his great desire was to become a painter; and when he finally studied art, he was untiring in his efforts to learn its rules and to understand its practice. Andrea was the pupil of Pietro di Cosimo, but his style of painting was not like that master's; he seems to have had many original ideas, and to have formed his soft and fascinating manner for himself.

Andrea del Sarto cannot be called a truly great painter; but his pictures are sweet and lovely, and would be more pleasing to some persons than those of artists of higher fame. He was very successful in his fresco-painting, and was employed in Florence in decorating the convent of the Nunziata, and in a building called

the Scalzo; the last was named from the *Scalzi*, Barefooted Friars, who held their meetings in it. These frescos are considered to be the finest of Andrea's works, although some of them are now much injured.

Andrea had so much sorrow in his life, that one is moved to think he might have painted better had he been a happier man. He loved his wife devotedly, though she was a selfish and mean-spirited woman, who never appreciated his talents, and seemed only to think of how she could get money to spend in a showy and extravagant way of living. She was even unwilling that he should care for his aged parents, and it was owing to her that he at length deserted them, although formerly he had been a kind and dutiful son.



ANDREA DEL SARTO.

After a time (about 1518), Francis I., the king of France, invited Andrea to go to Paris and execute works for him. The artist consented, and was treated with great consideration in the brilliant French capital. Soon, however, his wife insisted that he should return to Florence. Francis I. was very unwilling to allow Andrea to leave France, where he had engaged already to do many decorative paintings; but Andrea was so much under the influence of his wife

that he did not dare to remain. So when he had made a promise, and solemnly sworn with his hand on the Bible that he would soon return and bring his wife with him, and remain as long as might be necessary to finish the works he had engaged to do, the King consented to his departure. Francis also intrusted to Andrea a large sum of money, with which he was to buy works of art and other beautiful objects for the King.

When Andrea reached Florence, his wicked wife not only refused to go to France, but persuaded him to give her the money which belonged to Francis I. This she soon spent; and although Andrea had been so weak in listening to her wicked advice, he still was not so base that he could forget the wrong he had done in giving the money to her. He lived ten years longer, and painted many more pictures, but he was always very unhappy. Francis I. never forgave him for his breach of trust; and to this day, all who read the story of Andrea cannot but feel sorrow in remembering how weak he was, and how wickedly he came to act in consequence.

In 1530 Andrea was attacked by a contagious disease; his faithless wife abandoned him, and he died alone, and was buried without a funeral or even a prayer, in the same convent of the Nunziata in which he had painted his finest frescos. One of these pictures is a "Repose of the Holy Family," which is usually called the "Madonna del Sacco," because in it Saint Joseph is represented as leaning on a sack.

Now there are so many different pictures of the Holy Family, that they are divided into classes; and such as are called in Italian *Il Riposo*, and in our own tongue "The Repose," all represent an incident of the flight into Egypt, when Saint Joseph, his wife Mary, and the child Jesus halted in their journey for rest and refreshment. The legend, in telling of this episode, says that near the village of Matarea, where they were resting, a fountain sprang forth by miracle; and near by was a sycamore grove, beneath which the family found shade and protection.



CORREGGIO.

The story has given a peculiar religious significance to the sycamore tree, by associating it with the mother of Christ; and the Crusaders were in the habit of bringing branches of it into Europe as sacred mementos of the grove near the "Fountain of Mary," as the spring is called. When I was in Egypt I visited this spot, which is a few miles from the city of Cairo and is always pointed out to the Christians by the Arab guides. In some pictures of "The Repose," Mary is employed in dipping water from this fountain, or is washing linen in it; and often angels are shown ministering to the comfort of the weary travellers.

The oil paintings by Andrea del Sarto are very beautiful; the finest one hangs in the Tribune of the Uffizi Gallery, in Florence. This is a place of great honor, because some of the most remarkable works of art which exist in any collection in the world are in this same building, — such as the "Venus dei Medici," the "Dancing Faun," and other beautiful antique statues, as well as some of the finest pictures by Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian, Vandyck, and other great masters. This painting by Andrea is called the "Madonna di San Francesco," and represents the Virgin Mary seated on a throne, with the child Jesus in her arms, while Saint John the Baptist and Saint Francis stand, one at each side.

The Madonna with her child was Andrea's favorite subject, and he represented it in a great variety of ways, always making sweet and attractive pictures. Occasionally he painted single figures of saints, such as Saint Barbara and Saint Agnes; one of these is in the Cathedral of Pisa. Saint Agnes is one of the four virgin saints who are much honored in the Roman Catholic Church. The story of Saint Agnes relates that she was a very beautiful Roman maiden, and a Christian from her birth, though she lived in the days when Christians were put to death in Rome. When she was about thirteen years old, the son of Sempronius, a powerful prefect, saw Agnes, and admired her so much that he wished to marry her; but she refused to listen to him, saying

she was already promised to a husband whom she loved. When she said this she meant Jesus Christ, because she intended to devote her whole life to his service, and in the Church of Rome the women who live lives of devotion are called the brides of Christ. Then the young man told his father of his wish to marry Agnes, and Sempronius went himself to ask her parents to give her in marriage to his son, who was made very unhappy by her refusal.

But when Sempronius discovered that she was a Christian maiden he was rejoiced to think that he could command her to be put to death, and so end the whole matter without further trouble. Then soldiers were sent, who took her away from her mother and her home, and carried her to a house which served for a prison. Here she was shut up alone, and all her clothes taken from her, and no food given her, so that she should suffer from cold and hunger ; but the legend tells us that her hair was lengthened by a miracle, so that it fell all around her to cover her and keep her warm. Then she prayed earnestly to Christ, and a bright and shining garment appeared in her room, and when she had put it on the whole place was filled with a great light, so that her cruel jailers, who had left her in darkness, seeing this, were seized with a great fear.

Now the son of the prefect hoped that all she had suffered would make her willing to say that she did not believe in Jesus Christ, and to marry him and live in luxury. But when he visited her in her prison another miracle was done ; for the light from her heavenly robe made the youth blind, and he fell down in convulsions. Then all the people cried out, " She is a witch, she is a witch, and must be killed ! " So she was sentenced to be burned alive ; but when the fire was lighted and the flames rose all about her, they did her no harm. At last an executioner killed her with a sword, and Agnes died peacefully, with her eyes gazing up to heaven.

She was buried on the Via Nomentana, and the other Christians in



GROUP OF SINGING ANGELS. (FROM A PAINTING BY CORREGGIO, IN THE CHOIR OF THE CHURCH OF ST. JOHN, IN PARMA.)

Rome loved to visit her grave and to weep there; but she appeared to them, and told them that they must not sorrow for her, because she was happy in heaven.

There are two churches in Rome dedicated to Saint Agnes, besides many in other parts of the world; and after the Apostles and Evangelists, she is a very important saint. She is usually represented in works of art with a lamb by her side, because the lamb is the type or symbol of modesty, purity, and innocence.

CORREGGIO.

ANTONIO ALLEGRI — for this is the true name of this great painter — is called Antonio Allegri da Correggio, or Antonio Lieto da Correggio. The name Correggio is taken from that of his birthplace, and Lieto and Allegri are his family names, and are Italian words which have the same meaning as the Latin word *lætus*, or joyful. He was born in 1493, and was so clever that when thirteen years old he had not only studied many things such as other boys learn, but had mastered the rudiments of art, so that he could draw very well.

He received his first lessons in drawing from his uncle, Lorenzo Allegri, and then studied under the famous Andrea Mantegna, and after the death of this artist, under his son, Francesco Mantegna. From these men Correggio acquired wonderful skill in drawing, especially in foreshortening, — that is, in representing objects seen aslant. These masters all had what is termed a dry, hard style, which is so different from Correggio's that we are sure he soon added to what they had taught him the grace and movement and exquisite management of light and shade which appear in his paintings.

I shall now try to explain further what is meant by foreshortening, because it is a very important element of good drawing, and all who wish to learn how to appreciate the works of others should understand

what it is, as also should those who themselves practise drawing: It is specially proper to speak of this in connection with Correggio, as he is often said to be the most skilful of artists in this, particular since the days of the ancient Greeks.

The art of "foreshortening" is to make the objects which are painted or drawn on a plane surface look as they do in Nature when one is farther back than another, and where one part is thrown out much nearer the eye than others are. To produce this effect it is frequently necessary to make an object — let us say, for example, an arm or a leg — look as if it were thrown forward, out of the canvas, towards the person who is looking directly at it. Now, in truth, in order to produce this appearance the object is oftentimes thrown backward in the drawing, and sometimes it is doubled up in a very unnatural manner, and so occupies a much smaller space on the canvas than it appears to do; for as we look at it, it seems to be of full size.

The picture of "Christ in Glory," painted by Correggio in the cupola of the church of San Giovanni Evangelista in Parma, photographs of which are easily obtained, is a fine piece of foreshortening, because the head is so thrown back and the knees are so thrown forward that the figure seems to be of full size; yet if the space from the top of the head to the soles of the feet in the painting itself were measured, it would be found to be much less than the full height of the figure would be if it were represented as erect.

Another characteristic of this master is his delicate manner of passing gradually from light to shade, and so softening the whole effect of his work as to produce what is called, in Italian, *chiaro-oscuro*, which must be literally translated clear-obscure, — or a sort of mistiness which has some light in it, but is gradually shaded off into either full light or deep shadow. It is remarkable that in the early works of Correggio his peculiar qualities were evident; this is



PART OF THE CEILING IN THE CONVENT AT PARMA. (AFTER FRESCOS BY CORREGGIO.)

seen in the beautiful Madonna di San Francesco, now in the Dresden Gallery, which was painted when he was but eighteen years old.

When Correggio was twenty-six years old he married Girolama Merlini, and during the next eleven years was occupied with his great fresco-paintings in Parma and with works in Mantua, to which city he was summoned by the rich Duke Federigo Gonzaga, who reigned there. In 1530 the artist returned to Correggio, where he passed the remainder of his life. In 1533 he was one of the invited witnesses of the marriage of the Lord of Correggio, which would indicate that he was much esteemed by that nobleman. In 1534 he died of a fever, and was buried in his family tomb in the Franciscan convent at Correggio; his grave is simply marked with his name and the date of his death. Correggio had but one son, named Pomponio Quirino Allegri; he also was a painter, but did not make himself famous.

There are several anecdotes related of Correggio the father. One is that when he first saw one of Raphael's great pictures he gazed upon it a long time, and then exclaimed enthusiastically: "I also am a painter!" and I dare say he then felt himself moved to try if he too might produce pictures which should live and bear his name through future centuries.

When Titian saw Correggio's frescos at Parma, he said: "Were I not Titian I should wish to be Correggio." Annibale Caracci, another great artist, said of Correggio, more than a century after that master's death: "He was the only painter!" and he declared that the children painted by Correggio breathe and smile with such grace that one who sees them is forced to smile and be happy with them.

The monks of the Monastery of Saint John the Evangelist at Parma learned to love Correggio very much, as he was much with them while engaged in painting in the church with which their monastery was connected. In order to show their affection, they elected him a member

Another masterpiece is the "Marriage of Saint Catherine," in the Louvre, at Paris. According to the legend concerning her, this saint was the half-niece of the great Emperor Constantine, and her mother was Queen Sabinella of Egypt. It is said that at the moment when Catherine was born a bright light was seen to play about her head, and she grew to be a remarkable and very learned child. After her father's death, as she was the heir to the throne her advisers begged of her to marry, and urged as reasons that she was of the most noble blood in the world, and that she surpassed all others in wealth, knowledge, and beauty. She replied that she would only marry one who was of such high descent that all would worship him; so great as not to feel it a favor to be made a king; so beautiful that even the angels would desire to see him; and so benign as to forgive all offences. Then her mother and all the people were sorrowful, for they knew of no such man.

Now there was a hermit who lived in the desert not far from Alexandria, to whom the Virgin Mary appeared and commanded him to go to Catherine and say that her son was all that she desired in a husband. The hermit also gave Catherine a picture of Jesus and his mother. When the young girl gazed on this she loved him, and could think of nothing else. That night she dreamed that she went with the old hermit to a sanctuary on a high mountain, and angels came to meet her; then she fell on her face, but one angel said, "Stand up, dear sister Catherine, for thee hath the King of Glory delighted to honor." Then she followed them, and they led her to the queen, and the queen led her to the Lord; but he turned away and said, "She is not fair enough for me."

After this dream, Catherine asked the old hermit what she must do to become worthy of this heavenly Bridegroom. Then the hermit taught her how to be a Christian, and both she and her mother were baptized. After this, as she slept, the Virgin Mary came again and

led her to Christ; then he smiled on her and put a ring on her finger. When Catherine awoke, this miraculous ring was still there; and from this hour she forgot all earthly things, and tried only to be worthy of her Lord.

After a time a persecution was declared against the Christians at Alexandria by the Emperor Maximin, and Catherine went up to the temple and argued with the tyrant, confounding him first, and afterwards fifty wise men whom he called up to oppose her. After many trials, the Emperor determined that Catherine should be put to death. First she was bound to wheels, so that when they should be turned she would be torn in pieces; but angels came and burned the wheels, and pieces of them flew around and killed three thousand of the wicked people who were gathered about her. At last she was beheaded; then angels came and bore her body to Mount Sinai, and four centuries after her death a monastery was built over her burial-place.

Saint Catherine is greatly venerated in the Roman Catholic Church, and is called a patron saint of education, science, and philosophy, and of all students and colleges. She is also a patroness of eloquence, and those who cannot speak plainly by reason of any impediment pray for her aid. She is a patron saint of the city of Venice, and ladies of royal birth claim her as one of their protectors because she was of such noble birth. In works of art she is always represented as clothed in rich garments, and a wheel, either whole or broken, is placed near her as her symbol. This wheel also serves to distinguish the pictures of the Marriage of Saint Catherine of Alexandria from those of the Marriage of Saint Catherine of Siena; the latter may also be known by her robe, as she belonged to the Dominican Order.

Saint Catherine of Alexandria is sometimes painted standing on the head of Maximin; this picture is intended to show the triumph of her Christian faith over his cruelty and Paganism.

BRUNELLESCHI.

IN reading about art we often find something concerning a certain time which is called the Renaissance, and the art of that period bears the same name, — the Art of the Renaissance. This is a word meaning a new birth or a re-awakening; in art it denotes the time when the darkness and ignorance of the Middle Ages was passing away, and men were arousing themselves and endeavoring to restore literature and art to the high places they had once occupied. The artists who took the lead in this movement were a remarkable class of men, and merit remembrance and gratitude from all those of later times who have profited by their example.

Some authors call Filippo Brunelleschi, or Brunellesco, the “Father of the Art of the Renaissance.” He was born in Florence in 1377, and died in 1446. His mother was of a noble family, and on his father’s side he had learned notaries and physicians for his ancestors. Filippo’s father desired that his son should be a physician, and directed his education with that end in view; but the boy had such a love of art, and was so fond of the study of mechanics, that his father at length allowed him to learn the trade of a goldsmith, — which trade was in that day more closely connected with what we call the “fine arts” than it is now.

Filippo made rapid progress, now that he was doing something that pleased him, and soon learned to excel in the setting of precious stones; and this, too, in exquisite designs drawn by himself. He also made some beautiful figures in *niello*. This art was so interesting that I must describe it to you, especially because to it we owe the origin of engraving.

The niello-worker drew a design upon gold or silver, and cut it out with a sharp tool called a *burin*. He then melted together some copper, silver, lead, and sulphur, and when the composition was cool ground it

to a powder. He covered his drawing with this, and over it sprinkled powdered borax ; he then placed it over a charcoal fire, when the powder and borax melted together and ran into the lines of the drawing. As soon as this was cool, the metal on which the drawing had been made was scraped and burnished, and the niello then had the effect of a drawing in black upon gold or silver. Niello-work was known to the ancients, and there are rare old specimens of it in some museums. The discovery of the art of taking impressions on paper from these drawings on metal is ascribed to Maso Finiguerra, who flourished about the time when Brunelleschi died.

After Filippo had perfected himself as a goldsmith and niello-worker he studied sculpture, and executed some designs in bas-relief ; but he was always deeply interested in such mathematical and mechanical pursuits as fitted him to be the great architect which he finally became.

Filippo went to Rome with his friend Donatello, and there he was untiring in his study of architecture, making innumerable drawings from the beautiful objects of ancient art which he saw. One day when these two artists were digging among the ruins in the hope of finding some beautiful sculpture, they came upon a vase full of ancient coins, and from that time they were called "the treasure-seekers." They lived very poorly, and made the most of their small means ; but with all their economy they suffered many privations. Donatello returned to Florence, but Filippo Brunelleschi studied and struggled on. All this time there was growing in his heart a great desire to accomplish two things in his native city, — to revive there a pure style of architecture, and to raise the dome upon the then unfinished cathedral. He lived to see the realization of both these ambitious hopes.

The Cathedral of Florence is also called the Church of Santa Maria del Fiore, which means Saint Mary of the Flower ; this may also be rendered Saint Mary of the Lily, and is better so, since the lily is the emblem of the Virgin Mary, the chief patron saint of Florence. Saint

Reparata is another favorite Florentine saint, who in pictures holds in her hand a banner, on which is a lily. The same device was on the red shield of the republic; indeed, the very name of Florence is popularly believed to have had its origin in the abundance of its flowers, especially the lily known as the *Iris Florentina*, which grows wild in the fields and in the clefts of the old walls in various parts of the city.

In 1407 Brunelleschi returned to Florence; and soon after, the superintendents of the works upon the cathedral listened to the plans of various architects for raising the dome. Filippo proposed his views, but they were considered far too bold. He made models in secret, and convinced himself that he could accomplish the great work. After a time he wearied of the waiting and returned to Rome, always thinking and planning about the dome, the erection of which had now become the one passionate wish of his heart. The struggle was long, and he suffered from the ignorance and indecision of the officials of Florence. At length, in 1420, a call was made for the architects of all countries to come with their plans; and after many meetings and debates the commission was finally given to Brunelleschi, thirteen wearisome years having passed since he had first asked for it.

At this meeting of architects Filippo refused to show his models; and when he was criticised for this it is said that he proposed that if any one present could make an egg stand upright on a smooth marble, he should be the builder of the dome. The eggs were brought, and the others all tried in vain to make one stand. At last Filippo took his egg, and striking it a little blow upon the marble, left it standing there. Then the others exclaimed that they could have done the same. To this Filippo replied: "Yes, and you might also build a dome if you were to see my designs!"¹

¹ This story of the egg is also told of Columbus, but it doubtless originated as given above, inasmuch as many Italian writers thus tell it; and if true of Brunelleschi, the incident must have happened some fourteen years before Columbus was born. The astronomer Toscanelli was a great admirer of Brunelleschi, and there is little doubt of his having told this story to Columbus.

The story of the building of the dome is very interesting, but it is too long to be given here. Endless difficulties were placed in Filippo's way, but he overcame them all, and lived to see his work wellnigh completed; only the outer coating was wanting at the time of his death. It is the largest dome in the world. The cross on the top of St. Peter's at Rome is farther from the ground than is that above Santa Maria del Fiore, but the dome of the latter is larger than the dome of St. Peter's. It was also the first dome that was raised upon a drum, as the upright part of a dome or cupola is called; and this fact alone entitles Filippo Brunelleschi to the great fame which has been his for more than four centuries.

He designed many other fine architectural works in and about Florence, among which are the church of San Lorenzo; that of Santo Spirito; some beautiful chapels for Santa Croce and other churches; the Hospital of the Innocents and the Badia at Fiesole. That he had also a genius for secular architecture is proved by his having designed the famous Pitti Palace.

The builder of this palace was Luca Pitti, a very rich rival of the great Medici and Strozzi families, whose ambition was to erect a palace which should excel theirs in grandeur and magnificence. This palace stands in the midst of the Boboli gardens, and was for a long time the residence of the sovereigns of Tuscany and Italy, but was given up by Victor Emmanuel when he removed to Rome and made that city the capital in 1870.

The visitor to the Pitti Palace has his interest and attention divided between the beauty of its surroundings, the splendor of the palace itself, and the magnificent treasures of art preserved there,—the collection being now best known as the Pitti Gallery.

Filippo's enthusiasm for art made him willing to endure any amount of fatigue for the sake of seeing beautiful things. One day he heard Donatello describe an ancient marble vase which he

had seen in Cortona. As Filippo listened he was possessed with the desire to see it, and quietly walked away, saying nothing of his intentions. He went on foot to Cortona, a distance of seventy-two miles, saw the vase and made accurate drawings from it, and was again in Florence before he was really missed by his friends, who supposed him to be busy with his inventions in his own room.

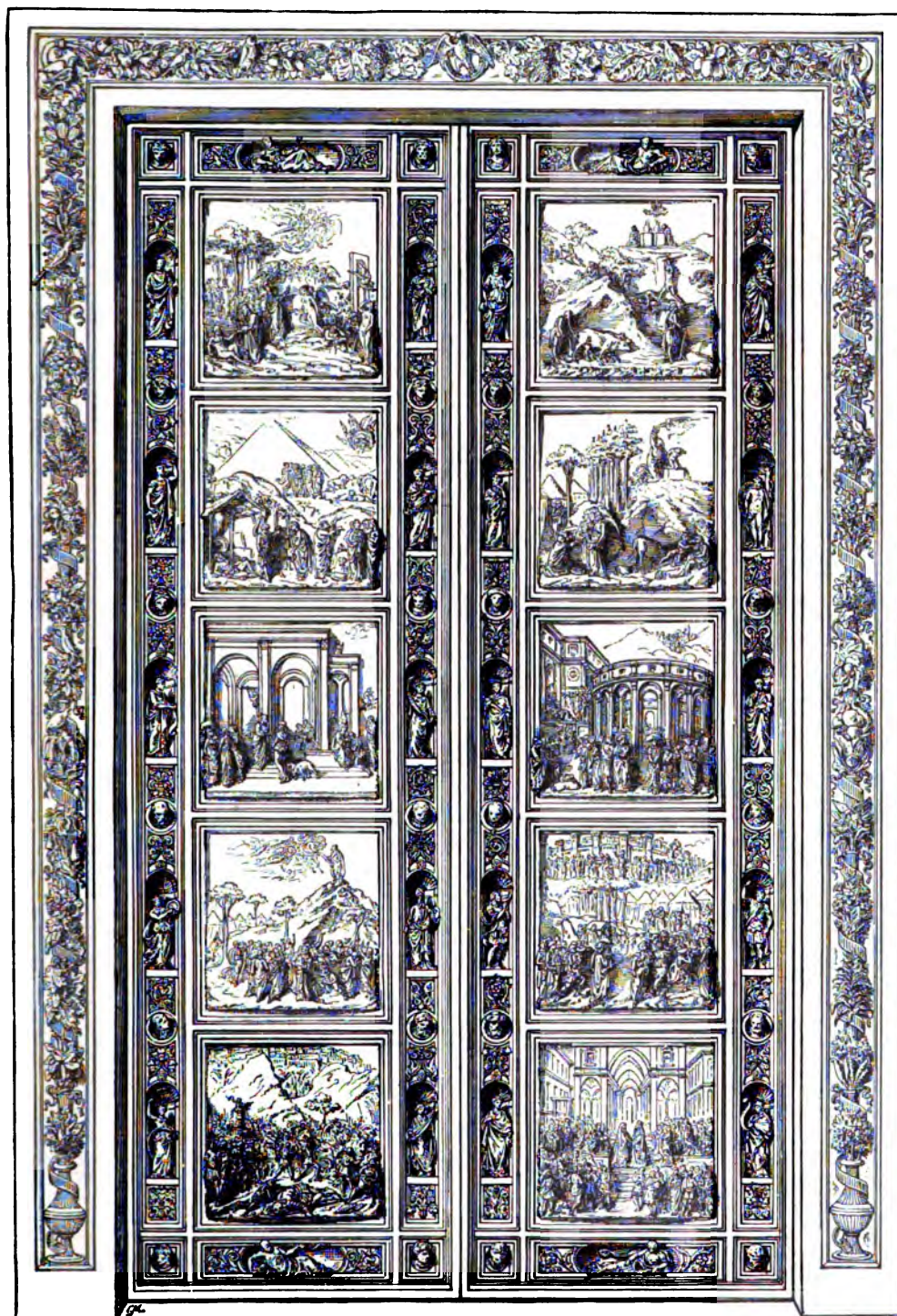
A very interesting story concerning Filippo and Donatello is that the latter received an order for a crucifix, carved from wood, for the church of Santa Croce; when it was finished he asked Brunelleschi's opinion of it. Relying on their long friendship, Filippo frankly said that the figure of Christ was like that of a day-laborer, whereas that of the Saviour should represent the greatest possible beauty. Donatello was angry, and replied: "It is easier to criticise than to execute; do you take a piece of wood and make a better crucifix."

Brunelleschi did this, and when he had completed his work invited Donatello to dine with him. He left the crucifix in a conspicuous place in his house while the two went to the market to buy the dinner. He gave the parcels to Donatello and asked him to precede him, saying that he would soon be at home. When Donatello entered and saw the crucifix, he was so overcome with admiration that he dropped eggs, cheese, and all on the floor, and stood before the carving as motionless as if made of wood himself. When Brunelleschi came in he said,—

"What are we to do now? You have spoiled all the dinner!"

"I have had dinner enough for to-day," replied Donatello. "You, perhaps, may dine with better appetite. To you, I confess, belongs the power to carve the figure of Christ; to me that of representing day-laborers."

This crucifix is now in the chapel of the Gondi in the Church of Santa Maria Novella, while that of Donatello is in the chapel of Saints Ludovico and Bartolommeo, in the Church of Santa Croce.



THE Ghiberti Gates. — THE EAST DOOR OF THE BAPTISTERY AT FLORENCE.

On the south side of the square which surrounds the cathedral, called the Piazza del Duomo, there is a modern statue of Brunelleschi. He is represented as sitting with a plan of the great dome spread upon his knee, while his head is raised and he looks at the realization of his design as it rises above the cathedral. He was buried beneath the dome. His monument is the first in the southern aisle, where he was interred at the expense of the city. A tablet in the wall bears his epitaph, and above it is his bust, made by his pupil Buggiani.

GHIBERTI.

LORENZO GHIBERTI also belonged to the early days of the Renaissance, and took a leader's place in the sculpture of bas-reliefs, as Brunelleschi did in architecture. He was born in Florence in 1378, and died in 1455. He was both a goldsmith and a sculptor, and all his works show that delicate finish and exquisite attention to detail which is so important when working in precious metals. When the plague broke out in Florence in 1398 Ghiberti fled to Rimini, and while there painted some pictures; but his fame is so closely linked with one great work that his name usually recalls that alone. I mean the bronze gates to the Baptistery of Florence, which are so grand an achievement that it is fame enough for any man to be remembered as their maker.

Andrea Pisano had made the gates to the south side of the Baptistery, which is octagonal in form, many years before Ghiberti was born. When the plague again visited Florence in 1400, the people believed that the wrath of Heaven should be appeased and a thank-offering made, so that they might be free from a return of this dreadful scourge. The Guild of Wool-merchants then decided to add these gates to their beloved Church of Saint John the Baptist.

They threw the work open to competition, and many artists sent

in models of a bas-relief representing the sacrifice of Isaac. Finally, all were rejected but those of Brunelleschi and Ghiberti, and for a time there was a doubt as to which of these artists would be preferred. It had happened that while Brunelleschi had been struggling for the commission for the building of his dome, Ghiberti had annoyed him very much, and, indeed, after the work was begun he did not cease his interference. For this reason it could scarcely have been expected that Brunelleschi should favor Ghiberti; but the true nobility of his character declared itself, and he publicly acknowledged that Ghiberti's model was finer than his, and retired from the contest.

The gates on the north were first executed; they were begun in 1403 and finished twenty-one years later. They contain twenty scenes from the life of Christ, with the figures of the Evangelists and the four Fathers of the Church in a very beautiful frame-work of foliage, animals, and other ornaments, which divides and incloses the larger compositions. These gates are in a style nearer to that of Pisano and other artists than are the later works of Ghiberti; however, from the first he showed original talent, for even his model of "The Sacrifice of Isaac," which is preserved in the Museum of the Bargello together with that of Brunelleschi, proves that he had a new habit of thought.

Beautiful as these northern gates are, those on the east are finer and far more famous; it is of these that Michael Angelo declared, "They are worthy to be the gates of Paradise!" Here he represented stories from the Old Testament in ten compartments: (1) Creation of Adam and Eve; (2) History of Cain and Abel; (3) Noah; (4) Abraham and Isaac; (5) Jacob and Esau; (6) History of Joseph; (7) Moses on Mount Sinai; (8) Joshua before Jericho; (9) David and Goliath; (10) Solomon and the Queen of Sheba.

Ghiberti showed great skill in composition, and told these stories

with wonderful distinctness; but I fancy that every one who sees them for the first time must have a feeling of disappointment on account of the confusion which comes from the multitude of figures. But when they are studied attentively this first effect passes away, and the wonderful skill of their maker is revealed. They must ever remain one of the great monuments of this most interesting age of the Renaissance.

Ghiberti also made the sarcophagus of Saint Zenobius, which is in the Cathedral of Florence, and is his greatest work after the gates. Other sculptures of his are in the churches of Florence and Siena.

DONATELLO.

THE real name of this sculptor was Donato di Betto Bardi. He was born in 1386 and died in 1468. He was a realist; that is to say, he followed Nature with great exactness. This was not productive of beauty in his works; indeed, many of his sculptures were painfully ugly. Donatello is important in the history of art, because he lived at a time when every advance was an event; and he made the first equestrian statue of any importance in modern time. This is at Padua, in the square before the Church of San Antonio; it represents Francisco Gatta-Melata, and is full of life and power.

He made some beautiful marble groups of dancing children for the front of the organ in the Cathedral of Florence, which have since been removed to the Uffizi Gallery. One of these groups is shown in the illustration on page 133. Several of his statues of single figures are in Florence, Siena, and Padua. He considered his "David," which is in the Uffizi, to be his masterpiece. It is familiarly known as *Lo Zuccone*, which means "the bald head;" he was so fond of this statue that he had the habit of affirming his statements by saying, "By the faith I place in my Zuccone!" In spite

of Donatello's opinion, however, it is generally thought that his statue of "Saint George" (shown on page 137) is far more admirable than the "David."

The German art-writer Grimm says of this statue: "What a man is the Saint George in the niche of the Church of Or San Michele! He stands there in complete armor, sturdily, with his legs somewhat striding apart, resting on both with equal weight, as if he meant to stand so that no power could move him from his post. Straight before him he holds up his high shield; both hands touch its edge, partly for the sake of holding it, partly in order to rest on it; the eyes and brow are full of expectant boldness. . . . We approach this Saint George, and the mere artistic interest is transformed suddenly into a more lively sympathy with the person of the master. . . . Who is it, we ask, who has placed such a man there, so ready for battle?"

The story we have told of Donatello, in connection with Brunelleschi, shows that he was impetuous and generous by nature. Another anecdote relates that a rich Genoese merchant gave him a commission to make a portrait bust of himself in bronze. When it was finished, Cosimo de' Medici, the friend and patron of Donatello, admired it so much that he placed it on the balcony of his palace, so that all Florentines who passed by might see it.

When the merchant heard the artist's price for his work he objected to it; it was referred to Cosimo, who argued the case with the merchant. In his conversation the Genoese said that the bust could be made in a month, and that he was willing to give the artist such a price that he would receive a dollar a day for his time and labor. When Donatello heard this he exclaimed, "I know how to *destroy* the result of the study and labor of years in the twinkling of an eye!" and he threw the bust into the street below, where it was shattered into fragments.



GROUP OF DANCING CHILDREN. (BY DONATELLO.)

Then the merchant was ashamed, and offered Donatello double the price he asked if he would repeat his work; but though the sculptor was poor he refused to do this, and remained firm in his decision, though Cosimo himself tried to persuade him to change his determination.

When Donatello was old, Cosimo gave him a sum of money sufficient to support himself and four workmen. In spite of this generous provision the sculptor paid little attention to his own appearance, and was so poorly dressed that Cosimo sent him a gift of a red surcoat, mantle, and hood; but Donatello returned them with thanks, saying that they were far too fine for his use.

Donatello outlived his patron and friend, and during the last of his life was a bedridden paralytic. Piero de' Medici, the son of Cosimo, was careful to supply all Donatello's wants, and when he died his funeral was conducted with great pomp. He was interred in the Church of San Lorenzo, near the tomb of his friend Cosimo. The artist had purchased the right to be thus buried, — "to the end," he said, "that his body might be near him when dead, as his spirit had ever been near him when alive." Several of Donatello's sculptures are in this church, and are a more suitable monument to his memory than anything could be that was made by others after his death.

BENVENUTO CELLINI.

THIS sculptor had an eventful life, and the story of it, written by himself, is one of the most interesting books of its class in existence. He was born in Florence in 1500, and died in 1571. He gives a very interesting though improbable account of the origin of his family, which is that "Julius Cæsar had a chief and valorous captain named Fiorino da Cellino, from a castle situated four miles from Monte Fiascone. This Fiorino having pitched his camp below Fiesole, where Florence

now stands, in order to be near the river Arno for the convenience of the army, the soldiers and other persons when they had occasion to visit him said to each other, 'Let us go to Fiorenza,' which name they gave to the place where they were encamped, partly from their captain's name of Fiorino, and partly from the abundance of flowers which grew there; wherefore Cæsar, thinking it a beautiful name, and considering flowers to be of good augury, and also wishing to honor his captain, whom he had raised from an humble station and to whom he was greatly attached, gave it to the city which he founded on that spot."

When the child was born, his father, who was quite old, named him Benvenuto, which means "welcome;" and as he was passionately fond of music he wished to make a musician of this son. But the boy was determined to be an artist, and divided his time between the two pursuits until he was fifteen years old, when he went as an apprentice to a celebrated goldsmith. We must not forget that to be a goldsmith in the days of the Renaissance meant in reality to be a designer, a sculptor, — in short, an artist. They made altars, reliquaries, crucifixes, caskets, and many sacred articles for the churches, as well as splendid services for the tables of rich and royal patrons; they made weapons, shields, helmets, buttons, sword-hilts, coins, and many kindred objects, besides the tiaras of popes, the crowns, sceptres, and diadems of sovereigns, and the collars, clasps, girdles, bracelets, rings, and numerous jewelled ornaments then worn by both men and women. So exquisite were the designs and the works of these men that they are now treasured in the museums of the world, and belong to the realm of art as truly as do pictures and statues.

Benvenuto was of so fiery a temper that he was early involved in a serious quarrel, being obliged to fly to Siena, and then to Bologna. As soon as he dared he returned to Florence and resumed his work, but because his best clothes were given to his brother, he became angry again and walked off to Pisa, where he remained a year. Meantime he had



DONATELLO'S STATUE OF SAINT GEORGE.

become skilful in the making of various articles; and not only his execution but his designs were so fine that in some respects he has never been excelled.

When Cellini was eighteen years old, the sculptor Torregiano—who had given Michael Angelo a blow upon the nose which disfigured the great sculptor for life—returned to Florence to engage workmen to go with him to England to execute a commission which he had received. He desired to have Cellini among the number, but the youth was so outraged by Torregiano's boasting of his disgraceful deed that he refused to go, in spite of the natural desire of his age for travel and variety. Doubtless this predisposed Michael Angelo in his favor, and led to the friendship which he afterwards showed to Cellini.

During the next twenty-two years he lived principally in Rome, and was largely in the service of Pope Clement VII., the cardinals, and the Roman nobles. The Pope had a magnificent diamond,—for which Pope Julius II. had paid thirty-six thousand ducats,—and he wished to have it set in a cope button. Many artists made designs for it, but the Pope chose that of Cellini. He used the great diamond as a throne, upon which sat a figure representing God; the hand was raised to bless, and many angels fluttered about the folds of the drapery, while various jewels surrounded the whole. The other artists shook their heads at the boldness of Cellini, and anticipated a failure; but he achieved a great success.

Cellini, according to his own account, bore an active part in the siege of Rome, May 5, 1527. He claims that he slew the Constable di Bourbon, the leader of the besieging army, and that he also wounded the Prince of Orange, who was chosen leader in place of Bourbon. These feats, however, rest upon his own authority. Cellini entered the castle of St. Angelo, whither the Pope retired for safety, and he succeeded in rendering such services to the cause of the Church that the

Holy Father pardoned him for all the "homicides he had committed, or might commit, in the service of the Apostolic Church."

But in spite of all his boasted bravery in the siege of Rome, Cellini acted a cowardly part a few years later, when he was called upon for the defence of his own city: he put his property in the care of a friend and stole away to the Eternal City.

In 1534 Cellini committed another crime in killing a fellow goldsmith, — Pompeo. Paul III. was now the pope, and because he needed the services of Cellini he pardoned him; but the artist felt that he was not regarded with favor. He therefore went to France, but returned at the end of about a year to find that he had been accused of having stolen certain jewels, the settings of which Clement VII. had commanded him to melt down in order to pay his ransom when he was kept a prisoner in the castle of St. Angelo. Cellini's guilt was never proved, but he was held a prisoner for nearly two years.

In 1540, his friend Cardinal Ippolito d'Este obtained his release on the plea that Francis I., King of France, had need of his services. Cellini remained five years in France, receiving many gifts and honors. He was made a lord, and was presented with the Hôtel de Petit Nesle, which was on the site of the present Hôtel de la Monnaie. The story of his life in France is interesting, but we have not space to give it here. He never made the success there which he merited as an artist, because Madame d'Étampes and other persons who had influence with the King were the enemies of Cellini. Francis I. really admired the sculptor, and on one occasion expressed his fear of losing him; when Madame d'Étampes replied that "the surest way of keeping him would be to hang him on a gibbet." A bronze nymph which he made for the Palace of Fontainebleau is now in the Renaissance Museum at the Louvre; and a golden salt-cellar, made for King Francis, is in the "Cabinet of Antiques" in Vienna. These are all the objects of importance that remain of Cellini's five years' work in France.

At length, in 1545, Cellini returned to Florence, never again to leave it for any considerable time. He was favorably received by Duke Cosimo, and soon commissioned to make a statue of Perseus to be placed in the Loggia dei Lanzi. When Cellini heard this, his ambition was much excited by the thought that a work of his should be placed beside those of Michael Angelo and Donatello. The Duke gave him a house in which to work, and a salary sufficient for his support. Nine years passed before this statue was in place and uncovered. Meantime the sculptor had suffered much from the hatred of his enemies, and especially from that of Baccio Bandinelli. In one way and another the Duke had been influenced to withhold the money that was necessary to carry on the work. But at last the time came for the casting; everything was prepared, and just at the important moment, when great care and watchfulness were needed, Cellini was seized with so severe an illness that he was forced to go to bed, and believed that he should soon die.

As he lay tossing in agony, some one ran in and exclaimed, "Oh, Benvenuto! your work is ruined past earthly remedy!" Ill as he was he rushed to the furnace, and found that the fire was not sufficient and that the metal had cooled and ceased to flow into the mould. By superhuman efforts he remedied the disaster, and again the bronze was liquid; he prayed earnestly, and when he saw that his mould was filled, to use his own words, "I fell on my knees and thanked God with all my heart, after which I ate a hearty meal with my assistants; and it being then two hours before dawn, I went to bed with a light heart, and slept as sweetly as if I had never been ill in my life."

When the statue was at last unveiled, it was as Cellini had predicted: "It pleased all the world except Bandinelli and his friends," and it still stands as the most important work of his life. Perseus is represented at the moment when he has cut off the head of Medusa,

who was one of the Gorgons and changed every one who looked at her into stone. The whole story of what he afterward did with this dreadful head before he gave it to Minerva to put in her breast-plate is one of the most interesting in mythology.

After the completion of the Perseus, Cellini visited Rome and made a bust of Bindo Altoviti, concerning which Michael Angelo wrote: "My Benvenuto, I have long known you as the best goldsmith in the world, and I now know you as an equally good sculptor, through the bust of Messer Bindo Altoviti." This was praise indeed. He did no more great work, though he was always busy as long as he lived. A marble crucifix which he made for his own grave he afterward gave to the Duchess Eleanora; later it was sent to Philip II. of Spain, and is now in the Escorial.

We have spoken of Cellini's autobiography, which was honored by being made an authority in the Accademia della Crusca on account of its expressive diction and rich use of the Florentine manner of speech; he also wrote a valuable treatise upon the goldsmith's art, and another upon sculpture and bronze-casting. He takes up all the departments of these arts, and his writings are of great value. He also wrote poems and verses of various kinds. But his association with popes, kings, cardinals, artists, men of letters, and people of all classes makes the story of his life by far the most interesting of all his literary works.

Cellini's life was by no means a good one, but he had a kindly spot in his heart after all; for he took his widowed sister with six children to his home, and treated them with such kindness that their dependence upon him was not made bitter to them. When he died, every honor was paid to his memory, and he was buried in the Church of the Annunziata, beneath the chapel of the Company of St. Luke.

DOMENICHINO.

IN reading of the Italian painters we often find something about "the early masters." This term is applied to the great men like Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian, and a few others who were themselves illustrious from their own genius, and were imitated by so many other artists that they stand out with great prominence in the history of painting. Titian may be named as the last of the really great masters of the early schools. He died in 1575, near the close of the sixteenth century, just when there was a serious decline in art. The painters of that time are called "Mannerists," because they followed mechanically the example of those who had gone before. Some copied the style of Michael Angelo in a cold, spiritless manner; others imitated Raphael, and so on. But true artistic inspiration had apparently died out; the power to fix upon the canvas or the wall such scenes as would come to a poet in his dreams seemed to be lost to the world.

About the year 1600 a new interest in art was felt, and painters divided themselves into two parties, between whom there was much bitterness of feeling. On one side were those who wished to continue the imitation of the great masters, but also to mingle with this a study of Nature. These men were called "Eclectics," — which means that they elected or chose certain features from various sources, and by uniting them produced their own manner of painting. Their opposers desired to study Nature alone, and to represent everything exactly as it appeared: these were called "Naturalists."

The chief school of the Eclectics was at Bologna, where Ludovico Caracci had a large academy of painting, and was assisted by his two nephews, Agostino and Annibale Caracci, the latter being the greatest artist of the three. The effect of the Caracci school upon the history of painting was so great that it can scarcely be estimated;

and Domenico Zampieri, called Domenichino, was the greatest painter who came out from it.

Domenichino was born at Bologna in 1581, and was early placed under the teaching of Denis Calvart, who forbade his drawing after the works of Annibale Caracci. The boy, however, disobeyed this order; and being discovered, was treated with such severity that he persuaded his father to remove him from Calvart and place him in the Caracci school.

He was so dull a boy that his companions gave him the name of "the Ox;" but the master, Annibale, said: "Take care! this ox will surpass you all by and by, and will be an honor to his art." Domenichino soon began to win the prizes in the school, and at last, when he left his studies and went to Rome, he was well prepared for his brilliant career. He shunned society, and visited public places only for the purpose of studying the expressions of joy, sorrow, anger, and other emotions which he wished to paint in his pictures, and which he could see without embarrassment on the faces of those whom he observed at places of public resort. He also tried to feel in his own breast the emotion of the person he was representing. It is said that when he was painting an executioner in his picture of the "Scourging of Saint Andrew," he threw himself into a passion and used high words and threatening gestures; at this moment he was surprised by Annibale Caracci, who was so struck with the ingenuity of his pupil's method that he threw his arms about him, exclaiming, "To-day, my Domenichino, thou art teaching me!"

The masterpiece of Domenichino is now in the Vatican, and is called the "Communion of Saint Jerome." This is universally considered to be the second picture in Rome, the "Transfiguration" by Raphael only being superior to it. Saint Jerome is one of the most venerated of all saints, and especially so on account of his

translation of "The Vulgate," or the New Testament, from Hebrew into Latin. The story of Saint Jerome's life is very interesting. He was of a rich family, and pursued his studies in Rome, where he led a gay, careless life. He was a brilliant scholar, and became a celebrated lawyer. When he was thirty years old he was converted to Christianity; he then went to the Holy Land and lived the life of a hermit. He founded a monastery at Bethlehem, and there made his translation of the Scriptures, which entitled him to the consideration of all Christian people.

After ten years' absence from Rome Jerome returned, and now made as great a reputation as a preacher as he had before enjoyed as a lawyer. Under his influence many noble Roman ladies became Christians. After three years he went back to his convent in Bethlehem, where he remained until his death. When he knew that he was about to die, he desired to be carried into the chapel of the monastery; there he received the sacrament, and died almost immediately.

It is this final scene in his life that Domenichino has painted. In the foreground is the lion usually seen in all pictures of Saint Jerome, and which is one of his symbols, because he was a hermit and passed much time where no living creature existed save the beasts of the desert. There is also a legend told of Saint Jerome and a lion, which says that one evening as the saint was sitting at the gate of the convent a lion entered, limping, as if wounded. The other monks were all terrified, and fled, but Jerome went to meet the lion, who lifted up his paw and showed a thorn sticking in it, which Jerome extracted, and then tended the wound until it had healed. The lion now seemed to consider the convent as his home, and Jerome taught him to guard an ass that brought wood from the forest. One day, while the lion was asleep, a caravan of merchants passed, and they stole the ass and drove it away. The lion returned to the convent with an air of shame. Jerome believed that he had killed and eaten the ass, and condemned him to bring the

wood himself; to this the lion patiently submitted. At length one day the lion saw a caravan approaching, the camels led by an ass, as is the custom of the Arabs. The lion saw at once that it was the same ass that had been stolen from him, and he drove the camels into the convent, whither the ass was only too glad to lead them. Jerome at once comprehended the meaning of it all; and as the merchants acknowledged their theft and gave up the ass, the monk pardoned them and sent them on their way.

After a time the jealousy of other artists made Domenichino so uncomfortable in Rome that he returned to Bologna; and his fame having gone abroad, he was invited by the Viceroy of Naples to come to that city, and was given the important commission to decorate the chapel of St. Januarius. At this time there was an association of painters in Naples who were determined that no strange artist who came there should do any important work. They drove away Annibale Caracci, Guido Reni, and others, by means of a petty system of persecution. As soon as Domenichino began his work, he was subjected to all sorts of annoyances. He received letters threatening his life; and though the Viceroy took means to protect him, his colors were spoiled by having ruinous chemicals mixed with them, his sketches were stolen from his studio, and insults and indignities were continually heaped upon him. At length he was in such despair that he secretly left the city, meaning to go to Rome.

As soon as Domenichino's flight was discovered, the Viceroy sent for him and brought him back. New measures were taken for his protection, but just as his work was advancing well he suddenly sickened and died. It has been said that he was poisoned; be that as it may, there is little doubt that the fear, anxiety, and constant vexation that he had suffered caused his death; and in any case his tormentors must be regarded as his murderers. He died in 1641, when sixty years old.

GUIDO RENI.

GUIDO was the next most important painter of the Caracci school. He was born at Bologna, in 1575. His father was a professor of music, and when a child, Guido played upon the flute; but he early determined to be a painter, and became a great favorite with the elder Caracci. When still a youth, Guido heard a lecture by Annibale Caracci, in which he laid down the rules that should govern the true painter. Guido listened with fixed attention, and resolved to follow these directions closely in his own work. He did so, and it was not long before his pictures attracted so much attention as to arouse the jealousy of other artists; he was accused of being insolent and trying to establish a new system, and at last even Ludovico turned against him and dismissed him from the Academy.

He went to Rome, where his fate was but little better. Caravaggio then had so much influence there that he almost made laws for all the other painters; and when the Cardinal Borghese gave Guido an order, he directed him to do his work in the manner of Caravaggio. The young painter obeyed the letter of the command; but quite a different spirit from that of Caravaggio filled his picture, and his success was again such as to make other artists hate and endeavor to injure him.

Considering the work of this artist with the cooler and more critical judgment made possible by the lapse of so many years, the truth seems to be that Guido was not a truly great painter; but he had a lofty conception of beauty, and tried to reach it in his pictures. He really painted in three different styles. His earliest manner was the strongest, and had a force which he outgrew when he came to his second period, where his only endeavor was to make everything bend to the idea of sweetness and grace. His third style was careless, and came to him when his ambition to be a great artist was gone, and only a desire for money remained.

In his best works there is no great depth of meaning, and a sameness of expression marks them as the pictures of an artist lacking originality and inventive power. His masterpiece in Rome was the "Aurora," on a ceiling in the Rospigliosi Palace. It is much admired, and is familiar to us from the engravings after it. Aurora, the goddess of the dawn, is represented as floating on the clouds before the chariot of Phœbus, or Apollo, the god of the sun. She scatters flowers upon the earth, which is seen in the distance far below. The sun-god holds the reins over four white and piebald horses; just above them floats Cupid, with his lighted torch. The Hours, represented by seven graceful female figures, dance along beside the chariot. A question is sometimes asked as to the reason of their number being seven. The Hours, or *Horæ*, have no fixed number; sometimes they were spoken of by the ancients as two; again three, and even ten, are mentioned. Thus an artist has authority for great license in painting them; however, it has always seemed to me, in regard to this picture, that Guido counted them as ten, for in that case three would naturally be out of sight on the side of the chariot which is not seen in the picture.

A second very famous picture by Guido, painted during his best period, is the portrait of Beatrice Cenci, which is in the gallery of the Barberini Palace at Rome. There are few pictures in the world about which there is so sad an interest. The beautiful young girl whom it represents was the daughter of Francisco Cenci, a wealthy Roman nobleman. The mother of Beatrice died, and her father made a second marriage, after which he treated the children of his first wife in a brutal manner; it is even reported that he hired desperate men to murder two of his sons, who were returning from a journey to Spain. It is said that his cruelty to Beatrice was such that she murdered him, with the aid of her brother and her step-mother. Other authorities say that these three had no hand in the father's murder, but were made to appear as the murderers through the plot of some robbers who were



BEATRICE CENCI. (AFTER THE PAINTING BY GUIDO RENI.)

really guilty of the crime. But guilty or innocent, all three were condemned to death, and were executed in 1599. Clement VII. was the Pope at that time, and would not pardon Beatrice and her companions in their dreadful extremity, notwithstanding the crimes and cruelty of the father were made known to him, and mercy implored for this beautiful girl. It has been stated that the Pope was influenced by his desire to confiscate the Cenci estates, as he had a right to do if the members of the family suffered the penalty of death. The sad face of the girl, as painted by Guido, is so familiar to us from the many reproductions that have been made of it, that sometimes when we see it suddenly it startles us almost as though it were the face of some one whom we had known.

After a time Guido left Rome for Bologna. From there he sent his picture of Saint Michael to the Cappucini in Rome, and wrote as follows concerning it: "I wish I had the wings of an angel to have ascended into Paradise, and there to have beholden the forms of those beatified spirits from which I might have copied my archangel; but not being able to mount so high, it was in vain for me to search for his resemblance here below; so that I was forced to make an introspection into my own mind, and into that idea of beauty which I have formed in my own imagination." It is said that this was always his method, —to try to represent some ideal beauty rather than to reproduce the actual loveliness of any living model. He would pose his color-grinder, or any person at his command, in the attitude he desired, and after drawing the outline from them, he would supply the beauty and the expression from his own imagination. This accounts for the sameness in his heads. His women and children are pretty, but his men lack dignity; and we feel this especially in his representations of Christ.

It is said that on one occasion a nobleman who was very fond of the painter Guercino went to Guido, at the request of his favorite artist, to ask if he would not tell what beautiful woman was the model

from which he painted all the graces that appeared in his works. In reply, Guido called his color-grinder, who was a dirty, ugly-looking fellow, and made him sit down and turn his head to look up at the sky. He then sketched a Magdalene in the same attitude and with the same light and shadow as fell on the ugly model ; but the picture had the beauty and expression which might suit an angelic being. The nobleman thought this was done by some trick, but Guido said : “No, my dear Count ; but tell your painter that the beautiful and pure idea must be in the head, and then it is no matter what the model is.”



“AURORA.” (BY GUIDO RENI.)

Toward the end of his life, Guido’s love for gaming led him into great distresses, and he multiplied his pictures for the sake of the money of which he stood in great need ; for this reason there are many works said to have been painted by him which are not worthy of his name. He died at Bologna in 1642, when he was sixty-seven years old ; and though he had always received the most generous prices from his patrons, he passed his last days in miserable poverty, leaving many unpaid debts as a blot upon his memory.

IL SODDOMA.

ALTHOUGH this painter belonged to Siena and to a much earlier period than that of Guido Reni, there was a certain similarity between the two which has associated them in my mind.



HEAD OF ROXANA. (FROM A PICTURE OF THE MARRIAGE OF
ALEXANDER BY IL SODDOMA.)

The real name of this artist was Gianantonio Bazzi, or Razzi, and he was born at Vercelli in 1474. He was free and easy in his mode of life, being fond of animals and having magpies, monkeys, and so on in his house. A raven who mimicked him perfectly in

manner and speech was his especial favorite. His companions were frequently odd and curious rather than interesting or attractive people; and considering all these peculiarities it is not a matter of surprise that the young wife whom he married left him soon after the birth of her first child.

Yet despite this life, which would seem to have been as unfavorable to artistic conceptions as was the gaming mania of Guido Reni,—which brought him into low and debasing companionship,—Il Soddoma had an extraordinary conception of beauty, and his genius made him great, although he became vain and careless, and painted only from the force of whims or need.

Pope Julius II. called Il Soddoma to Rome and employed him in the Vatican, where no important work of his remains; but in the Villa Farnesina there are two of his frescos which are very interesting. They represent the "Marriage of Alexander and Roxana," and "Alexander in the Tent of Darius."

The first is especially fine,—warm in color and exquisite in softness. The head of Roxana, of which we give a reproduction, is lovely, and though not possessing the sort of interest that attaches itself to the portrait of Beatrice Cenci, yet if viewed from a purely artistic point of view the Roxana is finer than Guido's world-renowned Beatrice.

The most authoritative and interesting works by this master are in Siena,—one of which, the "Ecstasy of Saint Catherine," gives another fine example of his exquisite manner of representing women. Pictures attributed to Il Soddoma exist in various European galleries, but it is not certain that they are all genuine. He is sometimes called the pride of the Sienese school.

ELISABETTA SIRANI.

AMONG the followers of Guido Reni, this young woman, who died when but twenty-five years old, is conspicuous for her talents and interesting on account of the story of her life. She was the daughter of a reputable artist, and was born at Bologna about 1640. She was certainly very industrious, since one of her biographers names one hundred and fifty pictures and etchings made by her, and all these must have been done within a period of about ten years.

She was a good imitator of the sweet, attractive manner of Guido Reni, and the heads of her Madonnas and Magdalens have a charm of expression which leaves nothing to be desired in that respect; and, indeed, all that she did proves the innate grace and refinement of her own nature. Much has been said of the ease and rapidity with which she worked; and one anecdote relates that on an occasion when it happened that the Duchess of Brunswick, the Duchess of Mirandola, and Duke Cosimo de' Medici, with other persons, all met at her studio, she astonished and delighted them by the ease and skill with which she sketched and shaded drawings of the subjects which one after another named to her.

When twenty years old, she had completed a large picture of "The Baptism of Christ." Her picture of Saint Anthony adoring the Virgin and Child, in the Pinacotheca of Bologna, is very much admired, and is probably her masterpiece.

The story of her life, aside from her art, gives an undying interest to her name, and insures her remembrance for all time. In person she was beautiful, and the sweetness of her character and manner won for her the love of all those who were associated with her. She was also a charming singer, and was ever ready to give pleasure to her friends. Her admiring biographers also commend her taste in dress, which was very simple; and they even go so far

as to praise her for her moderation in eating! She was well skilled in all domestic matters, and would rise at daybreak to perform her lowly household duties, never allowing her art to displace the homely occupations which properly, as she thought, made a part of her life.

Elisabetta Sirani's name has come down through two hundred and seventeen years as one whose "devoted filial affection, feminine grace, and artless benignity of manner added a lustre to her great talents, and completed a personality which her friends regarded as an ideal of perfection."

The sudden death of this artist has added a tragic element to her story. The cause of it has never been known, but the theory that she died from poison has been very generally accepted. Several reasons for this crime have been given: one is, that she was sacrificed to the jealousy of other artists, as Domenichino had been; another belief was that a princely lover, whom she had treated with scorn, had taken her life because she had dared to place herself, in her lowly station, above his rank and power.

A servant girl named Lucia Tolomelli, who had been long in the service of the Sirani family, was suspected and tried for this crime. She was sentenced to banishment; but after a time Elisabetta's father requested that Lucia should be allowed to return, as he had no reason for believing her guilty. And so the mystery of the cause of her death has never been solved; but its effect upon the whole city of Bologna, where it occurred, is a matter of history.

The entire people felt a personal loss in Elisabetta's death, and the day of her burial was one of general mourning. The ceremonies of her funeral were attended with great pomp, and she was buried beside her master, Guido Reni, in the chapel of Our Lady of the Rosary, in the magnificent Church of the Dominicans. Poets and orators

vied with one another in sounding her praises ; and a book published soon after her death, called "*Il Pennello Lagrimato*," is a collection of orations, sonnets, odes, anagrams, and epitaphs in both Latin and Italian, all telling of the love for her which filled the city, and describing the charms and virtues of this gifted artist. Her portrait, representing her when painting that of her father, is in the Ercolani Gallery at Bologna. According to this picture she was beautiful, with a tall and elegant figure.

The two sisters of Elisabetta, called Barbara and Anna Maria, were also artists, but the fame of the first was so great as to overshadow theirs.

THE NATURALISTS.

THE character and life of Michael Angelo Amerighi, called Caravaggio, who was the head of the school of Naturalists at Naples, were not such as to make him an attractive study. His manner of painting and his choice of subjects together produced what has been called "the poetry of the repulsive." Caravaggio was wild in his nature and his life. If he painted scenes of a religious character they were coarse, though his vivid color and his manner of arranging his figures were striking in effect. His "*Cheating Gamesters*" is a famous picture, and represents two men playing cards, while a third looks over the shoulder of one, and is apparently advising him how to play.

Next to Caravaggio came Ribera, called *Lo Spagnoletto* because of his Spanish origin. It is said that when very young he had made his way to Rome, where he was living in miserable poverty, and industriously copying the frescos which he saw all about the public places of the city. He attracted the attention of a cardinal, who took the boy to his home and made him comfortable. But soon

Ribera ran away and returned to the vagrant life of the street; the cardinal searched for him, and when at last the boy was brought before his Eminence he called him an "ungrateful little Spaniard," but at the same time offered to receive him into his house once more. Ribera replied that he could not accept, declaring that as soon as he was made comfortable and well fed he lost all his ambition and his desire to work; adding that he needed the spur of poverty to make him a good artist.

The cardinal admired Ribera's courage and resolution, and the story being repeated the attention of other artists was attracted to him; and from this time he was known as *Lo Spagnoletto*. He made rapid advances in his style of painting, and later, in Naples, he joined with Belisario Corenzio and Gianbattista Caracciolo in the plan, to which we have referred, of keeping all other artists from being employed there. On Ribera rests much of the responsibility of the many crimes which were committed in Naples, even if he did not actually do the deeds himself; and when one sees his works, and the horrible, brutal subjects which he studied and represented, it is easy to understand how all kindliness of feeling might have been crushed out of a man whose thoughts were given to such things. He became very rich, and his numerous works are in the famous galleries of the world, from Madrid to St. Petersburg.

FLEMISH ARTISTS.

AFTER the Italian painters, the Flemish artists were next in importance. Perhaps they might as well have been called Belgian artists, for Flanders was a part of Belgium; but as the chief schools of the early Belgian painters were in the Flemish provinces of Belgium, the terms "Flemish art" and "Flemish painters" were adopted, and the latter was applied to Belgian artists even when they were not natives of Flanders.

The chief interest connected with the beginning of the Flemish school is in the fact that one of its earliest masters introduced the use of oil colors. On account of this great advance in the mechanical part of painting, there went out from this school an influence the benefits of which cannot be overestimated. This influence affected the schools of the whole world; and though painting had reached a high point in Italy before the first steps in it were taken in Flanders, yet this discovery of the benefit of oil colors laid the broadest foundation for the fame and greatness of the Venetian and other Italian painters who profited by it.

HUBERT VAN EYCK.

THIS artist was the eldest of a family of painters. He was born in the small market-town of Maaseyck about 1366, after which time his family removed to Ghent. He was not made a member of the Guild of Painters in Ghent until 1412; and we can give no satis-

factory account of his life previous to that event, which occurred when he was forty-six years old.

From general facts which have been brought together from one source and another, it is believed that he attended to the education of his brother Jan, his sister Margaret, and his younger brother Lambert, all of whom were painters. He devoted his best care to Jan, who was twenty years younger than himself. The elder brother instructed the younger in drawing, painting, and chemistry, — for in the early days of painting this last study was thought to be necessary for an artist who used colors.

There has been much learned discussion as to which of the Van Eycks really introduced the use of colors mixed with oil. The most reasonable conclusion is that Hubert used these colors, and gave his thought and study to the subject of finding better tints than had been used before; but it remained for Jan to carry his brother's work to greater perfection, and he thus came to be generally known as the inventor or discoverer of the improved method.

But three works still exist which are attributed to Hubert van Eyck. The most important of these, and that upon which his fame rests, is a large altar-piece, which consisted of twelve separate panels. This great work was done for Judocus Vydt, and the portraits of himself and his wife make a part of the altar-piece. As it was originally arranged, it had a centre-piece and double folding-doors on each side of it; and when it was open, all the twelve panels could be seen. They were divided into two rows, and the subjects represented were the Adoration of the Lamb; God the Father; The Virgin Mary; John the Baptist; Adam; a group of Singing Angels; Eve; Saint Cecilia, and an Angelic Choir; The Just Judges; The Soldiers of Christ; The Holy Hermits, and the Holy Pilgrims.

This great collection of pictures, which was intended for the

Cathedral of St. Bavon at Ghent, was not finished when Hubert died, in 1426, and was completed by Jan in 1432. It was so much valued that it was shown only on festival days, but after a time it was divided, and but two central panels now remain in St. Bavon; other portions of it are in the museums of Brussels and Berlin.

Philip II. of Spain was anxious to buy this altar-piece, and when that could not be done, he had a copy made by Michael Coxcien. That painter devoted two years to the task, and was paid four thousand florins for his work. This copy is also in separate galleries, three large figures being in the Pinakothek at Munich.

It seems very strange that so few pictures can be said to have been painted by Hubert van Eyck, for he lived to old age and must have finished many works; but such troublous times came to Belgium, and so many towns were sacked, that vast numbers of art treasures were lost and destroyed, and no doubt the pictures of Hubert van Eyck perished in this way.

No work of its time was better than the Ghent altar-piece: its composition and color were of the best then known; the figures were painted in a broad, grand style; the landscapes were admirable, and the whole was finished with the careful delicacy of a master in painting.

Hubert was buried in a crypt beneath the chapel of the Vydt family. The arm which had guided his brush was cut off and suspended above the portal of the Church of St. Bavon, where it remained during many years.

The inscription above his grave is so quaint that it is interesting. "Take warning from me, ye who walk over me; I was as you are, but am now buried and dead beneath you. Thus it appears that neither art nor medicine availed me; art, honor, wisdom, power, affluence, are spared not when death arrives. I was called Hubert

van Eyck, I am now food for worms. Formerly known and highly honored in painting,—this all was shortly turned to nothing. It was in the year of the Lord one thousand four hundred and twenty-six, on the 18th day of September, that I rendered up my soul to God, in suffering. Pray God for me, ye who love art, that I may attain to His sight. Flee sin, turn to the best [objects], for you must follow me at last.”

JAN VAN EYCK.

THIS artist brought the discoveries of his brother to greater perfection, and became a very famous man. We have reason to think that the value of oils had been known to painters for a long time in one way and another, and a dark resinous varnish had been in use. But the Van Eycks found a way to purify the varnish and make it clear and colorless; they also mixed their colors with oil, instead of the gums and other substances which had been employed. By these means they made their pictures much richer and clearer in color than those of other painters.

Antonello da Messina, an Italian painter, happened to see a picture by Jan van Eyck, which had been sent to Naples. He immediately determined to go to Flanders to try to learn the secret of the color used in this painting. He became the pupil of Jan van Eyck, and remained near him as long as he lived. On his master's death Antonello went to Messina, but shortly after settled in Venice, where he became very popular as a portrait-painter. The nobility flocked to him for their portraits, and everywhere his beautiful color was praised. At first his whole manner showed the effect of his association with Jan van Eyck; but soon his Italian nature wrought a change in his style of painting, though his color remained the same.

We are told that Antonello revealed his secret only to Domenico Veneziano, his favorite pupil, who went to Florence to live, and thus made the fame of the new mode of color known in that city. It is also said that Giovanni Bellini went to Antonello in disguise and sat for his portrait, and thus had the opportunity to watch his process and learn how he prepared his paints. But a far more reasonable story is told by the art-writer Lanzi, who says that the rulers of Venice gave Antonello a pension, in consideration of which he made his process known to all artists.

Thus you see that I had good reason for saying that the Van Eycks laid a broad foundation for the great fame of those Italians who excelled in color. These early Flemish masters first used the oil colors. Antonello learned their use from Jan van Eyck; then going to Venice, Antonello influenced the Bellini, and from them the next step brought out the perfect coloring of Giorgione and Titian, for the latter was a young man at the time of Antonello's death. It is curiously interesting thus to trace the effect of the study of Hubert van Eyck upon an art of which he knew almost nothing, and which differed so much from his own.

Let us now return to Jan van Eyck. He had a more prosperous life than his brother Hubert, for he became the favorite of royal patrons, and was rapidly advanced in fame and riches. He was not only a court artist, but an ambassador; on several occasions he executed secret missions to the satisfaction of Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, in whose service he was thus employed. In 1428 his patron sent him to Portugal to paint the portrait of the Princess Isabella, whom the Duke proposed to marry for his third wife. After the portrait was completed, the painter made a pleasure trip through Portugal and a part of Spain; he visited the Alhambra, and received flattering attentions wherever he paused in his journey.

Meantime the portrait had been sent to Bruges for the inspection of the Duke; the messengers returned with an assent to the marriage, which took place by proxy, in July, and was followed by gayeties and feastings until September, when the bride with her brothers embarked for Belgium. A fearful storm tossed the fourteen vessels of the fleet here and there, and finally the Princess was landed in England, and did not reach Bruges until Christmas Day. Then the marriage was celebrated with great pomp, and Jan van Eyck was paid a handsome sum for his services in bringing about this happy result.

Duke Philip was fond of Jan van Eyck, and was in the habit of visiting his studio and treating him as an equal; he was also very liberal in his gifts to the painter.

The works of Jan van Eyck are to be seen in the museums of Europe. His portraits are admirable, and his fondness for this kind of painting caused him, almost unconsciously, to give the figures in his subject-pictures the appearance of portraits. He painted draperies and all sorts of stuffs well; he liked to introduce landscapes as the background of historical pictures, and he is known to have painted one landscape with no other subject introduced. One picture by Jan van Eyck, which is in the National Gallery, London, is said to have been bought by the Princess Mary, sister of Charles V. and Governess of the Netherlands. She gave to the barber who had owned it, as the price of this work, a position worth one hundred gulden (about forty dollars) a year.

However, I must tell you that important as these early Flemish pictures are in the history of Art, I do not think that they would please your taste as well as the works of the Italian masters of whom I have already written in this series of papers. The Flemish artists were far more realistic than the early Italian painters; they tried to paint objects just as they saw them, without throwing the

charming grace of imagination about their subjects; they lacked ideality, which is a necessity to an artist, as it is to a poet, and for this reason there was a stiffness and hardness in their pictures which we do not find in the works of Raphael or Titian.

QUINTIN MASSYS, OR MATSYS.

IN time the Flemish painters grew more individual, and there was a greater variety in their works. Some of them travelled in foreign countries, and thus learned to modify their manner in a measure, though their nationality was always shown in their pictures. At length a powerful artist appeared in Quintin Massys, or Matsys, who may be called the founder of the Antwerp school of painters; he was the greatest Belgian master of his time.

Quintin was born at Antwerp about 1460, and although he was descended from a family of painters, in his youth he chose the trade of a blacksmith, and works in wrought-iron are shown in Antwerp and Louvain which are said to have been made by him. When about twenty years old, he fell in love with the young daughter of an artist. He asked her father's permission to marry her, but was refused on account of his trade,—the father declaring that the daughter should marry no one but a painter.

Quintin forthwith forsook the anvil, and devoted himself to the palette and brush. We cannot trace all his course, nor tell exactly by what method he proceeded; but it is certain that he became a great painter. He died, in 1529, in the Carthusian Convent at Antwerp, and was buried in the convent cemetery. A century later Cornelius van der Geest removed his remains, and reburied them in front of the Cathedral. One part of the inscription which commemorates his life and work declares that "Love converted the Smith into an Apelles."

Massys' greatest work was an altar-piece in three parts, which is now in the Museum of Antwerp. His manner of representing sacred subjects shows a tender earnestness, which recalls the deep religious feeling of earlier painters. In his representations of the common occurrences of life he was very happy: lovers, frightful old women, misers, and money-changers grew under his brush with great truthfulness. His own portrait and that of his second wife are in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence. One of his most celebrated pictures is "The Miser," at Windsor Castle. The works of Massys are seen in all the principal galleries of Europe, and those that are well worthy of notice number about seventy.

This painter may be said to have been the last artist of the period which preceded him, and the first of that which followed; for from his time the Antwerp school rapidly grew in importance. Massys was followed by the Breughels, who painted scenes from every-day life with startling reality; by the Pourbuses, whose portraits, after the lapse of three centuries, are still famous; by Paul Bril and his charming landscapes; by many other important painters, whose pictures are among the art treasures of the world, and lastly by

PETER PAUL RUBENS.

THIS man, who was a learned scholar and an accomplished diplomat as well as a great painter, was born at Siegen in 1577. His father was one of the two principal magistrates of the city of Antwerp, and his mother, whose name was Mary Pypeling, belonged to a distinguished family. When the artist was born, his family had been forced to leave Antwerp on account of a civil war which was then raging; his birthday, the 29th of June, was the feast of Saints Peter and Paul, and from this circumstance he was christened with the names of the two great Apostles.



PETER PAUL RUBENS. (FROM A PORTRAIT PAINTED BY HIMSELF.)

Rubens was a scholar from his early days, and his talent for drawing soon decided him to be a painter. He studied his art first in the school of Adam van Noort, where he was thoroughly trained in the first rudiments of painting; later he was four years in the studio of Otho Vænius, whose cultivated mind and taste were of great advantage to the young man.

After the death of his father, Rubens's mother returned to Antwerp, and in 1598 he was admitted a member of the Guild of Painters of that city. In 1600 he went to Italy, and after studying the masterpieces of Titian and other Venetian painters, he proceeded to Mantua; here he was appointed Gentleman of the Bedchamber by the Duke Vincenzo Gonzaga, to whom the Archduke Albert, the Governor of the Netherlands, had given him letters of recommendation.

Rubens remained two years at the court of Mantua. He then visited Venice a second time; and after his return to Mantua he executed some pictures, which so pleased the Duke that he sent the young artist to Rome to make copies of some of the most famous works in the Eternal City.

In 1605 the Duke of Mantua recalled Rubens from Rome, and soon sent him to Spain on an important political mission. Here the court painter showed himself worthy of the trust reposed in him, and proved himself a skilful diplomatist; his unusual personal charms predisposed all whom he met in his favor.

After his return from Spain Rubens went again to Rome, where he had a commission to decorate the tribune of the Church of Santa Maria, in Valicella. From Rome he proceeded to Genoa, and there found more occupation, for his fame had already reached that city. It seems a wonder that a Flemish artist should have been thus honored in Italy, and even in Rome, where so many grand and matchless works of art existed.

When Rubens had been absent from Antwerp seven years, he heard of the illness of his mother and hastened home, but too late to find her living. Soon after, in 1609, he married Isabella Brant, and built himself a house and studio. It was here that he made a large and valuable collection of objects of art of various kinds; a portion of it only was sold after his death, at private sale, for more than twenty thousand pounds sterling (a hundred thousand dollars). His wife lived but seventeen years, and during this period Rubens executed a large part of the masterpieces which have made his fame world-wide, and which now hold honorable places in the finest galleries of Europe.

During the years spoken of above Rubens had many pupils, and his studio was a hive of industry; in order to keep up his mental training, and not allow his constant occupation to lessen his intellectual vigor, he was accustomed to have some one read aloud to him while he painted. Books of poetry and history were the most pleasing to his taste, and as he could read and speak seven languages, he was acquainted with both ancient and modern authors. Doubtless these readings, and the knowledge of the affairs of the world which he gained from them, had much to do with making Rubens the accomplished ambassador which he became.

In 1620 Marie de Medicis sent for Rubens to come to her in Paris; she there commissioned him to represent the history of her life in a series of twenty-one pictures. The pictures which, with the aid of his pupils, he made for the Queen of Henry IV. are now in the gallery of the Louvre. They may be described as mythological portraiture, since many of the faces in them are portraits, while the subjects represented are mythological.

In 1628 Rubens was sent to Spain on a second political mission, and while there he executed many important works. Upon his return to Flanders he was made special ambassador to England, with



RUBENS'S CHILDREN. (FROM A PAINTING BY HIMSELF.)

the object of effecting a peace between that country and his own. This he was successful in accomplishing, and became the friend of Charles I., who knighted him, as did also the King of Spain.

In 1630 Rubens was married to his second wife, Helen Fourment, a niece of his first wife, who had died four years before. Helen was but sixteen years old at the time of her marriage, and the artist was fifty-three; she bore him five children, and after his death was again married. Rubens made so many portraits of his wives, and so often introduced them into his religious and historical pictures, that their forms and faces are familiar to all the world.

After his successful mission to England, Rubens was treated with great consideration in Flanders. Indeed, his position had been all that he could desire for many years; his society was courted by scholars, nobles, and even sovereigns; by beautiful women and brave men. He lived in luxury, and constantly added to his collection of art objects, of which we have spoken. He now suffered much from gout, and was obliged to confine his labors to easel pictures.

Rubens died in 1640, and was buried in his private chapel in the Church of St. James. This chapel contains one of his most famous pictures, in which he is represented as Saint George, his wives being Saints Martha and Magdalene; on one side is his niece, and in the midst his father as Saint Jerome, while the figure representing Time is a portrait of his grandfather. Rubens painted this picture especially for the family chapel. Above the altar there is a statue of the Virgin Mary, which the painter himself brought from Italy.

As a painter there seems to be but one adjective descriptive of Rubens: "magnificent" alone expresses the effect of his color. His system of levelling his subject to his style was unapproachable, though it must be confessed that he sometimes condescended to be gross

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or vulgar. In painting, his genius was certainly universal. The works ascribed to him number about eighteen hundred, and include historical, scriptural, and mythological subjects,—portraits, animals, landscapes, and every-day life. Of course, in the execution of such



THE BOY RUBENS AT HIS WORK.

a number of pictures he must have been aided by his pupils, but there is something characteristic of himself in all of them.

In his style he is a strange and delightful combination of northern and southern art. His manner of painting and his arrangement of his subject are Italian; his figures, even when they represent Christ and

the most holy men, are in reality German peasants, Spanish kings, or somebody else whom he has seen. He mingles in odd combination earthly princes, antique mythical personages, ancient gods, and the members of the family of Marie de Medicis, and dresses them all in the latest fashion of his time, and in the most becoming colors! And is not this very mixture magnificently strange?

However, if one would enjoy to the utmost many of the works of Rubens, he should forget the names by which they are called, and regard each figure as a separate portrait; then his power is felt. Above all, in the picture which hangs above his tomb, forget that it represents any subject, and look only for the portraits of his two wives. How charming they are! — the one so brilliant and energetic, the other so shy and thoughtful; each magnificent in her own way. But if you regard it as an “Adoration of the Virgin,” as it is called, it will seem as if the spirits of Fra Angelico and other holy painters stood around you, helping you to remember how the brush that is guided by faith and prayer can depict spiritual and holy subjects, and aiding you to distinguish between the work of Rubens and that of a purer type. When one begins to speak of this artist, there is much that may be said; but I have suggested his chief characteristics and have space for no more.

His “Descent from the Cross,” in the Antwerp Cathedral, is considered his greatest work. The Company of Archers gave the order for this picture in 1611, and it was completed and put in its place three years later. The masterly composition and the elevated expression of the heads, joined to its breadth of execution and excellence of finish, make it a wonderful work.

Perhaps his most charming pictures are his representations of children; it must be that he painted them because he loved to do it. Many people regard his portraits as his best works; certainly they are beyond praise, and very numerous. A portrait of Helen Fourment

walking with a page, — the famous “Chapeau de Paille,” — the two sons of Rubens, and the so-called “Four Philosophers” in the Pitti Gallery, are among the most celebrated.

His landscapes were fine, even when intended only for backgrounds, and his representations of animals were by no means less excellent than those of many fine artists who devoted all their talent and study to those subjects alone. Thus it is evident that it is not too much to say that his genius in painting was universal; and when we remember his other attainments and accomplishments, we can but admire this great Flemish artist, and feel that of him, as of Goldsmith’s famous Schoolmaster it might be said, —

“And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.”

FRANS SNYDERS.

THIS artist, though much less famous than Rubens, was so much the friend of the latter and so associated with him, that I wish to speak of him here. Snyder was born at Antwerp in 1579, two years later than the birth of Rubens. He was a pupil of Hell Breughel and Van Balen, and the intimate friend of Vandyck, who painted his portrait.

Snyders became a very famous painter of animals, and especially excelled in representing them in action. He could catch the most exciting moment of combat or of the chase; and in whatever way he chose to picture them, whether in single figures or groups, his truthfulness in details and his exact reproduction of special characteristics was such as could rarely be equalled, and probably was never excelled.

Philip IV. of Spain gave many commissions to Snyder, and his works were sought by princes and nobles all over Europe.



THE BOAR-HUNT. (BY SNYDERS.)

He was accustomed to paint animals in the landscapes of Rubens, while the latter executed the figures in the works of Snyder. These joint works of these two great artists are very valuable, and are seen in several European galleries.

ANTON VANDYCK.

THE greatest painter among the pupils of Rubens was Anton or Anthony Vandyck (or Van Dyck, as it is also spelled). He was born at Antwerp in 1599. His father was a silk-merchant, and his mother was a lady of artistic tastes; though she had twelve children, she yet found time to do much embroidery and tapestry work. She had a daughter named Susannah, and it may have been on account of this child that her finest work was a large piece on which the story of Susannah was represented. She was occupied with this before the birth

of Anthony, who was her seventh child, and during his early years she skilfully plied her needle, and wrought her many-colored silks into landscapes and skies, trees and houses, men and animals, with untiring patience and uncommon excellence.



HEAD OF A GRANDEE. (FROM A PORTRAIT BY VANDYCK.)

It is easy to understand that this mother must have rejoiced to find that Anthony had artistic talent, and it is probable that it was through her influence that he became a pupil under the artist Heinrich van Balen when he was but ten years old. He was still a boy, not more than seventeen, when he entered the studio of Rubens, just at the time



ANTON VANDYCK.

when the great master was devoting himself to his art with his whole soul, and had a large number of young students under his direction.

Vandyck soon became the favorite pupil of Rubens, and was early allowed to do such work as proved that the great artist even then appreciated the genius of the brilliant and attractive youth,—for such we are told that Vandyck was. Among other things, Rubens intrusted to Vandyck the labor of making drawings from his pictures, to be used by the engravers who made prints after his works, for which there was a great demand at this time. It was necessary that these drawings should be very exact, so that the engravings should be as nearly like the original works as possible; and the fact that Vandyck, when still so young, was chosen for this important task, proves that he must have been unusually skilful and correct in his drawings.

Rubens left his studio but rarely, and when he did so his pupils were in the habit of bribing his old servant to unlock the door of his private room, that they might see what the master had done. The story goes that on one occasion, just at evening, when Rubens was riding, the scholars, as they looked at his work, jostled each other and injured the picture, which was not yet dry. They were filled with alarm, and feared expulsion from the school. After a consultation they begged Vandyck to restore the injured picture. With some hesitation he did so, and to the eyes of the pupils it was so well done that they counted on escaping discovery. The keen eye of the master, however, detected the work of another hand than his own; he summoned all the pupils and demanded an explanation, and when he knew all that had happened he made no comment. It has even been said that he was so well pleased that he left the picture as Vandyck had restored it. Some writers say that this accident happened to the face of the Virgin and the arm of the Magdalene, in the great picture of the “Descent from the Cross,” now in the Antwerp Cathedral; but we are not at all certain of the truth of this statement.

In 1618 Vandyck was admitted into the Guild of Painters at Antwerp, a great honor to a youth of nineteen. In 1620 Rubens advanced him from the rank of a pupil to that of an assistant, and in 1623, when Rubens made a contract to decorate the Jesuit Church at Antwerp, a clause was inserted which provided that Vandyck should be employed in the work, — showing that he then had a good reputation in his native city. It was about 1618 when an agent of the Earl of Arundel wrote to his employer: "Vandyck lives with Rubens, and his works are beginning to be almost as much esteemed as those of his master. He is a young man of one-and-twenty, with a very rich father and mother in this city, so that it will be very difficult to persuade him to leave this country, especially since he sees the fortune that Rubens is acquiring."

This hint was enough for the Earl of Arundel, who was a great patron of the arts, and he immediately began to make such offers to Vandyck as would induce him to go to England. Rubens, on the other hand, urged his pupil to go to Italy; but at last in 1620, while Rubens was absent in Paris, Vandyck went to England. Very little is known of this his first visit there, beyond the fact that it is recorded in the books of the Exchequer that King James I. gave him one hundred pounds for some special service; and again in 1621 the records show that Vandyck was called "His Majesty's servant," and was granted a pass to travel for eight months. It is not known, however, that he went again to England until some years later, when Charles I. was king.

In 1622 Vandyck was invited to the Hague by Frederick of Nassau, Prince of Orange. While there he painted some fine portraits; but he was suddenly called home by the illness of his father, who died soon after his son reached his side. The Dominican Sisters had nursed his father with great tenderness, and before his death he obtained a promise from Anthony to paint a picture for the



PORTRAIT OF CHARLES I. (BY VANDYCK.)

Sisterhood. Seven years later he fulfilled his promise, by painting a Crucifixion, with Saint Dominick and Saint Catherine near by. There was a rock at the foot of the cross, on which he placed this curious inscription in Latin: "Lest the earth should be heavy upon the remains of his father, Anthony van Dyck moved this rock to the foot of the cross, and gave it to this place." In 1785 this picture was bought for the Academy of Antwerp, where it now is.

Rubens advised Vandyck to devote himself especially to portrait-painting, and it has been said that he did this because he was jealous of the great talent of his pupil. But time has proved that it was the wisest and most friendly counsel that could have been given him. As a portrait-painter Vandyck ranks beside Titian, and they two excel all others in that special art,—in the period, too, when it reached the highest excellence it has ever known.

When Vandyck was ready to go to Italy he made a farewell visit to Rubens, and presented him with three of his pictures. One of these, "The Romans Seizing Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane," Rubens hung in the principal room of his house, and was never weary of praising it. The master returned his pupil's generosity by presenting him with one of his finest horses. Vandyck made his first stop at Savelthem, a village near Brussels. Here he fell in love with a girl named Anna van Ophem, and forgot Italy and his art while gazing in her face and wandering by her side through the fair valley in which she dwelt. But Anna regretted his idleness, and was curious to see the pictures that he could paint. Finally, he yielded to her persuasions, and painted two pictures for the parish church of Savelthem.

One of these was a "Holy Family," in which the Virgin was a portrait of Anna, while Saint Joachim and Saint Anna represented her father and mother. This picture he gave to the church. It has long since disappeared, and it is said that it was used to make

grain-bags by French foragers. The second picture, for which he was paid, represented Saint Martin of Tours, when he divided his cloak with two beggars. The saint was a portrait of Vandyck himself, and the horse he rode was painted from that which Rubens had given him. This picture was very dear to the people of Savelthem; and when in 1758 they discovered that the parish priest had agreed to sell it, they armed themselves with pitchforks and other homely weapons, and surrounding the church, insisted that the picture should not be removed. In 1806, however, they were powerless before the French soldiers; and though they loved their saint as dearly as ever, he was borne away to Paris and placed in the gallery of the Louvre, where he remained until 1815, when he was taken again to Savelthem and restored to his original place. It is also said that in 1850 a rich American offered twenty thousand dollars to any one who would bring this picture to him, no matter how it was obtained. Some rogues tried to steal it, but the watch-dogs of Savelthem barked so furiously that the men of the village were alarmed, and rushed to the church so quickly that the robbers scarcely escaped. Since then a guard sleeps in the church, and Saint Martin is undisturbed, and may always be seen there dividing his cloak and teaching the lesson of that Christian charity for which his own life was remarkable.

When Rubens heard of this long stay in Savelthem he was much displeased, and wrote to Vandyck such letters as induced him to go to Venice, where he studied the portraits of Giorgione and Titian with great profit. His industry was untiring, and he made many copies, besides painting some original pictures. From Venice Vandyck went to Genoa, where Rubens had formerly been so much admired that his pupil was sure to be well received. Being welcomed for his master's sake, he soon made himself beloved for his own; for Vandyck was elegant and refined in his manners, and



VANDYCK PAINTING THE CHILDREN OF CHARLES I.

these qualities, in addition to his artistic powers, gained for him all the patronage that he desired. Many of the portraits which he then painted in Genoa are still seen in its splendid palaces.

When Vandyck went to Rome, he was invited by the Cardinal Bentivoglio to make one of his family. This prelate had been a papal ambassador in Flanders, and had a fondness for the country and its people. He was therefore very friendly to Vandyck, and employed him to paint a Crucifixion, as well as a portrait of himself. This portrait is now one of the treasures of the Pitti Gallery, in Florence. A copy made by John Smybert, a Scotch artist, who came to Boston early in the last century, hangs in one of the halls of Harvard College.

Vandyck found that the Flemish artists in Rome were a rude and uncongenial company, and he avoided their society. This so affronted them that they became his enemies, and he shortened his stay in Rome on that account, returning to Genoa two years after he had left it. There he found a charming friend in Sofonisba Anguisciola. She had been a noted painter, and though she was now blind and ninety-one years old, Vandyck was accustomed to say that he learned more of the principles of art from her than from the works of the most celebrated masters. Vandyck visited Palermo, Turin, Florence, and other cities, but spent most of his time in Genoa until 1626, when he returned to Antwerp.

It was some time before the artist met with any success at home which at all compared with that he had achieved in Italy. In 1628 he received an order for a picture of "Saint Augustine in Ecstasy," for the Church of the Augustines in Antwerp. He painted the saint in light vestments, whereupon the brotherhood insisted that they should be changed to black. This so interfered with the distribution of the light that the whole effect of the picture was spoiled.

Again he was employed to paint a picture for the church at

Courtrai. It is said that the canons insisted upon seeing the work before it was raised to its place; and not being able to judge of what it would be when hung, they were not pleased with it. They called Vandyck a "dauber," and left him. After a time they found that they had made a mistake, and asked Vandyck to paint two other pictures for them, but he replied: "There are already daubers enough in Courtrai without summoning those of Antwerp," and took no further notice of them. This story, however interesting, does not accord with the fact that one of his finest works is the "Elevation of the Cross," still in the Church of Notre Dame at Courtrai. It has been called "one of the most admirable masterpieces that the art of painting has ever produced."

During the five years that Vandyck remained in Flanders and Holland, he painted almost numberless portraits of royal and distinguished persons, as well as more than thirty religious pictures for churches and public places in the Low Countries. The value of many of these works is now almost fabulous. On one occasion Vandyck was at Haarlem, the home of Franz Hals, a noted Dutch portrait-painter. Vandyck went to his studio, but, as usual, Hals was at the tavern. Vandyck sent for him, saying that a stranger wished his portrait painted, and had but two hours to stay for it. Hals seized a canvas and finished the picture within the given time. Vandyck praised it warmly, and said: "Painting seems such a simple thing that I should like to try what I can do at it." Hals changed places with him, and the visitor painted the second portrait as quickly as the first had been made. When Hals saw the picture, he embraced the painter and cried: "You are Vandyck! No other could do what you have now done!"

It is also related of Vandyck that he was once summoned to the palace of a certain bishop to paint the prelate's portrait. The artist sent his painting implements to the porter, and when he arrived

was shown into the presence of his lordship, who was stretched on a sofa, and scarcely deigned to notice the artist's entrance. Vandyck took a seat, when the bishop exclaimed: "Are you not come to make my portrait?" "I am at the service of your Eminence,"



PORTRAIT OF PETER BRUEGEL. (FROM AN ETCHING BY VANDYCK.)

replied Vandyck. "Then why do you not get your implements?" asked the bishop; "do you expect me to bring them for you?" To this Vandyck calmly answered, "Since you have not ordered your servants to bring them, I supposed that you wished to render me that service yourself." Then the bishop started up saying, "Anthony, Anthony! you are a little asp, but you have much venom."

Vandyck hastened to the door, and turning on the threshold said, "My lord Van der Burch, you are a voluminous personage, but you resemble the tree which bears the cinnamon; the bark is the best part of you!"

In 1632, after many preliminaries, Vandyck was called to the service of Charles I. of England. He was welcomed by the King, who appointed him court-painter, with a salary of £200 a year, and three months after his arrival in London conferred on him the honor of knighthood. From the day he reached England, Vandyck was the fashion there. His elegant and courtly manners, and his style of living when in Rome, had gained for him the title of "*Il pittore Cavaliere*" (the noble or generous painter), and now again, in England, he indulged in lavish hospitality. He often entertained his sitters at dinner, in order to study their expression; even the King visited his house without ceremony. He was liberal to musicians and men of genius, and made himself popular with many classes. As the result of all this, his studio became the resort of men of rank, and in fact a visit to Vandyck was of all things most desirable to the fashionables of the day. Men and women of rank and influence vied with each other for the privilege of being his sitters, until a list of the portraits which he painted is an endless repetition of titles and notable names.

Vandyck's free living led him deeply into debt, and he was constantly in need of money, while his habits of life undermined his health and made him very low in spirits. It is said that with the hope of increasing his fortune he spent much time over chemicals, trying to discover the philosopher's stone, which he believed would bring him limitless gold. The poisonous gases which he thus inhaled injured his already weakened health, and the King and his friends became alarmed lest he should die.

At length the King resolved to persuade Vandyck to marry,

and selected a beautiful Scotch girl, who had a position in the household of the Queen, as a suitable wife for him. Her name was Maria Ruthven, and she was a granddaughter of the Earl of Gowrie. Very little is known of the married life of the artist, but there is nothing to indicate that it was not a happy one. He had one child, a daughter, called Justiniana.

It is probable that Vandyck had frequently visited Antwerp while living in England. We know that in 1634 he was chosen Dean of the Confraternity of St. Luke in his native city, and a great feast was celebrated on that occasion; and when in 1640 he took his bride there, the members of the Academy of Painting and many others received them with distinguished attention.

In spite of all he had done, Vandyck's highest ambition as a painter had never been satisfied. He had long cherished a desire to do some great historical painting. At one time he had hoped to decorate the walls of the banqueting-hall at the palace of Whitehall. The ceiling had splendid pictures by Rubens, and Vandyck proposed to perfect the whole by portraying the history of the order of the Garter beneath the work of his master. Charles was pleased with the idea, and asked Vandyck to make his sketches; but the King finally abandoned the scheme, much to the regret of the artist.

While he was at Antwerp with his wife, Vandyck learned that Louis XIII. was about to decorate the large saloon of the Louvre. He hastened to Paris in the hope that he might obtain the commission for the work, but when he arrived he found that it had already been given to Poussin. Greatly disappointed, he returned to England, to find the royal family, whom he knew and loved so well, overwhelmed with misfortune. In March, 1641, the Queen fled to France, while the King and his sons took refuge at York. In May the Earl of Strafford was executed, and all these disasters, added to his previous disappointments and the fact that the arts which Charles I. had cherished were already fallen

into dishonor, brought upon the artist a disease which proved to be fatal. He continued, however, to paint until within a few days of his death, and it was but eight days before that event that his daughter was born and he made his will.

When the King returned to London, in spite of all his own troubles and cares, he found time to be true to his friendship for Vandyck. He offered his physician £300 if he could save the artist's life; but nothing could be done, and he died at his home in Blackfriars, December 9, 1641, at the early age of forty-two years. It is said that his funeral was attended by many nobles and artists. He was buried in the Cathedral of St. Paul, near the tomb of John of Gaunt. When St. Paul's was burned, the remains of Vandyck were probably scattered. When the grave of Benjamin West was prepared in the crypts of the new St. Paul's, Vandyck's coffin plate was discovered there.

The pictures of Vandyck are so numerous that we can here say almost nothing of them. They embrace a great variety of subjects, and are found in nearly all large or good collections. He left some etchings, also, which are executed with great spirit. I have said that as a portrait-painter he is almost unrivalled; as a painter of other subjects he had also great merits. He had not the power of invention of his master Rubens, and could not seize upon terrible moments and important incidents to give them the power which the pictures of Rubens have; but Vandyck gave an intensity of expression to his faces and an elevation to their emotions which excelled his master. His drawing was more correct, and his feeling for Nature more refined; so that, taken all in all, perhaps the master and pupil were very nearly equal as painters, though they differed in the qualities of their talent.

Vandyck may be said to have painted in three different styles. The first was that of a rich and mellow color, which he acquired after visiting Italy to study the works of Titian and others. Sir Joshua Reynolds said of this style, "It supposes the sun in the room." The

second is seen in the silvery color of his English pictures; they are brilliant and delicate at the same time that they are solid and firm in their execution. His third style is that of his latest works, when poor health and low spirits caused him to be careless, and to give but little attention to their sentiment or execution.

Among Vandyck's most distinguished portraits are those of Charles I. and his family. Perhaps the most pleasing of these is the picture of the three children of the King,—a subject which Vandyck several times repeated. One of these is in the gallery of Turin, others at Dresden and Berlin, and a small one at the Louvre, in Paris. His equestrian portraits are noble works, and many of his full-length figures exist in various galleries. The most magnificent collection in any one place is that of Windsor Castle, in possession of the Queen. It consists of thirty-nine pictures, all but three being portraits of single figures or groups.

The prices that are now paid for the works of Vandyck, on the rare occasions when they are sold, are enormous. A portrait of Anne Cavendish, Lady Rich, was sold at the San Donato sale, in Florence, in 1880, to Mr. Berners, for thirty thousand dollars. In 1876 a few of his etchings were sold in Brussels; and that from a portrait of the artist, both portrait and etching being his own work, brought about four thousand dollars.

We have not space to speak here of the historical, mythological, and other pictures painted by Vandyck. Though they are not equal to his portraits, they are very interesting, and travellers abroad will see many of them in the churches and galleries of Europe.

PAINTING IN HOLLAND.

IT is not possible to give a clear account of the earliest painters of Holland, or of the Dutch School, as it is called. It is certain that they executed wall-paintings and other works which have been destroyed; and we know that in the beginning the Dutch masters painted devotional subjects almost without exception. About the year 1580 the famous school of Dutch portrait-painters had its origin, and soon after, scenes from common life, or *genre* subjects, became the favorite works of Dutch artists and their patrons. As time passed on, there were added to these the pictures of luxurious interiors, still-life, fruit, flowers, and game, both living and dead. In all these subjects the Dutch masters reached great excellence; for their habit was to reproduce exactly what they saw, and to lavish that infinite care and labor upon the execution of details which makes the perfection of pictures of still-life and kindred subjects. Thus it is that no painters have excelled the Dutch in the painting of drapery, furniture, glass, metals, satin, and other objects which are made beautiful by strong effects of light and shade. Some of the night, or candle-light, scenes of this school are unequalled by any others in the world.

There were, of course, landscape and marine painters as well as painters of animals in Holland, who attained high rank in their way; but the portraits and still-life subjects are especially characteristic of the Dutch School. The latter subjects are of two sorts: the smaller number represent scenes from elegant life, which require fine apart-

ments for a background, — such as a music-lesson, a ceremonious call, a doctor's visit, or some occasion which permits the artist to show his skill in painting marbles, woods, china, stuffs, and all sorts of beautiful things. The larger number are scenes from peasant life, — fairs and fêtes, dancing villagers, and rude, ungainly boys, — or interiors of inns with coarse boors drinking, smoking, playing cards, or perpetrating rude practical jokes.

There are many famous Dutch masters, but we have time to study but one —

REMBRANDT VAN RYN,

the greatest painter of his school, and one who may be called pre-eminent in art by reason of his remarkable excellence in many departments of painting and engraving. He was the son of Hermann Gerritszoon van Ryn, and was born at Leyden, in 1607. He was sent to school when a boy, but he had so little liking for his books that he was soon allowed to follow his natural taste, and study art under J. J. van Swanenburg; and when he was about sixteen years old he entered the studio of Pieter Lastman at Amsterdam, where he remained but six months. He then returned to Leyden, where he spent seven years. During this time he studied Nature in all her forms, — the splendid and varied scenery about him dividing his attention with the infinite variety of human faces which could be seen in the rare old city of Leyden, with its university, its free markets, and its ever brilliant festivals. He also profited by the exhibitions of foreign pictures which were admitted to Leyden only, and by the collections of paintings, jewels, books, choice stuffs, and other beautiful objects frequently to be seen in the City Hall.

Meantime Rembrandt worked industriously, and by his earliest paintings and etchings gained a name which brought him a student (the

afterward famous Gerard Dow), and obtained for him various commissions from the Hague and Amsterdam.

In 1630, when twenty-three years old, Rembrandt established himself in Amsterdam, where he spent the remainder of his days. He soon became famous, and many students flocked to him, making his life a busy one. Here he executed his first large picture, "The Presentation in the Temple," now in the Gallery at the Hague. Within two years of his settlement at Amsterdam he also painted many smaller pictures, and



REMBRANDT AND HIS WIFE. (FROM AN ETCHING BY REMBRANDT.)

made at least forty engravings. From this time his career as an artist was but one success after another. In 1634 he married Saskia von Ulenburg, a very beautiful girl, to whom he was devotedly attached. She was of an aristocratic family, an orphan, and had a large fortune in her own name. She is represented in so many portraits by her husband

Rembrandt
1670



A RABBI. (FROM AN ETCHING BY REMBRANDT.)

that her face is familiar to all who know his works. Three pictures of her, painted during the year of their betrothal, show her in all the loveliness of youth, with dazzling complexion, rosy lips, great expressive eyes, and auburn hair; and though later portraits are of a more serious cast and have a more matronly bearing, they still represent a joyous, happy woman, and may all be called young, since she died before she was thirty years old.

The years of his life that were passed with Saskia were the happiest that ever came to Rembrandt. He was beloved, honored, and rich. His house was fine, and furnished with exquisite taste. On the first floor were the antechamber and *salons*, with beautiful mirrors, upholstery and drapery, oaken chests and presses, marble wine-coolers and many other rare objects, while the walls were covered with pictures and engravings by foreign artists as well as his own works. On the floor above were his studios and a great art-chamber, or museum, in which was a splendid collection, of which I will speak later. In this beautiful home the artist and his wife lived a happy, simple life, devoted to each other and to their children, but one of whom outlived his mother,—a son, called Titus.

At her death Saskia left her fortune to her husband, with one request,—that he should educate their child and give him a marriage portion. But in spite of this, and of his success as an artist and as a teacher,—for he had many scholars who paid him well,—Rembrandt became poor, and at length, in 1657, his household goods and his fine collection were sold at auction to satisfy his creditors.

The catalogue of this collection is in the Court of Insolvency at Amsterdam, and though it is a scanty and hastily written paper, we learn much from it concerning the artist's life and tastes. It gives a list of a rich collection of weapons, armor, costumes, and utensils of different nations; of a number of antique sculptures, such as the Laocoön, a Cupid, and busts of Homer and Socrates; of pictures from

the Dutch and Flemish schools of the earliest times, as well as of such Italian masters as Giorgione, Palma Vecchio, Raphael, and Michael Angelo. He also had numerous fine engravings from the works of the best masters. "A parcel of ancient rags of various colors" is also set down on this catalogue. This collection is a sufficient explanation of Rembrandt's poverty; his passion for these things ran away with him, and he bought more than he could afford, sometimes paying very high prices; he is said to have given eighty dollars for a small engraving by Lucas van Leyden.

But the chief interest in the matter is, that it proves that though Rembrandt had never travelled or studied in foreign countries, he had sufficient knowledge of the art of other nations and times to enable him to choose his subjects and his manner of treating them with a complete knowledge of what he was doing. The result shows that he wished only to represent what he saw; but he always seized upon the most striking and unusual features of whatever fixed his attention.

There is always a temptation to say that an unusual thing which we see in a picture is not natural; but when we think about it, and observe Nature for that purpose, we find that scarcely anything could be too strange to be true; and this is all the more noticeable when, as in the pictures of Rembrandt, the great effects are those of light and shade. If one would observe how wonderful these effects are, let him choose some landscape which has a variety of objects in it, and study its aspects on a dull, cloudy day. With no sun and no shadow how little interest it has! But go to the same spot on a bright day, and see how the sun will make the clump of trees stand out and look as if each separate twig was joyous with life; see the brook shimmer like rippling silver where the sunlight falls on it, and note how dark and cold it looks in the shade; see how black the rock is under the wide-spreading tree, and how the grass, that is like an emerald in the light places, grows dull and brown where the sunshine does not reach it! Could there be

stronger contrasts than those we see, side by side, when we give our thought to it? And is it not strange that we have not always been conscious of them?

Now, Rembrandt had a quick eye for all these marvellous effects of light, and he painted just such things as he had seen, and nothing else. In each of his pictures there are particular points upon which to fix the eye; and though the whole is painted with exquisite skill, and the smaller details bear examination just as the blades of grass and the smallest flowers in a landscape do, we have no wish to examine them; the one great interest holds our attention, and we are satisfied with that. The execution of the pictures of Rembrandt is marvellous. He painted some very ugly and even vulgar pictures; he disregarded all rules of costume and of the fitness of things in many ways; he parodied many ideal subjects, and he painted scenes from Scripture history in which he put the exact portraits of the coarse and common people about him. But in spite of all these faults, his simplicity, truthfulness, and earnestness make his pictures masterpieces, and we cannot turn away from them carelessly; they attract us and hold us with a powerful spell.

Rembrandt's style was not always the same. Before 1633 he preferred the open daylight, in which every thing was distinctly seen, and his flesh tones were warm and clear; after that time, he preferred the light which breaks over certain objects and leaves the rest in shade, while his touch became very spirited, and his flesh tones were so golden that they were less natural than before.

Rembrandt's engraving is very famous. He is called the "Prince of Etchers." He really established a new school of engraving; by his own genius he invented a process, the charm of which cannot be expressed in words. His wonderful use of the effects of light and shade is seen in his engravings as well as in his paintings.

His etchings are now of great value. The one which represents "Christ Healing the Sick" is called the "Hundred Guilder Print," because that is the price the master set upon it. Only eight of the first proofs of this engraving exist in the world, and five of these are in Great Britain. In 1847 one of them was sold in London



JOSEPH RELATING HIS DREAM TO HIS BRETHREN.
(FROM AN ETCHING BY REMBRANDT.)

for six hundred dollars; the same copy was again sold in 1867, and brought five thousand dollars. The proofs from his portraits of others, as well as from the portraits of himself, are also very valuable.

The works of Rembrandt are so numerous and so important that we cannot speak justly of them in our present space. His pictures number about six hundred, and his engravings four hundred; and these in-

clude not only many subjects, but many variations of these subjects. The chief picture of his earliest style is the "Anatomical Lecture," now in the Gallery of the Hague. This is remarkable for the splendid heads of the Professor and his pupils, and for the foreshortening of the body of the dead man which is the subject of the lecture.

In 1642 Rembrandt painted his largest picture, which is also considered as his chief work. It is called the "Night Watch," and is in the Amsterdam Museum. It represents a company of guardsmen and others issuing from a public building into a space where there are many officers, soldiers, musicians, young girls, and other figures, the great standard of the city being in the foreground. One feels that the portraits of all the principal persons must be good. The color is splendid, and the blending of lights and shades is marvellous in its beauty. He painted other pictures, in which there were numbers of portraits of burghers, or men who were connected with important institutions and undertakings.


"The Descent from the Cross" and "The Woman Taken in Adultery" — both in the National Gallery, London — are among Rembrandt's most celebrated pictures of Scriptural subjects. The last is called his best cabinet-picture, and was sold for thirty thousand dollars. He usually took his models for his Scriptural pictures from among the Jews of Amsterdam, and though they were often coarse and ugly, the whole feeling of these works was pure and deep, and their spiritual meaning was indicated with a simple earnestness that was unsurpassed by any artist of his time.

Rembrandt painted but few pictures from profane history, and his landscapes are rare, but the few that exist are worthy of so great a master, of one who so loved everything that God has spread out before us in Nature. His scenes from common life are beyond criticism; but sometimes his picturing of repulsive things makes us turn away, though we must admire the power with which they are painted.

His portraits were of the highest order, and very numerous ; no other artist ever made so many portraits of himself, and in them he is seen from the days of youthful hope to ripened age. At a sale in Paris in 1876, "A Portrait of a Man" by Rembrandt brought \$34,000 ; at the San Donato sale in 1880, "Lucretia" sold for \$29,200, "A Portrait of a Young Woman" for \$27,500, and others for equally large prices.

After the breaking up of his beautiful home where he had lived so happily with Saskia, Rembrandt hired another house, where he remained until his death. His last home was comfortable ; he had many friends ; the younger artists respected and admired him ; and we have no reason to believe that he was unhappy here, and certainly his pictures indicate no failure of his powers or any discouragement of feeling. We see rather that with rare exceptions he worked with unceasing energy and vigor. He died in 1669, when sixty-two years old, and was buried in the Westerkerk. The registered fees of his burial are but fifteen florins. When we consider the enormous amount of his artistic work, and remember that it was all done in about forty working years, we are filled with wonder and admiration of the determination and genius which could accomplish such herculean labors in so masterly a manner.

PAINTING IN GERMANY.

HE Emperor Charles IV. of Germany, who reigned from 1348 to 1378, was a great lover and patron of the Fine Arts, and in Prague, the capital of Bohemia, a school arose under his care which is important in the history of art, since from it what is called German art may be dated. We know that the Emperor was very liberal and employed Italian artists, as well as those from all parts of Germany, to work in his favorite Prague; but little is known of the lives of the earliest masters or of the authorship of the few pieces of ancient painting which remain.

There were other early schools of painting at Cologne, Colmar, Ulm, Augsburg, Westphalia, and Nuremberg. Before speaking of the great master of the Nuremberg School, I wish to say something of Nuremberg itself, which was a very important place during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and is still a city of great interest to travellers.

Nuremberg was a place of consideration even in the time of the Emperor Henry IV., who ennobled thirty-eight families there. In 1219, Henry V. raised it to the rank of a free imperial city, and during the Middle Ages it was very important on account of its enormous traffic between the great sea-port of Venice and the countries of the East as well as with all northern Europe. Through its commerce it became a very rich city, and its burghers established manufactories of various sorts, and so built up its trade that skilful artisans flocked there, and many discoveries were made which still have a great influence in the world.

The first paper-mill in Germany was in Nuremberg, and Koberger's printing-house, with its twenty-four presses, was so attractive to authors that they settled at Nuremberg in order the more conveniently to oversee the printing of their works. Watches, called "Nuremberg Eggs," were first made there about 1500; the clarionet was also invented there; and church organs were better made in Nuremberg than in any other German town. A new composition of brass, the air-gun, and wire-drawing machinery were all Nuremberg devices. The filigree silver and gold work, the medals, images, seals and other artistic jewelry which were made by the fifty master goldsmiths who dwelt there, were famous far and wide; and this variety of manufactures was increased by Hirschvögel, an artisan who travelled in Italy and learned to make majolica. His factory, established at Nuremberg in 1507, was the first in all Germany in which such ware was made. It is not certain that playing-cards were invented in Nuremberg, but they were manufactured there as early as 1380, and cannon were cast there in 1356; previous to this they had been made of iron bars soldered together lengthwise and held in place by hoops. In short, the manufacturers of Nuremberg were so widely known as to give rise to a proverb, —

"Nuremberg's hand
Goes through every land;"

and thus the city had the sort of importance which success and wealth bring to a person or a place.

But as this importance is not the highest and best that can be gained, so it was not the most lasting importance of Nuremberg, for all this commercial and moneyed prosperity was lost; but the fame which the city acquired on account of its literary men, its artists, and their works, still remains. I will not speak here of the authors and scholars of the old city; but of its artists something must be said.

At the close of the fifteenth and at the beginning of the sixteenth century, besides Albert Dürer, there were Peter Vischer and his five sons, sculptors and bronze casters; Adam Krafft, sculptor; Veit Stoss, a wonderful wood-carver; and a goodly company of painters and engravers whose works and names are still admired and respected. When we consider all these advantages that Nuremberg enjoyed, we do not think it strange that she should have been called the "Gothic Athens."

The time in which Dürer lived was an interesting one in the history of Europe, or, we may say, of the world. He was born twenty-one years before Columbus discovered America. In his day, too, Vasco di Gama sailed the southern seas; Copernicus wrote of his observations and discoveries; and all Europe was deeply agitated by the preaching of the Reformation by Martin Luther. Men of thought and power were everywhere discussing great questions; the genius of invention was active; the love of the beautiful was indulged, and the general wealth and prosperity of Europe supported the artists and encouraged them to strive for great attainments.

Dürer was the friend of Gian Bellini, of Raphael, Quintin Matsys, Lucas van Leyden, and many other artists, as well as of many people in high position in all parts of Germany, and in some other countries. If he did not actually found a new school of art, he certainly perfected that which already existed in his country; and since he was not only a painter, an architect, and a sculptor, but also an engraver and writer upon art, his influence upon his time and nation can scarcely be over-estimated.

ALBERT DÜRER

was born at Nuremberg in 1471. His father was a master goldsmith, and had eighteen children born to him,—seven daughters and eleven sons. We can understand how he must have toiled to care for all these children; and besides the toil he had great sorrows, for fifteen children died. Three sons only—Albert, Andreas, and Hans—reached mature age. The portraits which Albert painted of his father show so serious and worn a face, that one sees in them the marks his struggles had left. We also know that he was a man much respected; for though he was but a craftsman, he was honored by the friendship of prominent men, the famous Koberger standing as godfather to the baby Albert.

One of the advantages that the young Albert had as a result of his father's position, was an association with Willibald Pirkheimer, who was about his own age and of a rich and patrician family. Through this friendship Albert saw something of a more refined life than that in his father's house, and was also able to learn certain things, in which Willibald's tutors instructed him, that were not taught to the sons of artisans. Among other writings by Albert Dürer is a history of his family, in which, speaking of his father, he said:

“ He had many troubles, trials, and adverse circumstances. But yet from every one who knew him he received praise, because he led an honorable Christian life, and was patient, giving all men consideration, and thanking God. . . . My dear father took great pains with his children, bringing them up to the honor of God. He made us know what was agreeable to others, as well as to our Maker, so that we might become good neighbors; and every day he talked to us of these things, the love of God, and the conduct of life.”

From his earliest years Albert Dürer loved drawing, and there are sketches in existence made when he was a mere child; there is a portrait of himself in the Albertina at Vienna, upon which is



ALBERT DÜRER. (AFTER THE PORTRAIT BY HIMSELF IN THE UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE.)

written, "This I have drawn from myself from the looking-glass, in the year 1484, when I was still a child. — ALBERT DÜRER." The expression of the face is sad; it was painted in the same year that his father took him into his workshop, intending to make a goldsmith of him. Doubtless, the training which he received here was to his advantage, and gave him the wonderful delicacy and accuracy of execution which he showed in his later works. He writes of this time, —

"But my love was toward painting much more than toward the goldsmith's craft. When at last I told my father of my inclination, he was not well pleased, thinking of the time I had been under him as lost if I turned a painter. But he left me to have my will; and in the year 1486, on Saint Andrew's Day, he settled me apprentice with Michael Wohlgemuth, to serve him for three years. In that time God gave me diligence to learn well, in spite of the pains I had to suffer from the other young men."

This last sentence doubtless refers to rudeness and jeering from his companions, to which he was quite unaccustomed. The art of his master was not of a high order, and we doubt if Albert Dürer learned anything from him beyond the mechanical processes, such as the mixing of colors and facility in using his brush. But in his walks about Nuremberg he was always seeing something that helped him to form himself as an artist. Nuremberg still retains its antique beauty, and much of it remains as Dürer saw it; there are the same narrow streets, with quaint houses, gable-roofed, with arched portals and mullioned windows; splendid Gothic churches are there, rich in external architecture, and containing exquisite carvings and Byzantine pictures; it has palaces and mansions inhabited to-day by families whose knightly ancestors built them centuries ago. The Castle, or Reichsveste, built on a rock, with its three towers, seems to be keeping watch over the country around; while the city walls with their numerous turrets, and the four arched gate-ways with their lofty watch-towers give the whole place an air of great anti-

quity, and make even the matter-of-fact traveller of to-day indulge in fanciful dreams of the long ago in which Dürer walked those streets, and fed his rich fancy by gazing on those same beauties of Nature, Architecture, and Art.

It is probable that in Wohlgemuth's studio Dürer did little but apprentice-work on the master's pictures. At all events, very few of his own drawings of that time exist. In 1490 he painted a portrait of his father, now in Florence, which was rarely, perhaps never, surpassed by him in his later years. The apprenticeship ended, Dürer travelled and studied four years,—a time of which we have very little accurate knowledge,—and in 1494 he settled himself as a painter and engraver in his native city.

In the same year Dürer was married to Agnes Frey. It would seem, from his own words in his diary, that the match was made by the parents of the young people. It has often been said that she was a great scold and made him very unhappy; but more recent and careful research shows that this story rests upon very slight foundation, and nothing in Dürer's own writings would indicate any unhappiness in his home. Agnes Dürer was a very handsome woman; but though several portraits are called by her name, we have no positive knowledge that her husband ever made a portrait of her. It was in the same year (1494) of his settlement and marriage that he was made a member of the Guild of Painters at Nuremberg. Thus when twenty-three years old he had studied, made his student's journey, was married, and honorably established in his native city.

Albert Dürer is more famous and more widely known as an engraver than as a painter. His first copperplate engraving was made in 1497, after which time he executed numerous works of this kind. The first impressions from his early engravings are now sought with great eagerness by connoisseurs and collectors. One of the first was "Saint Jerome's Penance," a good impression of which was sold a few years

ago for five hundred dollars. In 1498 Dürer published his first series of woodcuts illustrating the Apocalypse of Saint John. These cuts marked a new era in wood engraving, and showed what possibilities it contained; before this time it had been a rude art, chiefly used by uneducated monks. There are one hundred and seventy-four woodcuts attributed to Dürer. The other important series are the "Great and Little Passion," showing the sufferings of Christ, and the "Life of the Virgin."

There has been much dispute at various times as to whether the master executed his plates with his own hands; it would seem to be the most reasonable conclusion that he did the work himself upon his earliest plates, but that later he must have allowed his assistants to perform the mechanical labor after his designs.

Many of Dürer's engravings seem very ugly to most persons; and indeed to many well-trained critics there is little to admire either in his subjects or in his mode of presenting them. He often chose such scenes as remind us only of death, sorrow, and sin. Again, his grotesque and fantastic humor was shown; and nothing more wild and unusual could be imagined than some of his fancies which he made almost immortal through his great artistic power. A woodcut called the "Triumphal Arch of Maximilian" is two and a half feet high and nine feet wide; it was composed of ninety-two blocks, and all the remarkable events in the Emperor's life are illustrated in it, as well as many symbolical figures and pictures expressive of his fame, nobility, and power.

It is said that while this engraving was being finished by the engraver Rosch, the Emperor drove often to see it. On one occasion several of Rosch's pet cats ran into the presence of the sovereign, and from this incident arose the proverb, "A cat may look at a king."

Of Dürer's copperplate engravings, some of the more important are "The Nativity," "The Great and the Little Horse," "Melancholy," and "The Knight and Death." The last is the most celebrated of all, and

no one can say exactly what it means. It shows a knight in full panoply, who rides through a rocky defile; Satan is pursuing him and clutching after him, while Death is at his side and holds up an hour-glass. Some interpreters say that the Knight is a wicked one whom Satan owns and Death warns to repent; others give the Knight a name, and several men of the time are mentioned as being in Dürer's mind; some say that he stands for Dürer himself, when overcome by temptation and fear. But let it mean what it may, it is a wonderful work, and Kugler says: "I believe I do not exaggerate when I particularize this print as the most important work which the fantastic spirit of German art has ever produced."

It has been said that Dürer invented the process of etching; it is more probable that he perfected an older discovery. Very few of his etchings remain in existence.

As a sculptor, Dürer executed some remarkable works in ivory, boxwood, and stone; he also designed some excellent medals. In the British Museum there is a relief, seven and a half by five and a half inches in size, which was bought about eighty years ago for \$2,500. It is in cream-colored stone, and represents the birth of Saint John the Baptist. It was executed in 1510, and is very remarkable for its exquisite detail, which was doubtless a result of his early training as a goldsmith, when he learned to do very exact and delicate work. His carvings are seen in various places in Europe, and prove that he might have succeeded as a sculptor had he chosen that profession.

Besides his family history and his diary, Dürer wrote some poetry, but none of importance. His first noticeable literary work was "The Art of Mensuration," which was published in 1525, and was a successful book. He also wrote "Some Instruction in the Fortification of Cities, Castles, and Towns;" but his greatest achievement as a writer was the "Four Books of Human Proportion." It was not published until after his death, and its importance is shown by the fact that it passed through

several German editions, besides three in Latin, and two each in Italian, French, Portuguese, Dutch, and English. He wrote also upon architecture, music, and various departments of painting, such as color, landscape, and so on.

As an architect, we can say but little of Dürer; for while his writings prove that he had a good knowledge of architecture, he executed but few works in that department of art, and we have slight knowledge of these. It remains only to speak of his paintings, which are not numerous, but still exist in galleries in various parts of Europe. Many of them are portraits, the finest of which still remains in Nuremberg, though enormous sums have been offered for it. It represents Jerome Holzschuher, who was a remarkably strong man in character; it was painted in 1526, and retains its rich, vivid coloring. His portraits of his father and of himself are very interesting, and all his works of this sort are strong, rich pictures. Among his religious pictures the "Feast of Rose Garlands" is very prominent. It was painted in Venice, in the year 1506. Dürer worked seven months on this picture, and by it contradicted those who had said that "he was a good engraver, but knew not how to deal with colors." It brought him great fame, and was sold from the church where it was originally placed to the Emperor Rudolf II., who had it borne on men's shoulders from Venice to Prague, in order to avoid the injuries which might come from other modes of removing it. In 1782 it was sold by Joseph II., and has since been in the monastery of Strabow, at Prague; through much restoration it has been seriously injured. In the background, on the right, are the figures of Dürer and Pirkheimer, who remained the friend of his age as of his childhood.

An earlier work is the "Adoration of the Kings," in the Tribune of the Uffizi, at Florence; this is one of Dürer's best paintings. The years from 1507 to 1526 were the most fruitful of good work in the life of this master; and in 1526 he painted two pictures which, for some

reasons, are the most interesting of all he did. They were the result of his best thought, and may be called the first complete work of art produced by Protestantism. They represent the Apostles John and Peter, Mark and Paul. He put upon them inscriptions from the Gospels and the Epistles, urging the danger of departing from the Word of God or believing in false prophets; and the figures, bearing the Scriptures in their hands, seem to be the faithful guardians of God's law.

There is an old tradition that these figures represent the Four Temperaments: thus, in the first, Saint Peter with a hoary head and reposeful air, bending over the book in the hands of Saint John, represents the phlegmatic temperament, ever tranquil in its reflections; Saint John, with his earnest, thoughtful face stands for the melancholic temperament, which pushes its inquiries to the profoundest depths; these two represent the inward life, that from which comes conviction. In the second picture the effect of this upon action and daily life is shown: Saint Mark, in the background, represents the sanguine temperament; he looks around appealingly and hopefully, as if urging others to search the Scriptures for the same good which he has found in them; while Saint Paul stands in front bearing the book and the sword, looking severely over his shoulder, as if ready to defend the Word and punish by the sword any who should show it disrespect: he stands for the choleric temperament.

These two pictures are executed in a masterly manner; there is a sublimity of expression in them, a majestic repose and perfect simplicity in the movement and in the folds of the drapery; all is in keeping. The color, too, is warm and true to nature; no touch of the fantastic is felt. In these pictures Albert Dürer reached the summit of his power, and stood on a plane with the great masters of the world.

When they were completed, Dürer presented them to the Council of Nuremberg as a remembrance of himself as an artist, and as teaching his fellow-citizens an earnest lesson suited to the stormy time in which

they lived. The Council accepted the gift, placed the pictures in the council house, and sent a present of money to Dürer and his wife. A century later, the Elector Maximilian of Bavaria determined to have these panels at any cost; he bribed and threatened, and at last the Council of Nuremberg, afraid of his anger, sent the pictures to Munich, after having copies made by John Fischer upon which were placed the original inscriptions, as it was thought best to cut them off from Dürer's own work, lest they should not please a Catholic Prince. This explains why the originals are in the Munich gallery, and the copies in the town picture gallery now in the Rathhaus of Nuremberg.

I shall not stay to describe more of Dürer's paintings, for I wish to resume the account of his life. As stated, it was in 1494 that he married and settled in his native city. About 1500, Willibald Pirckheimer returned from military service and renewed his friendship with Dürer. At his house the artist met many eminent men, — scholars and reformers; and while he was admired and appreciated for his own genius and accomplishments, he himself gained much greater and better knowledge of the world in this society than his previous narrow life had given him.

In 1502 Dürer's father died, and the son quaintly and tenderly relates the closing scenes of the old man's life, and mourns his own loss. Within the next two years Dürer took his mother and his youngest brother to his own home, while his brother Andreas was thus left free to go on a student journey as a goldsmith.

In 1505, after several years of continuous industry, Dürer made a journey to Venice; he arrived there when Giovanni Bellini was the leader of the Venetian artists, and Carpaccio was painting his pictures of Saint Ursula. Titian and Giorgione were then becoming more and more famous, and before Dürer left their city he was employed at the same time with them in painting for the Fondaco dei Tedeschi, or the Company of Germans in Venice. The letters which Dürer wrote at this

time to his friend Pirkheimer are of much interest; during the Thirty Years' War in Germany, these letters were walled up in the Imhoff mansion, and were discovered some time later.

Dürer wrote of the kindness he received from gentlemen, but said that the artists were not so favorable to him. He was very sensitive to their criticisms; and when he had finished his "Rose Garlands," wrote that the Doge and the Patriarch had visited his studio to see it; that he had contradicted those who said that he could not use colors, and added, "There is no better picture of the Virgin Mary in the land, because all the artists praise it, as well as the nobility. They say they have never seen a more sublime, a more charming painting."

Pirkheimer was constantly urging Dürer to return home, and Agnes Dürer was very unhappy at the long absence of her husband. The artist dreaded his return. He said, "Oh, how I shall freeze after this sunshine! Here, I am a gentleman; at home, only a parasite!" He was forced to refuse many commissions that were offered him, as well as a government pension of two hundred ducats; but he thought it his duty to return to Nuremberg. On his way, he visited Bologna; and through pictures which he left there, Raphael's attention was turned to him in such a manner that an intimate correspondence and an exchange of pictures occurred between him and Dürer. It was a fortunate thing for the interest of painting that Dürer did not remain in Italy; had he done so, he would without doubt have modified his striking individuality, and his strength and quaintness would have been lost to German art.

It is said that Bellini was much pleased with Dürer's painting, especially with his manner of representing hair. One day he begged the German to give him the brush which he used for that purpose; upon this, Dürer took one of his common brushes and painted a long tress of woman's hair, while Bellini looked on admiringly, and declared that had he not seen it he could not have believed it.

From 1507, Dürer was the teacher of many students in painting and engraving, and his studio was a hive of busy workmen. At this time the artist was at the height of his productiveness, and worked at painting, engraving, and carving; during seven years from this date, besides his pictures, he made more than a hundred woodcuts and forty-eight engravings and etchings. These last were very salable, as the religious excitement of the time made a great demand for his engravings of the Passion, the Virgin, and Saints; and his income was so increased as to enable him to live very comfortably.

In 1509 Dürer finished the "Coronation of the Virgin" for the merchant Heller. It was an important picture, now known only by a copy at Nuremberg, as the original was burned in the palace at Munich about 1673. There was some dispute about the price, two hundred florins, and Dürer wrote to Heller: "I should become a beggar by this means; henceforward I will stick to my engraving; and if I had done so before, I should be richer by a thousand florins than I am to-day." This seems to explain the reason of his cuts being so much more numerous than his paintings.

The house in which Dürer lived is now preserved as public property in Nuremberg. It is occupied by a society of artists, who guard it from injury; a street which passes it is called Albert Dürer's street. Here he lived in much comfort, though not luxury, as we may know from a memorandum which he wrote before his death, in which he said:

"Regarding the belongings I have amassed by my own handiwork, I have not had a great chance to become rich, and have had plenty of losses, — having lent without being repaid, and my workmen have not reckoned with me; also my agent at Rome died, after using up my property. . . . Still, we have good house-furnishing, clothing, costly things in earthenware, professional fittings-up, bed-furnishings, chests, and cabinets; and my stock of colors is worth one hundred guldens."

In 1512 Dürer was first employed by the Emperor Maximilian, whose life was pictured in the great print of the "Triumphal Arch."

It is said that this sovereign made Dürer a noble; and we know he granted the artist a pension of two hundred dollars a year, which, however, was not always promptly paid. Dürer relates that one day when he was working on a sketch for the Emperor, his Majesty tried to make a drawing himself, using a charcoal-crayon; but he had great trouble on account of its breaking, and complained that he could do nothing with it. The artist took the crayon from his hand, saying, "This is my sceptre, your Majesty," and then taught the sovereign how to use it.

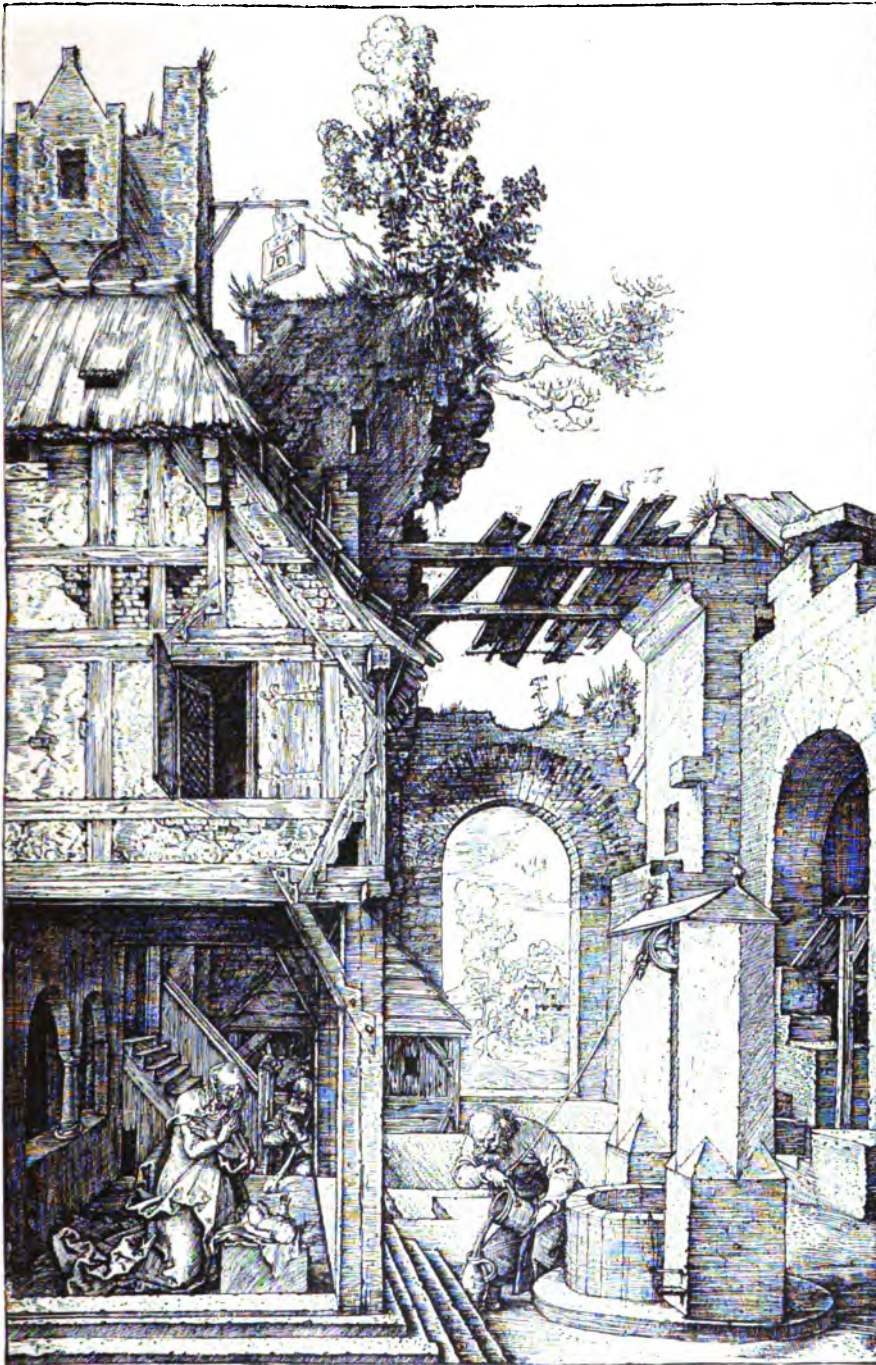
Of the death of his mother Dürer wrote a particular account, from which I give an extract:—

"Now, you must know that in the year 1513, on a Tuesday in Cross-week, my poor unhappy mother, whom I had taken under my charge two years after my father's death because she was then quite poor, and who had lived with me for nine years, was taken deathly sick on one morning early, so that we had to break open her room; for we knew not, as she could not get up, what to do. . . . And her custom was to go often to church; and she always punished me when I did not act rightly; and she always took great care to keep me and my brothers from sin; and whether I went in or out, her constant word was, 'In the name of Christ;' and with great diligence she constantly gave us holy exhortations, and had great care over our souls."

She lived still a year, and the artist wrote:—

"I prayed for her, and had such great grief for her that I can never express. . . . And she was sixty-three years old when she died; and I buried her honorably, according to my means. . . . And in her death she looked still more lovely than she was in her life."

In 1520 Dürer, with his wife and her maid Susanna, made the tour of the Netherlands. His principal object in this journey was to see the new emperor, Charles V., and obtain a confirmation of the pension which Maximilian had granted him, and, if possible, the appointment of court-painter also. This tour was made when there was great wealth and prosperity all through the Low Countries, and



THE NATIVITY. (FAC-SIMILE OF A COPPER-PLATE ENGRAVING BY ALBERT DÜRER.)

Dürer's journal was filled with expressions of wonder at the prosperity and magnificence which he saw.

At Antwerp he met Quintin Matsys, of whom we have already spoken, and other Flemish painters, and writes:—

“On Saint Oswald's Day, the painters invited me to their hall, with my wife and maid; and everything there was of silver and other costly ornamentation, and extremely costly viands. There were also their wives there; and when I was conducted to the table, all the people stood up on each side, as if I had been a great lord. There were amongst them also many persons of distinction, who all bowed low, and in the most humble manner testified their pleasure at seeing me, and they said they would do all in their power to give me pleasure. And as I sat at table, there came in the messenger of the Rath of Antwerp, who presented me with four tankards of wine in the name of the magistrates; and he said that they desired to honor me with this, and that I should have their good-will. . . . And for a long time we were very merry together, until quite late in the night; then they accompanied us home with torches in the most honorable manner, and they begged us to accept their good-will, and said they would do whatever I desired that might be of assistance to me.”



SAINT GEORGE AND THE DRAGON. (FROM A WOOD-ENGRAVING BY ALBERT DÜRER.)

While at Antwerp, Dürer met many notable people, and painted some portraits; he also sold many engravings,—all of which business matters are recorded in his journal. The Portuguese consul sent a large quantity of sweetmeats and a green parrot to Agnes Dürer, and her husband in return presented the consul with several score

of engravings. It would be a curious thing to know where these prints are now, and we wonder how much the consul then prized what would now be of such great value. Dürer went to Brussels with Tomasin Florianus, and was there entertained with great honors, being well received by the Regent Margaret, who promised to interest herself in his behalf at the imperial court. Of this visit he wrote: —

“And I have seen King Charles's house at Brussels, with its fountains, labyrinth, and park. It gave me the greatest pleasure; and a more delightful thing, and more like a paradise, I have never before seen. . . . At Brussels there is a town hall, built of hewn stone, with a splendid transparent tower. . . . I also have been into the Nassau house, which is built in such a costly style and so beautifully ornamented. And I saw the two beautiful large rooms, and all the costly things in the house everywhere, and also the great bed in which fifty men might lie; and I have also seen the big stone which fell in a thunder-storm in a field. . . . Also I have seen the thing which has been brought to the King from the new Golden Land (Mexico), — a sun of gold a fathom broad, and a silver moon just as big. Likewise, two rooms full of armor; likewise, all kinds of arms, harness, and wonderful missiles, very strange clothing, bed-gear, and all kind of the most wonderful things for man's use, that are as beautiful to behold as they are wonderful. These things are all so costly, that they have been valued at one hundred thousand gulden. And I have never, in all the days of my life, seen anything that has so much rejoiced my heart as these things. For I have seen among them wonderfully artistic things, and I have wondered at the subtle talents of men in foreign lands.”

I must make one more quotation from his journal, which describes a brilliant scene: —

“I saw a great procession from Our Lady's Church at Antwerp, when the whole town was assembled, artisans and people of every rank, every one dressed in the most costly manner according to his station. Every class and every guild had its badge, by which it might be recognized; large and costly tapers were also borne by some of them. There were also long silver trumpets of the old Frankish fashion. There were also many German pipers and drummers, who piped and drummed their loudest. Also I saw in the street, marching in a line in regular order with certain distances between, the goldsmiths, painters, stone-masons, embroiderers, sculptors, joiners, carpenters, sailors, fish-mongers, . . . and all kinds of artisans who are useful in producing the necessities of life. In the same way

there were the shopkeepers and merchants, and their clerks. After these came the marksmen, with firelocks, bows, and cross-bows; some on horseback, and some on foot. After that came the City Guards; and at last a mighty and beautiful throng of different nations and religious orders, superbly costumed, and each distinguished from the other very piously. I remarked in this procession a troop of widows, who lived by their labor. They all had white linen cloths covering their heads, and reaching down to their feet, very seemly to behold. Behind them I saw many brave persons, and the canons of Our Lady's Church, with all the clergy and bursars.¹ . . . There were brought along many wagons, with moving ships, and other things. Then followed the Prophets, all in order; the New Testament, showing the Salutation of the angel; the three Holy Kings on their camels, and other rare wonders very beautifully arranged. . . . At the last came a great dragon, led by Saint Margaret and her maidens, who were very pretty; also Saint George, with his squire, a very handsome Courlander.² Also a great many boys and girls, dressed in the most costly and ornamental manner according to the fashion of different countries, rode in this troop, and represented as many saints. This procession from beginning to end was more than two hours passing by our house; and there were so many things that I could never write them all down, even in a book, and so I leave it alone."

It is very curious to note how much the grand processions of three hundred and fifty years ago in Antwerp resembled those we see now on great occasions there.

Dürer went to Aix-la-Chapelle and witnessed the coronation of the Emperor Charles V., and saw all the relics and the wonders of this capital of Charlemagne. He next visited Cologne; and at last, in November, he succeeded in attaining the object for which, first of all, he had made his journey,—the confirmation by the Emperor of the pension which Maximilian had granted him, and also his appointment as court-painter. He returned to Antwerp and made several other excursions, one of which was to Zealand, a province of Holland bordering on the North Sea, to see a whale that had been stranded on the coast; but before Dürer reached the place the tide had carried the huge creature to sea again.

¹ "Bursars" were treasurers or cash-keepers of colleges or convents.

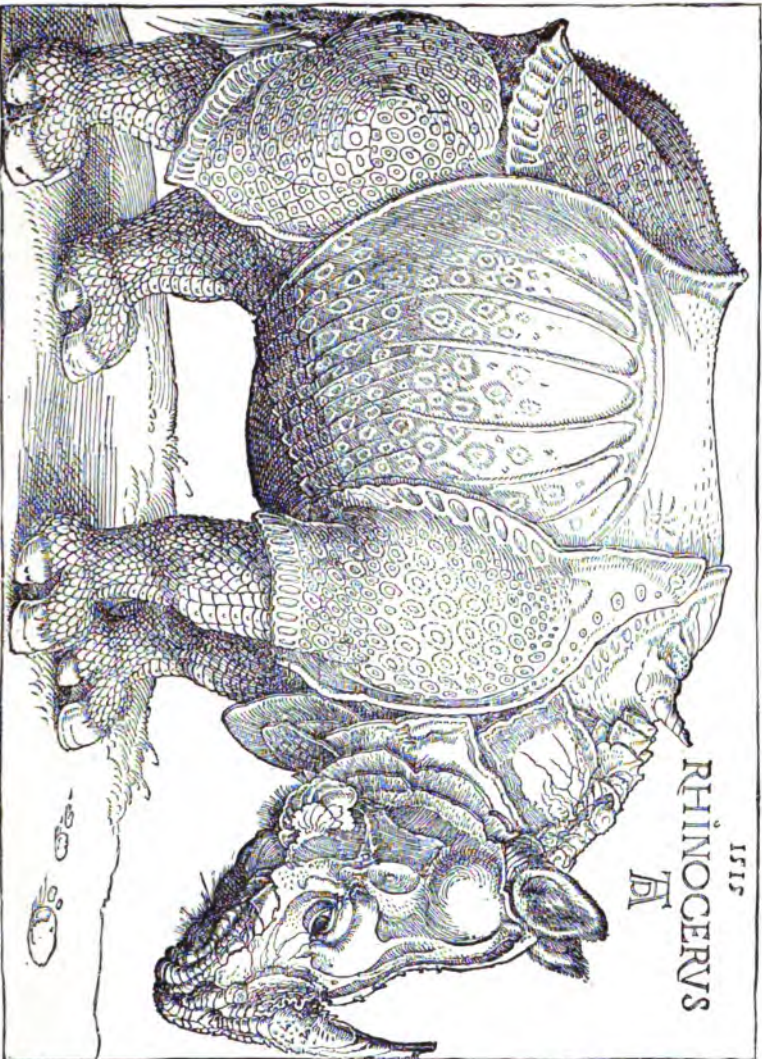
² Courland is one of the Baltic provinces of Russia, largely inhabited by Germans.

And so the journal continues to give accounts of sight-seeings and pleasurings, of presents given and received, interrupted at times by some work at his profession, until finally he returned to Nuremberg late in the year 1521.

Two very famous men had died while he was travelling,—Martin Luther and Raphael. Dürer tried hard to get some drawings by the great artist, but we do not know if he succeeded. The notes in his journal at the time of Luther's death are very interesting, and prove that he had much sympathy with Protestants, although it is believed that he remained a Roman Catholic all his life. He wrote : —

“He was a man enlightened by the Holy Ghost, and a follower of the true Christian faith. He has suffered much for Christ's sake, and because he has rebuked the unchristian papacy which strives against the freedom of Christ with its heavy burdens of human laws; . . . never were any people so horribly burdened with ordinances as us poor people by the Romish see; . . . O God, is Luther dead? who will henceforth explain to us so clearly the Holy Gospel? O all pious Christian men, bewail with me this God-inspired man, and pray God to send us another enlightened teacher.”

When Dürer reached home he found that a great religious change had occurred there, and during the rest of his life he made no more pictures of the Virgin Mary; he made two engravings of Saint Christopher bearing the child Jesus safely through the floods, as symbols of his belief that faithful men would carry true Christianity through all troubles and bring it out triumphant at last. Nuremberg was the first free imperial city of the Empire that declared itself Protestant; Dürer's friend, Pirkheimer, was one of those whom the Pope excommunicated. It is most fortunate that the change of religion in this grand old town was made so quietly and moderately that there was no destruction of the churches or of the art-treasures in which it was so rich. Many of them remain there to this day.



THE RHINOCEROS. (FROM A WOOD-ENGRAVING BY ALBERT DÜRER.)

Dürer had contracted a disease in Zealand, which seems to have been a sort of low fever; it undermined his health, never leaving him for the rest of his life, and on this account he did far less work than ever before. He however paid much attention to the publishing of his writings, and made a few portraits and the grand pictures of the Apostles which I have described.

One of the results of his foreign tour afforded much entertainment to his friends and to the scholars of Nuremberg: he had brought home a remarkable collection of curiosities, — all sorts of rare things from various parts of Europe, India, and even from America. He also gave to his friends many presents that he had brought for them; and his return, with his commission as court-painter and an enormous amount of curious luggage, made him a person of much consequence in the Franconian capital. Charles V. spent very little time in Nuremberg, and practically required small service from Dürer; it was not until after Dürer died that the Emperor became so fond of having his portrait painted, and then Titian held the position which had been made vacant by Dürer's death.

Dürer did not become rich, as an extract from a letter which he wrote to the Council of Nuremberg, in 1524, touched with a tone of sadness, fully explains. After telling them that he had laid by one thousand florins, which he wished the Council to take and pay him a comfortable rate of interest on, he says: —

“Your Wisdoms know that I have always been obedient, willing, and diligent in all things done for your Wisdoms and for the common state, and for other persons of the Rath (Council), and that the state has always had my help, art, and work, whenever they were needed, and that without payment rather than for money; for I can write with truth, that, during the thirty years that I have had a house in this town, I have not had five hundred guildens' worth of work from it, and what I have had has been poor and mean, and I have not gained the fifth part for it that it was worth; but all that I have earned, which God knows has only been by hard toil, has been from princes, lords, and other foreign persons. Also, I have expended all my earnings from foreigners in this town. Also, your

Honors doubtless know that, on account of the many works I had done for him, the late Emperor Maximilian, of praiseworthy memory, out of his own imperial liberality, granted me an exemption from the rates and taxes of this town, which, however, I voluntarily gave up when I was spoken to about it by the Elders of the Rath, in order to show honor to my Lords, and to maintain their favor and uphold their customs and justice.

“Nineteen years ago the Doge of Venice wrote to me, offering me two hundred ducats a year if I would live in that city. More lately the Rath of Antwerp, while I remained in the Low Countries, also made me an offer,—three hundred florins of Philippe a year, and a fair mansion to live in. In both places all that I did for the government would have been paid over and above the pension. All of which, out of my love for my honorable and wise Lords, for this town, and for my fatherland, I refused, and chose rather to live simply, near your Wisdoms, than to be rich and great in any other place. It is, therefore, my dutiful request to your Lordships that you will take all these things into your favorable consideration, and accept these thousand florins, and grant me a yearly interest upon them of fifty florins, so that I and my wife, who are daily growing old, weak, and incapable, may have a moderate provision against want. And I will ever do my utmost to deserve your noble Wisdoms’ favor and approbation as heretofore.”

The Council granted his request; but after his death they reduced the interest to forty florins a year, although in 1526 Dürer had presented to them his splendid panels of the Apostles. This meanness in money matters toward the great artist almost reconciles us to the fact that these pictures were taken away to Munich.

Dürer died suddenly at last, on the 6th of April, 1528, exactly eight years from the day on which Raphael had died. He was buried in the church-yard of Saint John, beyond the walls, in the lot of his father-in-law Hans Frey. This church-yard is of great interest; the aristocrats of Nuremberg have been buried there during many years. It has thirty-five hundred gravestones, all of which are numbered; and nearly all are decorated with coats-of-arms and such devices as show the importance of those buried here. Dürer’s monument bears this simple inscription, written by his friend Pirkheimer:—

"ME. AL. DU. QUICQUID ALBERTI DÜRERI MORTALE FUT, SUB HOC CONDITUR TUMULO. EMIGRAVIT VIII. IDUS APRILIS, MDXXVIII. A. D."

Which may be translated, —

"In memory of Albert Dürer. Whatever was mortal of Albert Dürer is laid under this stone. He departed the eighth day before the Ides of April, in the year of our Lord 1528."

It is said that Raphael, when he had studied Dürer's engravings, exclaimed, —

"Of a truth this man would have surpassed us all if he had had the masterpieces of art constantly before his eyes, as we have."

And John Andreas wrote of him : —

"It is very surprising, in regard to that man, that in a rude and barbarous age he was the first of the Germans who not only arrived at an exact imitation of Nature, but has likewise left no second; being so absolutely a master of it in all its parts, — in etching, engraving, statuary, architecture, optics, symmetry, and the rest, — that he had no equal except Michael Angelo Buonarotti, his contemporary and rival; and he left behind him such works as were too much for the life of one man."

On Easter Sunday in 1828, three hundred years after his death, there was a tribute paid to his memory; and a great procession of artists and scholars from all parts of Germany was formed in Nuremberg, which moved out to the church-yard of Saint John, where they sang such hymns above the grave of the artist as he loved to hear in his life. There can be nothing more appropriate with which to close our study of Albert Dürer than the poem of our own poet, Longfellow :¹ —

In the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad meadow-lands
Rise the blue Franconian mountains, Nuremberg the ancient stands.

Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and song,
Memories haunt thy pointed gables, like the rooks that round them throng, —

¹ These stanzas from Longfellow's poem are here printed by the kind permission of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

Memories of the Middle Ages, when the emperors, rough and bold,
Had their dwelling in thy castle, time-defying, centuries old ;

And thy brave and thrifty burghers boasted, in their uncouth rhyme,
That their great, imperial city stretched its hand through every clime.

In the court-yard of the castle, bound with many an iron band,
Stands the mighty linden planted by Queen Cunigunde's hand ;

On the square the oriel window, where in old, heroic days
Sat the poet Melchior singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.

Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous world of Art, —
Fountains wrought with richest sculpture standing in the common mart ;

And above cathedral doorways saints and bishops carved in stone,
By a former age commissioned as apostles to our own.

In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his holy dust,
And in bronze the Twelve Apostles guard from age to age their trust ;

In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix of sculpture rare,
Like the foamy sheaf of fountains, rising through the painted air.

Here, when Art was still religion, with a simple, reverent heart,
Lived and labored Albrecht Dürer, the Evangelist of Art ;

Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy hand,
Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the Better Land.

Emigravit is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies ;
Dead he is not, but departed, — for the artist never dies.

SPANISH PAINTING.

THE Spanish school of painting dates about two hundred and fifty years later than the Italian, and one hundred years later than the Flemish school. Thus the Spanish school had its birth just when the Italian school was in its best strength and beauty, and the earliest Spanish painters profited by the study of what had already been done in Italy. As soon as an interest in painting had been awakened in Spain, the Spanish monarchs invited Italian painters to their courts ; they also purchased splendid pictures from artists who never went to Spain, and many of these works could be seen and studied by Spanish painters, who thus had some of the finest master-pieces of the world always before their eyes.

Then, too, many Spanish students went to Italy to study ; and this constant coming of Italians and going of Spaniards — most of whom returned to practise in Spain the art which they had learned far away beyond the Pyrenees and Alps — resulted in the foundation and establishment of the Spanish School of Painting. The chief centres of this school were Toledo, Seville, Valencia, and Madrid ; and after Philip II. made Madrid the capital of Spain, its school of art increased in importance, until, in the time of Philip IV., this city was the metropolis of Spanish art.

The Gallery of Madrid, which is conceded to be the finest collection of pictures in the world, has, of foreign pictures, forty-three by Titian, ten by Raphael, twenty-five by Paul Veronese, thirty-four by Tintoretto, sixty-four by Rubens, a fine collection by Vandyck, and sixty finished works by Teniers. Of the Spanish painters, the gallery

contains sixty-five by Velasquez, forty-six by Murillo, and fifty-eight by Ribera.

When one thinks of all this, it is natural to wonder how such treasures were ever brought together in Spain. The explanation of it is that the great Emperor Charles V. was at the height of his power and wealth just when the painting of Italy had reached its best estate. He ruled over Spain, the Netherlands, Milan, Naples, and Sicily. These countries embraced a large part of the territory of Europe in which art had attained perfection, and the vast riches at his command gave him the power to be the patron of the art of all nations.

As we have already said, Charles V. was the personal friend of Titian, and the possessor of some of the most glorious works of that master ; he also purchased many masterpieces of the best Flemish and Italian painters, and thus made the beginning of the splendid gallery of Madrid. To this, Philip II. and other sovereigns added still other foreign works, while many of the best pictures of the Spanish painters were also placed there. The gallery now contains many works which were formerly distributed in palaces and convents, and were thus almost lost to the world, since they were only seen by the few who were admitted to these places. Ferdinand VII., however, removed many of those which had adorned the palaces and placed them in the gallery ; and when the riches of the monasteries were also added to it, this collection became almost too magnificent for description.

The religious element, as was natural in the time when the Church was all-powerful, was most prominent in Spanish art under the reigns of Charles V. and his successors. With the exception of portraits, there were few pictures of importance that had not a religious meaning.

Spanish painting reached its meridian in the seventeenth century. The most interesting Spanish artists, about twelve in number, all died

between the years 1586 and 1682 ; and after that time no great painter arose to replace those who had gone, or to add new lustre to the Spanish School.

LUIS DE MORALES

was one of the earliest of this twelve. He was born in Badajoz¹ in 1509, and died in 1586. He was the first Spanish painter who acquired a reputation outside of his own country. His subjects were all religious, and he was called *El Divino*, or "the divine," on account of the devotional element in his works. He painted on panels and finished his pictures with great care. His works are not numerous in Spain, and but few of them are seen elsewhere. There are good specimens in the Louvre, in the Dresden Gallery, and at the Hermitage, in St. Petersburg. He belonged to the Castilian school and studied at Toledo.

When Morales was fifty-five years old, Philip II. invited him to court. When he appeared before the king he wore so magnificent a costume that Philip was angry, and ordered a sum of money to be paid the artist and a dismissal to be sent him at the same time. This was a dreadful blow to Morales ; and when he explained that he had spent nearly all that he had in order to appear before his sovereign in a dress which befitted the dignity of the king, he was pardoned, and commissioned to paint one picture. This, however, was not hung in the Escorial,² which so mortified Morales that he forsook his art and fell into great poverty.

In 1581 Philip visited Badajoz and saw Morales in a very different dress from that which he had worn at court.

"Morales, you are very old," said the king.

¹ Pronounced *Bad-a-hos*.

² A famous Spanish palace, about twenty-four miles from Madrid, built by Philip II.

“Yes, sire, and very poor,” replied the painter.

Philip then commanded that two hundred ducats of the crown rents of Badajoz should be given each year to the painter to supply him with dinners. Hearing this, Morales exclaimed, —

“And for supper, sire?”

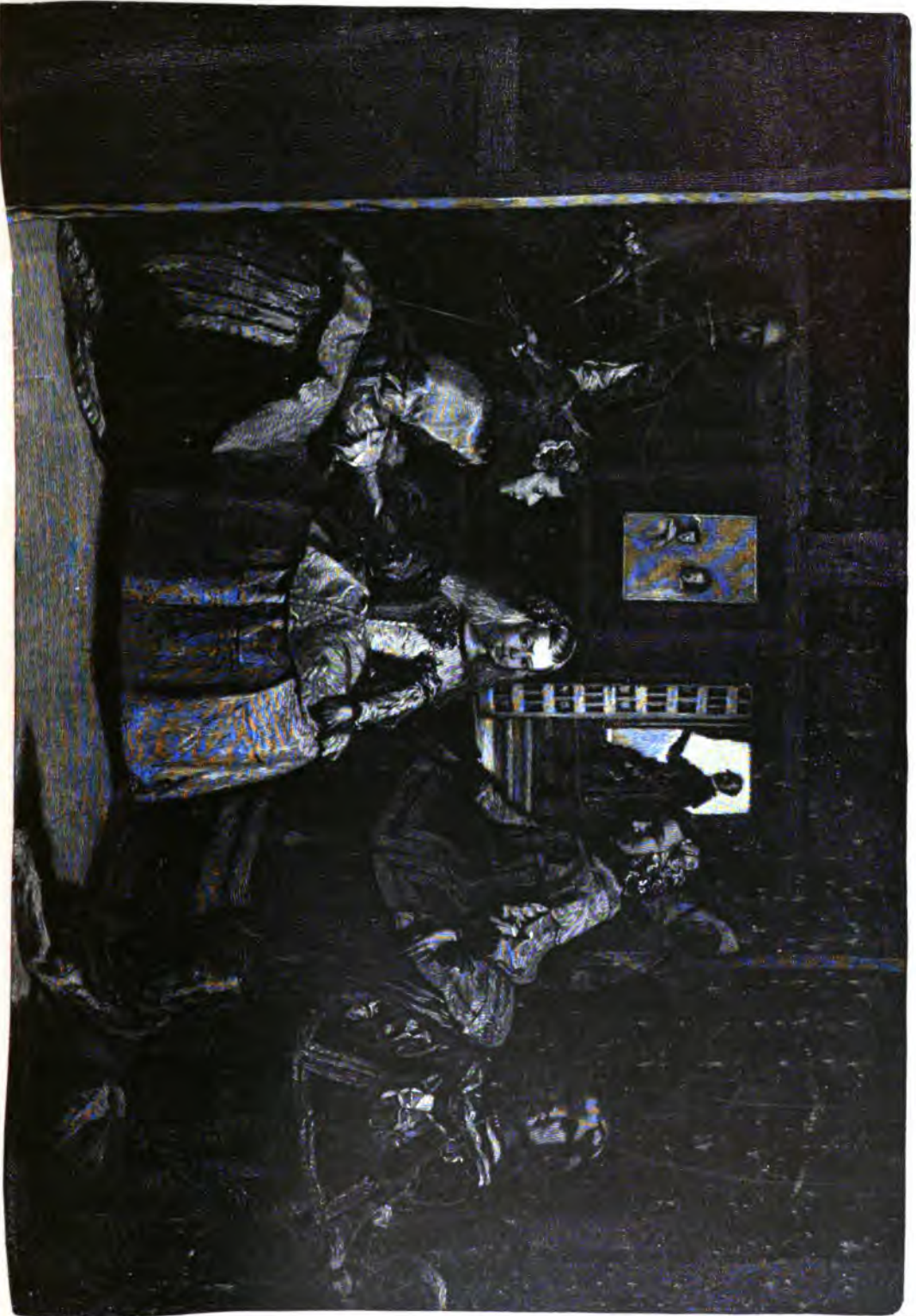
This aptness so pleased the king that he added one hundred ducats to the pension; and these sums gave Morales comfort for the rest of his days. The street in Badajoz in which he lived still bears his name.

JOSE DE RIBERA,

also called Lo Spagnoletto, was born at Xativa in 1588, and died in Naples in 1656. Though he lived many years in Italy, his name and rank are important among the painters of Spain. In the paper on Italian painters I have already told something of this artist and his life in Naples; also of the kindness of a cardinal to him when he was a boy in Rome, and his decision that he needed the spur of poverty to make him a good artist.

Ribera seems, however, to have thought differently about this in later years, for when a rich picture-dealer in Naples offered him his daughter in marriage, the painter accepted her; but he was an industrious artist, though he lived in princely style. Most of Ribera's subjects were painful, and he painted them so naturally that they are often revolting in their representation of horrible suffering, though their great merits show him to have been a very gifted painter. It is pleasant to add that he sometimes painted pictures of a different sort. One of these is in the Madrid Gallery, and represents the “Dream of Jacob.” It has all the strength of his other works, and at the same time a sweetness of sentiment and a tenderness in its handling which prove that Ribera had a better side to his nature. He has represented Jacob stretched on an open plain, sleeping profoundly; on one side a stream

THE MAIDS OF HONOR. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PAINTING BY VELASQUEZ.)



of cloudy, golden brightness extends from earth to heaven, and in this are angels ascending and descending.

Many portraits and other pictures by Ribera are seen in the galleries of Europe. His "Descent from the Cross," which is considered his finest work, is in the church of San Martino, in Naples. Of the large number of his pictures in the Madrid Gallery, many are single heads of saints and apostles on small canvases.

VELASQUEZ.

THIS master is generally called the greatest painter of Spain. His full name is Diego Rodriguez de Silva y Velasquez. He was born in Seville in 1599,—the same year in which Vandyck was born in Antwerp,—and he died in Madrid in 1660; thus his work belongs to the seventeenth century. His parents were of noble blood; his father was of the Portuguese family of De Silva, and a lawyer in Seville; his mother, Geronima Velasquez,—by whose name the artist is known, according to the custom of Andalusia,—was an accomplished woman, and devoted herself to the education of her son. Although Velasquez had a quick mind and could learn easily, he was so fond of drawing that he was unwilling to study other things, and when still very young he was placed in the school of Herrera the Elder. This painter has been called "a clever brute," and Velasquez soon tired of him; but meantime he had acquired a free, bold style of drawing. His second master was Francesco Pacheco, who never became great as a painter, but was a refined and polished gentleman and a writer of some reputation.

Velasquez soon discovered that no master could make him the artist that he desired to be. He determined to devote himself to the study of Nature alone; and working thus, with untiring industry, he became one of the great masters of the world. Until he was twenty-three years old, he devoted himself to representing the low and common life

of the streets ; he painted what he saw just as he saw it, in form, color, and every particular. He is said to have kept a peasant lad as a model, and from him he painted a variety of heads in all sorts of positions and with every possible expression. To this early period belong several pictures of beggar boys which are well known, and the important "Water-carrier of Seville," which is now at Apsley House ; also the "Adoration of the Shepherds," which is in the National Gallery in London.

In 1622 Velasquez went to Madrid for the first time, and there saw the pictures in the Royal Gallery, of which he had heard much from the visitors to the studio of Pacheco. He carried with him letters which enabled him to see the works of art in the capital, but he was not brought to the notice of the king. While in Madrid he painted the portrait of the poet Gongora, and secured the friendship of Fonseca, who was a patron of art, and who later interested the minister Olivarez in the young painter of Seville. As the result of all this, Velasquez was soon summoned to the court, and a purse of fifty ducats was sent him to cover the expenses of his journey.

Meantime he had married the daughter of Pacheco, and when he went to Madrid he was accompanied by his wife, his father-in-law, and his mulatto slave, Juan Pareja, who later became an excellent painter. The first picture painted by Velasquez, after his second arrival at Madrid, was a portrait of Fonseca ; this was shown to the king, who was so well pleased with it that he immediately appointed the artist his court-painter, which position Velasquez held as long as he lived.

The service of Philip IV. perfected Velasquez as a portrait-painter. The king was never weary of sitting for his own portrait ; and those of his queen and his children, in groups and in single pictures, were repeated again and again. Velasquez was always prosperous ; he grew in favor with the king, who afforded him every possible opportunity for improvement and enjoyment. Philip made himself his familiar friend, and was accustomed to visit his studio with as little ceremony as one

gentleman uses with another who is his equal in rank. He would permit no other artist to paint his portrait, and lost no opportunity to show his regard for his favorite painter. He was in the habit also of asking advice from Velasquez concerning the improvement of his capital and the art-collections which he desired to make. Velasquez was also the favorite of the minister Olivarez, and this proves that he must have attended strictly to such matters as concerned himself and his art; for had he ventured to advise the king in other directions, the proud minister would not have been his friend.

At length Velasquez was allowed to visit Italy. He remained there two years, and was treated with the respect which his character and his talents merited. After his return to Madrid, he became more and more necessary to King Philip; he attended the king upon his journeys, and was in the most confidential relations with him. After a time the king sent Velasquez again to Italy to purchase works of art, and gave him full power to buy whatever his judgment approved. As the special agent of the Spanish monarch, and with his fame as a painter, Velasquez became a very important person, and was everywhere received with the highest honors. Pope Innocent X. sat to him for his portrait, as did also several cardinals and Roman princes. He was elected a member of the Academy of St. Luke, at Rome, and formed close friendships with many sculptors and painters.

Upon his return to Madrid, Velasquez was appointed Aposentador Mayor (Grand Marshal of the Royal Apartments) of the king's household, with a salary of three thousand ducats a year. He carried at his belt a key which opened every lock in the palace. The duties of this office required him to superintend all the ceremonies and festivals of the royal household. This was a heavy tax upon his time and strength; but besides this he also fulfilled his part as superintendent of the Gallery of the Escorial, arranged his Italian bronzes and marbles in the halls of the Alcazar, attended to bronze

castings from models which he had brought from Italy, and painted his last great picture, known in Spain as *Les Meniñas*, or "The Maids of Honor." This picture represents the royal family, with the maids of honor, the dwarfs, a sleeping hound, and the artist himself standing before the easel with pencils in hand. Doubtless the great master was very weary of repeating again and again the faces of the king and his children, and the idea came to him to make this picture something more than a portrait. It gives the whole scene precisely as it was, and is thus historical. It represents one moment in the life of all the notable people whom it reproduces exactly as it was passed by them; the faces of the king and queen are seen in a mirror, for the special purpose of the work was thought to be the portrait of the little Infanta, or princess, who is stiffly placed in the centre, with her little maids around her.

Mr. John Hay, in his book called "Castilian Days," says: "The longer you look upon this marvellous painting, the less possible does it seem that it is merely the placing of color on canvas which causes this perfect illusion. It does not seem possible that you are looking at a plane surface. . . . There is space and light in this picture as in any room. If art consists in making a fleeting moment immortal, . . . then it will be hard to find a greater painting than this."

When Philip saw this picture, he said it wanted but one thing; and he took a brush and in the most unskilful manner painted a red cross upon the breast of the portrait of Velasquez. Thus was the artist made a Knight of the Order of Santiago, and the manner in which the knighthood was conferred was the highest compliment ever paid to a painter.

This famous picture is not beautiful. The color is dull, its whole tone being an olive-green gray; the persons represented are not beautiful, — Velasquez is the only graceful figure there. But in spite of

this it has a great power; it is a picture that one cannot turn away from hastily.

The last important act in the life of Velasquez was his superintendence of the ceremonies at the Isle of Pheasants, when the courts of France and Spain met there, and when Louis XIV., accompanied by the queen-mother of France, received the Infanta Maria Teresa for his wife. The splendid ceremonies of the occasion furnished many scenes worthy to be immortalized by the poet or artist, but its preparation was too much for the strength of Velasquez, who was already overworked. He reached Madrid on the 26th of June, and died on the 6th of August. His wife lived but eight days longer, and was buried in the same grave with him. The ceremonies of his funeral were magnificent, and he was buried in the church of San Juan, which was destroyed by the French in 1811.

Velasquez was of a rare and admirable character; he combined sweetness of temper, freedom from jealousy, and power to conciliate, with strength of intellect and will and steadfastness of purpose. He was one of Nature's noblemen, in the full, broad sense of that word. Stirling, in his "Artists of Spain," says of him: "He was the friend of Rubens the most generous, and of Ribera the most jealous, of the brethren of his craft; and he was the friend and protector of Cano and Murillo, who, next to himself, were the greatest painters of Spain. The favorite of Philip IV.,—in fact, his minister for artistic affairs,—he filled this position with a purity and a disinterestedness very uncommon in counsellors of state; and to befriend an artist less fortunate than himself was one of the last acts of his amiable and glorious life." When Velasquez is simply called the greatest painter of Spain full justice is not done him, for he was also the noblest and most commanding man among the artists of his country.

Naturally, from Velasquez' position at court, a large proportion of

his works were portraits of exalted personages. These are in groups, single figures, and equestrian portraits; and frequently the groups were so arranged as to perpetuate the memory of historical events. He also painted landscapes which have been favorably compared with those of Claude Lorraine. Unlike Rubens, who had a certain manner in all his works, Velasquez changed his handling to suit his subject, instead of suiting his subject to his handling; the horses that he painted were as well done as the men who rode them. He may be compared with Teniers as a painter of scenes from common life. "His fruit-pieces equal those of Sanchez Cotan or Van Kessel; and his dogs might do battle with the dogs of Snyders."

In the Gallery of Madrid there is no separate portrait of Velasquez, though there are such at Florence, Munich, and Paris; that in the "Maids of Honor," painted in 1656, is the latest and most authentic one; another, painted ten years earlier, is in the historical picture of the "Surrender of Breda," which was his greatest work of this kind. In the centre of the picture the governor of the conquered city delivers the keys to the great Spinola, while the Spanish and Flemish soldiers are on either side. The landscape of this painting, which is a broad scene in the Netherlands, would make an admirable picture were there no figures in it.

The pictures by Velasquez number two hundred and nineteen; they are seen in all the important galleries of Europe, though the finest collection is at Madrid. His works are very rarely sold, and when they do change owners, enormous prices are paid for them.

I cannot conclude this account of Velasquez in more fitting words than these from Mrs. Jameson:—

"There is something in the history of this painter which fills the imagination like a gorgeous romance. In the very sound of his name—Don Diego Rodriguez Velasquez de Silva—there is something mouth-filling and magnificent. When we read of his fine chivalrous qualities, his noble birth, his riches, his palaces, his

orders of knighthood, and, what is most rare, the warm, real, steady friendship of a King, and added to this a long life, crowned with genius, felicity, and fame,—it seems almost beyond the lot of humanity. I know of nothing to be compared with it but the history of Rubens, his friend and contemporary, whom he resembled in character and fortune, and in that union of rare talents with practical good sense which insures success in life.”

MURILLO.

BARTOLOMÉ ESTEVAN MURILLO was the son of Gaspar Estevan and Maria Perez, and was called Murillo for his grandmother on his mother's side, as it was a custom in that section of Spain known as Andalusia to give children the family names of the mother's immediate or more remote ancestors. Murillo was born at Seville during the last days of the year 1617, and was baptized on New Year's Day, 1618. Thus he was eighteen years younger than Velasquez, whom he outlived twenty-two years. He died in Seville, in 1682.

It has been said that the family of Murillo was once rich, though this was not the case when he was born. But though his parents were poor, they were respectably connected, and decided, when their son was still a child, to educate him for the Church. This proved to be impossible; for when sent to school, he so neglected his books that he scarcely learned to read or write, though he could draw such pictures as showed that Nature had made him an artist. Fortunately for the child, his uncle Juan de Castillo was one of the leading painters of Seville, and was only too happy to teach his nephew the pure and dignified art which he himself practised. The aptness and industry of the boy soon made him a favorite pupil; and Castillo carefully taught him to prepare his canvas and his colors, and to do many things then necessary for an artist to know, but which are now done for them by other workmen.

Murillo's earliest pictures represented fruit, game, and various utensils; but before he left Castillo's studio he painted two Madonnas, which are still preserved in Seville. About 1640 Castillo removed to Cadiz, and Murillo was left penniless and alone; for his parents were probably dead, as nothing more is known of them, and the young artist seems to have had no assistance from any source.

In some respects the customs of the artists of Seville resembled those of the Greeks, who placed their pictures on exhibition in public places, where they could overhear the opinions expressed by those who saw them. It sometimes happened that a good work thus exposed brought an artist speedily to public notice; and in Seville the patronage of a wealthy noble, or of a cathedral chapter, might be gained in this way. The weekly market of Seville, called the *Feria*, was held in front of the Church of All Saints. It was attended by hundreds of people of all conditions, from gypsies and country rustics to monks and well-to-do citizens. To the *Feria* flocked the poor artists, displaying their works, and, with brushes in hand, changing them to please the taste of chance customers, and receiving orders for still other pictures. Here Murillo worked about two years, and having painted a great number of Madonnas, banners, flower-pieces, and the like, he sold them all to a ship-owner to be sent to Mexico or South America, and started for Madrid, filled with a desire to see better pictures than existed in Seville.

Doubtless this determination to travel had largely grown from hearing the tales told by Pedro de Moya, who had been his fellow-pupil under Castillo, but afterward had joined the Spanish infantry. After campaigning in Flanders, Moya had gone to London, and continued his art-studies under Vandyck. He never wearied of telling Murillo of all the wondrous pictures he had seen, and at last the latter could no longer endure the narrow boundaries of Seville and the dreadful drudgery of the *Feria*. He went on foot across



BEGGAR-BOYS AT PLAY. (PAINTED BY MURILLO.)

the grand old Sierras to Madrid, and arrived there without money or friends; but he had heard much of Velasquez, who was a Sevillian like himself, and a favorite with the Spanish monarch. To this great man Murillo made his way, and asked for his advice and letters to his friends in Rome,—for to that city the young painter wished to go. We can fancy the interview,—the young man all enthusiasm, and ready to brave every hardship to see the world and rise in his art; the elder one more calm, and knowing how slowly one should make haste, yet interested from the first in his young countryman. They talked long and freely. Velasquez wished to hear of all that was being done in Seville, and Murillo opened his heart to the kind and patient listener he had found. The result was that Velasquez took the youth to his own house, and gave him freedom to study in the galleries of Madrid.

In these galleries, therefore, Murillo worked early and late during almost three years. Velasquez was frequently absent on journeys with the king; but when he was in Madrid he freely gave his advice and assistance to the zealous pupil, and when the copies reached a certain excellence, he generously brought them and their author to the notice of the sovereign.

At length Velasquez thought the time had come for Murillo to go to Rome, and offered him assistance for the journey. But Murillo had determined to return to Seville; and in 1645 he settled himself there, never leaving it again for any considerable time. The city of Seville had formerly been the capital of Spain, and was rich in historical associations, architectural beauties, and treasures of many kinds. There were a hundred and sixty towers upon the old Saracenic walls of the city; the fair Guadalquivir was here bordered by gardens yielding luscious fruits, gorgeous flowers, and rich perfumes; the Moorish mosques were converted into churches, and upon one hundred and forty altars incense was ever burning. In Murillo's time

Seville was the richest city under the Spanish rule; and the Duke of Alcalá, who had great wealth, and was himself a scholar and painter as well as a soldier, made his palace a home for those who loved art and letters.

The Franciscan monks of Seville had a fine convent ornamented with three hundred marble columns, and about the time of Murillo's return to his native city they had collected a sum of money for the decoration of its minor cloister. The price they offered for the work was too small to tempt such artists as had made their reputations, but it proved the key to fame and fortune to Murillo, who undertook the work. He painted eleven pictures, which occupied almost three years' time; but when they were completed, he held the first place among the artists of Seville. Nobles strove with one another for his pictures, and desired to have their portraits from his hand, while monks and priests overwhelmed him with orders for altar-pieces. For one hundred and seventy years these pictures were the pride of Seville, until Marshal Soult carried all but one of them beyond the Pyrenees and scattered them throughout Europe. It makes this Marshal of France no less a robber that the result of this sacrilege was a blessing; for soon after he had stolen these paintings the convent was burned.

Not long after the painting of these Franciscan pictures, Murillo was married to a maiden of Pilas. He was painting an altar-piece in this village, when he first saw Doña Beatriz de Cabrera y Sotomayor. She was of a high family, and had a fortune; and from the time of their marriage Murillo's house was one of the most agreeable in Seville, and his position in society was elevated and secured by the associations and influence of his wife as it could have been by no patronage or friendships. Thenceforth the domestic life of the great painter was peaceful and happy, and the management of his household was dignified and prudent. History does not give

us any special account of Doña Beatriz, neither is there any picture which is known to be her portrait; but a resemblance in the faces of several of Murillo's Madonnas indicates that they were painted from one model, and this has led to the belief that they preserve the likeness of his wife. It is certain that his sons, Gaspar and Gabriel, were models for his pictures of the Infant Jesus and Saint John; and it is said that some of his most beautiful representations of the Virgin were portraits of his daughter Francesca.

From the time of his marriage, the history of his pictures made the story of his life, which was varied only by his association with the Academy of Seville. But what a volume could his pictures tell of thought and of work, numbering, as they do, three hundred and eighty! How many days and hours of intense labor do they represent, and what a noble monument they are to his genius and his industry! It is probable, too, that since his death more money has been paid for one picture by him than he received for the entire work of his life. One hundred and twenty thousand dollars were paid for Murillo's painting called "The Immaculate Conception," now in the Louvre. It was bought from the Soult collection; and at the time of its sale this was believed to be the largest price ever paid for a single picture.

Murillo painted in three distinct manners, and it is customary to divide his career as an artist into periods agreeing with his change of style in the treatment of his subjects. His first manner is called *frio*, or cold, and extended to about 1649. A study of his pictures gives the impression that during this period he was more or less influenced by the styles of the various masters whose works he had copied, and was in reality establishing a method of his own. This he soon did; for his artistic powers were too strong to allow him to remain an imitator, even of the best painters of the world.

His second manner, called *cálido*, or warm, extended over about

twenty years, and was never entirely given up; for after he adopted his third manner, called *vaporoso*, or vapory, he still painted pictures like those of his second period. For this reason there is a marked difference in the works of his later years; and some critics insist that his three methods should not be attributed to different periods of time, saying rather that he used them for different subjects,—that is, the cold, or *frio*, for gypsies and beggar-boys; the warm, or *cálido*, for saints; and the vapory, or *vaporoso*, for religious subjects. But it is more intelligible to follow the usual method and speak of the different periods when each style seems to have ruled his work for the time.

The most important pictures of his first period were those of the Franciscan convent; but the studies of beggar-boys, which belonged to this time, are very celebrated works. It is a curious fact that not one of these treasures remains in Spain, though they are seen in galleries in various other countries of Europe. Nothing can be truer to nature than these pictures of Spanish boys; they are marvellous in design and execution. To this earliest period, also, belongs the portrait of the artist which is most admired; Murillo kept it as long as he lived, and it then remained in his family. It is now in the Louvre, and several engravings have been made from it; it is so painted that it appears to be drawn on one stone slab which rests on a second slab, on which Murillo's name is inscribed.

After the first period in his painting, Murillo's art was almost entirely devoted to representations of religious subjects; he was the painter of the Church as truly as Velasquez was the painter of the court; indeed, some writer has called Velasquez the painter of Earth, and Murillo of Heaven.

At the beginning of Murillo's second period, his fame was so great that he could not accept all the orders that were given him. Large, grand works were rapidly sent out from his studio, to be the pride

of churches and convents. A remarkable picture in his second, or "warm," style was "The Infant Christ appearing to Saint Anthony of Padua." The divine Child is represented as descending in a flood of glory, surrounded by a band of cherubs. The saint, who is kneeling, regards the vision with a rapturous expression, and stretches his arms toward it. On a table at the side is a vase of white lilies, and we are told that birds have been known to peck at them as they did at the grapes painted by Zeuxis.

It is said that the Duke of Wellington offered the canons of the Seville cathedral as many gold pieces as could be laid upon the two hundred and twenty-five square feet of this picture, if they would sell it, which would have amounted to two hundred and forty thousand dollars; but this did not tempt the chapter of the cathedral to part with their gem. In 1874 the figure of Saint Anthony was cut out of this picture and brought to America. It was offered for sale to Mr. Schaus, of New York, by two men; he bought it for two hundred and fifty dollars, and through the Spanish consul it was restored to Seville and replaced in the picture.

A picture of "Saint Thomas of Villanueva distributing Alms," now in the Museum of Seville, is thought by some to be the best work by Murillo; others prefer *El Tinoso*, or "Queen Elizabeth of Hungary washing the Head of a Leprous Boy." This is in the Academy of Saint Fernando of Madrid. These titles give an idea of one kind of subject of which this great master painted many pictures. He received commissions for them from hospitals and religious brotherhoods, that placed them where they would teach charity and good works to the hundreds who saw them. Few of these now remain in their original places, but they are the gems of the various galleries to which they belong, that of Seville being richer than all others in the works of Murillo.

Murillo had always cherished a wish to have an Academy of Art

in his native city, but one circumstance after another had made it impossible to establish one. In 1658, however, he had overcome the opposition which certain prominent artists had made to it, and was happy in seeing that his wishes would soon be realized. He used all his influence, and worked hard to make the necessary plans and arrangements; and on New Year's Day, 1660, when he was forty-two years old, the first class in this Academy met, Murillo being at its head. He remained in this responsible position two years, during which time a constitution had been adopted and such rules made as assured its success. From this time Murillo was less prominent in the Academy, but he never lost his interest in it, for through its aid he hoped that young artists would escape such hardships as he had suffered in his youth, and would be properly instructed in a worthy school.

We cannot trace Murillo's work step by step. His fame became so great that an envoy was sent from Madrid to ask him to enter the royal service. He declined this honor; but some of his works had been sent to the capital, and had there won for him the admiration of Italians as well as of his own countrymen. He was called a second Paul Veronese. During his later life he lived in much comfort in a beautiful house near the Moorish wall of the city, not far from the church of Santa Cruz. This house is still preserved, and can be visited by travellers; it was here that he died.

Murillo's life had always been pure and good, and in his later years he became very devout in his religion; he spent much time in prayer, and would often remain in church from midday to twilight,—forgetting all the outer world with its cares and labors. He was also very charitable, and gave away so much that when he died he had but seventy crowns in money. He painted his splendid pictures of saints and beggars to earn money to give to the living poor and worthy ones who were always about him. His life

seemed to be a complete illustration of the words which were placed upon his tombstone: "Live as one who is about to die."

When we understand that this was his habit of life and thought, we can see why the pictures that he painted during the last twelve years of his life had such a religious influence upon people, and seemed to be so full of the spirit of the subjects he painted. These great works were done for the Hospital of St. George, called La Caridad, and for the Capuchin Church just beyond the walls of Seville. Even in the present time La Caridad is a great blessing to the poor. The inscription above its entrance says: "This house will stand as long as God shall be feared in it, and Jesus Christ be served in the persons of His poor. Whoever enters here must leave at the door both avarice and pride." There is still in the archives of this hospital an autograph letter from Murillo, in which he asks to be admitted a member of the brotherhood that bore the cares of this house.

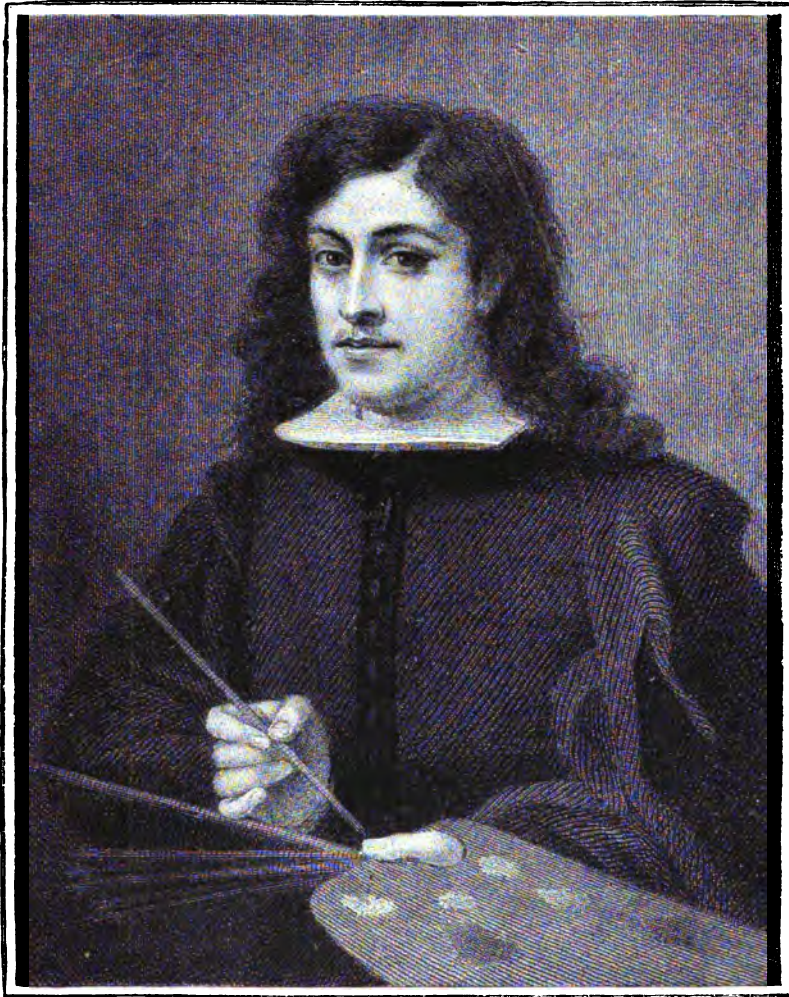
The eight pictures he painted here include the noblest of his works. Three only of them remain in their places, the others having been stolen by Marshal Soult. Two of the three represent "Moses Striking the Rock" and the "Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes."

The pictures which were carried away were the "Queen Elizabeth of Hungary washing the Head of a Leprous Boy," "Abraham receiving the Angels," "The Prodigal's Return," "The Healing of the Paralytic," and "The Release of Saint Peter." The "Queen Elizabeth," now in the Madrid Gallery, shows that saintly sovereign in her crown and veil, surrounded by diseased beggars and the brilliant ladies of her court, who watch the queen while she cares for the suffering boy with her own hands. Few pictures in the world have been praised as this has been. It has been said that the boy is worthy of the brush of Paul Veronese; an old woman near by, of that of Velasquez; and the queen herself, of that of Vandyck. The

next three works in the above list were sold by Marshal Soult to the Duke of Sutherland, and are now in Stafford House, London. "The Healing of the Paralytic" is also owned in London, and Soult received thirty-two thousand dollars for it.

When painting the pictures for the Capuchins, Murillo dwelt in their convent nearly three years, it is said, without once leaving it. He painted for these monks twenty pictures with life-size figures, and several smaller works. Seventeen of these are now in the Museum of Seville; for the monks had the wisdom to send their pictures to Cadiz for safe-keeping, before the "Plunder-master-general of Napoleon," as Soult has been called, could reach them. When the French wars were ended, the pictures were returned to Seville. I cannot speak of them separately, but will say that the Madonna called *La Virgen de la Servilleta*, or "The Virgin of the Napkin," now in the Museum, has this pretty story connected with it. The legend is that the cook of the convent grew very fond of Murillo during his long service to the artist, and when the time came for them to be separated, the cook begged the painter for a keepsake. The painter said he had no canvas left; the cook quickly gave him a napkin, and asked him to use that; with his usual good-nature Murillo assented, and soon painted this picture, which is now one of the famous art-treasures of the world. It is not large, and represents the Virgin with the Child Jesus, who leans forward, almost out of the picture, as if to welcome any one who approaches it. It has a brilliant color, and so affects one that it is not easy to turn away from it.

During the later years of his life Murillo painted many other important works, most of them in the *vaporoso* style. He also painted two portraits of himself. One of these has a careworn, weary look; the other, in which he holds a crayon in one hand, and a drawing in the other, has a happier face.



MURILLO. (FROM A PORTRAIT PAINTED BY HIMSELF.)

Six years before his death Murillo saw his only daughter, Francesca, bid farewell to the world, and enter a convent. It is said that he had represented her face more than once in the pictures of the Madonna. His son Gaspar was a canon at Seville; and Gabriel, also a priest, had gone to America, where all traces of him were lost. Gabriel was a good painter, and imitated the style of his father, but made no reputation as an artist.

So it happened that in his last days Murillo was left alone with his art and his religion to a quiet, peaceful life, interrupted only by orders for new pictures, and occasional honorable reminders that his fame was growing greater and extending itself more and more. When his end came, he was employed on an altar-piece for the cathedral of Cadiz. While on a scaffolding before this picture, he fell and so injured himself that he lived but a short time. He made his will, but grew worse so rapidly that he could not sign it; and he died in the arms of his friends, with his son Gaspar by his side.

His funeral was attended with great pomp. Two marquises and four knights bore his bier, and a procession of true mourners followed him to his grave. He had requested that he might be buried in a chapel of the church of Santa Cruz, beneath Campaña's picture of the "Descent from the Cross,"—a spot where in life he had often knelt to pray. The French destroyed this church, but the tablet which is placed in a wall near by points out the place of Murillo's burial. In the Plaza del Museo, near the museum in which so many of his works now hang, the city of Seville has erected a stately bronze statue of Murillo.

It is a singular fact that both the church of Santa Cruz and that of San Juan, at Madrid, in which Velasquez was buried, should have been destroyed. From this coincidence we are led to think of the very many points of similarity in the characters and lives of these two artists. Each had an admirable character, and each met the

recognition which his virtues merited. As artists, each had a large following of personal friends, and exercised a great influence upon the art of their country. Velasquez was much associated with royal personages, and lived a life which made him prominent among men; and though Murillo put aside a court life by his own choice, he received many flattering acknowledgments of his genius, and was also much considered by those of high rank in the church,—an equal honor in Spain with court prestige.

Another point of resemblance between these two great Spaniards was their desire to help others; for to individuals and to all that led to the advancement of art, they were equally generous and unselfish. It chanced, singularly enough, that their two slaves and color-grinders became painters, and were treated with equal kindness by their owners. The slave of Velasquez was Juan de Pareja, a native of Spanish America. He secretly practised painting, and on one occasion, when King Philip visited the studio of his master, Pareja showed the king a picture which he had finished, and throwing himself on his knees, begged his majesty's pardon for his audacity. Philip and Velasquez treated him with kindness, and gave him his freedom, but he served his master as long as he lived. The works of Pareja are not numerous; a few are seen in the Spanish galleries, and there is one in the Hermitage, in St. Petersburg.

The slave of Murillo was a mulatto, named Sebastian Gomez. He painted in secret until he ventured to finish a head which Murillo had sketched and left on his easel. The master did not resent this freedom, but was happy to have made Gomez an artist. The works of Gomez are full of faults, but their color is much like that of Murillo. He died soon after his master, and but few of his pictures are known.

Another characteristic which Velasquez and Murillo had in common was versatility of talents; for it is true of Murillo, as of Velasquez,

that he painted all sorts of subjects, and his landscapes were inferior to those of no Spanish painter except Velasquez himself. This variety in his art is in danger of being forgotten when we speak of Murillo, because his fame rests so largely upon his religious works. It is none the less true that the few portraits which he painted are above praise, and in England and other countries he was first famous for his beggar-boys and kindred subjects, painted in his early days and in his first manner.

The color of his pictures is remarkable, and his power of representing the beauty of childhood, youth, and womanhood gives him the same place among Spanish painters that Correggio holds among those of Italy. Perhaps, after all, the quality of Murillo which has gained the truest admiration for him is his ability to make the loftiest subjects plain to the uneducated mind. To sum up all, whether we regard him as an artist or as a man, we can use no words but those of praise.

ALONSO CANO.

THIS artist is sometimes called the "Michael Angelo of Spain," because he was an architect, sculptor, and painter. He was born at Granada in 1601, and died in 1667. He studied painting under Pacheco, Herrera the elder, and Castillo, the same masters who instructed Velasquez and Murillo. As a sculptor, Cano was the pupil of Montañes, a famous artist. His architectural work was principally confined to retables, or altar-screens; and these he finished with heavy ornamentation. Some fine architectural drawings from his hand are in the Louvre, and are simple and elegant in style; his versatile talents secured him a high rank among artists.

He had, however, a very turbulent temper, which made others unwilling to interfere with him, as he hesitated at nothing when

angry. In 1637 he fought a duel and fled to Madrid, where Velasquez treated him with great kindness. In 1644 Cano's wife was found murdered in her bed, and he was suspected of the crime; but though he was put to the torture, he made no confession, and was released as an innocent man. He still held his office as one of the painters of the king, was drawing-master to Don Carlos, and had employment on important works; but he decided to give up all these advantages and go to Granada. Here his fiery temper led him into more difficulties; but he was repeatedly employed by wealthy persons and by religious bodies, though he gave away so much money in charity that his purse was often empty. When this was the case, and he wished to do a kindness, he would go into a shop and beg for pen and paper; he would then make a drawing, and mark a price upon it; this he would give to the needy person, with directions as to where a purchaser could be found. Large numbers of these charitable artworks were collected after his death.

He was determined to be well paid for his work; and on one occasion, when he had made an image for an auditor in chancery in Granada, his price was disputed. Cano demanded one hundred doubloons. The auditor asked how much time had been spent in making the image; Cano replied, —

“Some five and twenty days.”

“Ah,” said the auditor, “you demand four doubloons a day!”

“You are wrong,” replied Cano; “for I have spent fifty years in learning to carve such an image in these few days.”

“Very well,” answered the auditor; “I have spent my life in fitting myself for a higher profession than yours, and now am satisfied if I get one doubloon a day.”

At this Cano flew into a passion, exclaiming, —

“A higher profession, indeed! The king can make judges out of the dust of the earth, but God alone can make an Alonso Cano!”

And he dashed the image upon the pavement, where it fell with such force that the auditor ran away as fast as he could, fearing that Cano might throw him down next.

Cano loved sculpture better than painting, and when weary of his brush he often took up his chisel for rest.

Very little can be known of the sculpture of Cano except by going to Spain. It is very beautiful, and some of his work has been compared favorably with that of Benvenuto Cellini. His masterpiece in carving is in the sacristy of the cathedral of Granada, and is a statue of the Virgin, about a foot in height; but wherever his sculpture is seen in the churches of Spain it commands admiration.

There are portraits of Cano in the galleries of Madrid and in the Louvre. His pictures are not numerous, and are mostly in Spain, though a few which were carried off by Soult are seen in other countries. One of his latest works was a Madonna, which now hangs in a chapel of the cathedral of Seville, and is lighted only by votive tapers. It is finished with great care, and is a worthy crown to the many labors of his stormy but benevolent life.¹

FRENCH PAINTERS.

FRENCH art has not so early a date for its beginnings as has that of Italy or Germany, but, like Spanish art, can be traced back to about the middle of the fifteenth century. At first, architecture was more important with the French than either painting or sculpture. Many splendid edifices may still be seen in France which were decorated by artists from Italy or the Netherlands, whom the French sovereigns invited to their courts before they had artists of their own.

NICHOLAS POUSSIN,

who was born at Anderlys in Normandy, in 1594, was the first great French painter. He must, indeed, be said to be partly of the Italian school, for while still quite young he made his way to Rome, in spite of great poverty and many hardships. There he studied, and really formed his style from antique art and the works of Raphael. In spite of many adversities from which he suffered, he made such a reputation in Rome that his fame reached France; and at the request of Louis XIII. he returned to his native country. He was lodged in the Palace of the Tuileries and received many honors. But he longed for Rome, and soon asked leave to go there for his wife, who had remained behind; and as King Louis died shortly after, Poussin never returned to France.

This master was very simple in his tastes and devoted to art. He received more orders for pictures than he could fill, but he was never rich.

CLAUDE LORRAINE,

whose real name was Claude Gelée, was born in the town of Chamagne, in the Duchy of Lorraine, in 1600. There are various accounts of his youth and of the way in which he came to be a painter. We know that his parents were poor and had a large family, and that they died while Claude was still young.

One story is that both his parents died when he was about twelve years old, and that he made his way to Freiburg, beyond the Vosges mountains and the Rhine valley, where his elder brother Jean was settled as an engraver and wood-carver. Claude, who had been a very stupid boy over his books, now showed a true artistic talent; so much so that a relative of his who was a lace-merchant, and on his way to Rome, proposed to take the lad to that great city, where he could learn much more of art than was known in the Black Forest. Jean Gelée consented, and Claude departed on his journey.

Very soon the lace-merchant was forced to leave him, and Claude, a boy of fourteen, found himself alone, with little money and no friends. He began, however, to study the works of art which were about him on every side, and made copies of some paintings. His brother sent him a little money, and he earned what he could by acting as color-grinder in the studios, all the while profiting by the conversations which he there heard, and by watching the manner in which others painted. During his fourth year in Rome his brother was obliged to say that he could send him no more money, and then Claude set out for Naples, where he remained about two years. Here he was in the midst of beauties such as he had not seen, and

was deeply moved by them. In many of his pictures the Bay of Naples is seen, painted always with a loving heart.

About 1620 Claude returned to Rome and entered the service of Agostino Tassi. This artist was a great favorite in Rome, and all the chief men of the city visited him and conversed upon all the important topics and events of that notable time. Claude listened and profited by what he heard, and conducted himself in such a manner that Tassi came to regard him as an adopted son. But all that he learned of painting from Tassi or any other master was of little account in comparison with that which he gained from Nature. Early in the morning, and late at night, — at all times, in season and out of season, — he was accustomed to go forth, beyond the city streets out on the Campagna, where he could study sunlight and starlight, note the changes of the seasons, and become familiar with all the varying features of the landscape.

In 1625 he determined to return to France. He was absent from Rome for more than two years, during which time he met with many sad experiences; he was ill, and was twice robbed of all that he had in the world, so that on his return to Rome he was forced to tarry in Marseilles and earn the money to complete his journey. Meantime he had seen Venice, and studied its scenery and its works of art; he had delighted in the magic coloring of the great Titian, and in the brilliancy which sea and sky take on in that city of the Adriatic.

When he returned to Rome, in 1627, Nicholas Poussin was the leader of the Society of French Artists there, and Claude became one of the circle which felt the influence of that master.

In spite of his close study of Nature, Claude rarely painted a picture that exactly reproduced any one view that he had seen. He used his colors and made sketches out-of-doors, and kept in his studio many of these exact copies of scenery; but he made up his pictures by taking bits here and there from various sketches. He was



"THE SEAPORT WITH THE GREAT TOWER." (AFTER A PAINTING BY CLAUDE LORRAINE.)

accustomed to consult one very large work that he had painted, which represented the country about Villa Madama on Mount Mario. It was finished with great exactness, and had in it nearly every variety of foliage found in Central Italy, so that he could turn to it for models of leaves or trees. Pope Clement IX. wished to buy that picture, and offered Claude as many gold pieces as would cover it; but even for so large a price Claude would not sell it. At length the talents of this master began to be recognized, and slowly and surely he rose to such a position that he could afford a studio on the Pincian Hill, near that of Poussin. Here he worked industriously upon pictures, which were rapidly sold.

At length it happened that the attention of the great Cardinal Bentivoglio, the confidential friend of Pope Urban VIII., was drawn to Claude's pictures. He ordered some works for himself, and when the Pope saw them in the cardinal's palace he summoned Claude to an interview, and asked him to paint four pictures for his own palace; from that hour the fame and fortune of Lorraine advanced from one height to another with no lagging pace. Orders now came to him from sovereigns and those of highest places in Church and State; and soon such value was put upon his works that none but the wealthiest could buy them. His studio was visited by all persons of distinction in Rome; and in 1636, while still a young man, Claude Gelée had reached the very summit of artistic fame.

It was in this year that Claude made his finest etching. The etchings of this artist are about forty-four in number; they are very much valued by collectors, and good impressions are so rare that they are sold for several hundred dollars each.

When Lorraine became the landscape-painter of the world, and his pictures commanded great prices, other artists began to imitate his works as nearly as possible, and to sell them for originals. To remedy this evil, Claude prepared a *Liber Veritatis*, or "Book of

Truth," in which he made outline sketches of every picture that he painted, and wrote upon them the names of the persons for whom they were made and the places to which they were sent. After that, it was easy to detect the counterfeits by reference to these drawings. At the time of his death these sketches numbered more than two hundred. They were preserved for a long time by his heirs, but were at length purchased by a Frenchman who took them to Paris and offered them to the king; his Majesty, however, did not buy them, and they were afterward purchased by an English nobleman, the Duke of Devonshire. There are many other drawings by Claude in existence, and all are regarded as very valuable.

Claude Lorraine lived about sixty years in Rome, devoting all his powers to the pursuit of his beloved art.

There is one anecdote told of him which shows his quiet nature more than any other circumstance of which we know. He had but a single pupil in all his life. This was a poor cripple named Giovanni Domenico. Claude remembered with so much gratitude all that Agostino Tassi had done for him, that he wished to bestow like benefits upon another. Domenico was bright in mind though deformed in body; he learned rapidly, and for twenty-five years remained in Claude's studio, being well known in all the city. When he was forty years old, some of his master's enemies persuaded him to claim that he had executed the best pictures which Claude had sold as his own. Domenico left the master's studio and demanded a salary for all the years he had passed there. It is difficult to imagine the grief this must have caused Claude; he would not, however, contend with one whom he had loved, and he gave Domenico the sum for which he asked. The traitor died soon after, having had no benefit of the fruits of his wickedness. The falsehood of his claim was shown to the world by the fact that Claude painted his best pictures after Domenico had left him.

To describe the celebrated works of this master, or to give an account of the distinguished persons for whom they were painted, would require a volume. Many of these are now in celebrated galleries, and are visited by all travellers. I have said that the prices he received were so large that only the wealthy could own his works; to-day their worth is many times doubled.

Claude Lorraine continued to work to the end of his life. In the collection of Queen Victoria there is a picture painted when he was almost eighty-two years old. A few months after this was completed he suffered an acute attack of gout with much fever, and he died November 21, 1682. In July, 1840, his remains were removed to the French church of San Luigi de' Francisi, near the Pantheon, where the French Government erected a monument to his memory.

Many writers upon art have praised the works of Claude Lorraine. He is called the prince and poet of landscape-painters, and though some imperfections were pointed out from time to time, the testimony was in his praise until within the present century. Some years ago, the English painter Turner declared Lorraine to be a very faulty artist, and presented two of his own landscapes to the National Gallery in London, on condition that they should be hung between two works by Claude. Ruskin has said some severe things of one of those works in his "Modern Painters;" but in spite of Turner and Ruskin, the name of Claude Lorraine stands too high in the world of art to be brought down to any common level.

One of his great excellences was in the representation of immense space; another was his color. He seems first to have used a silvery gray, over which he painted; this gives an effect of atmosphere which is very real, — an effect rarely seen. His architectural works are superb; but he never painted animals or figures well. He was accustomed to say, "I sell my landscapes, but I give away my figures."

Other French painters of the seventeenth century studied in Rome, but neither their lives nor their works were of such interest as to detain us here.

ANTOINE WATTEAU.

THIS artist was born in 1684; and inspired by the picturesque costumes and habits of the court of Louis XIV., he broke away from all former rules of the artists of his country, and made pictures of manners and customs that were distinctly French. From this departure by Watteau may be said to date the true French School of Art.

There is little to be told of the life of Watteau. His importance lies in the fact that he was original and earnest; and while his art was not of the loftiest type, he did his work well, and in a manner which entitles him to a good rank among painters. Many of his pictures represent the *fêtes* and the merry out-of-door life of the court of Louis XIV., and reproduce the manners and costumes of that time with such exactness as to give them an historical value.

As a rule, his canvases are small and crowded with figures. They show ladies and gentlemen loitering in groups in charming garden-temple in the midst of beautiful grounds, dancing on green turf, playing games, or promenading in brilliant costumes on the banks of quiet streams or beneath the branches of the forest trees; all above and around is bright and gay.

His pictures are seen in some of the principal galleries of Europe, and when they are sold they bring large prices.

JEAN BAPTISTE GREUZE

was the next French painter of whom I shall speak. He was born in 1725, and devoted himself chiefly to portrait painting. He excelled in pictures of beautiful women and lovely children. His single heads

of young girls are his finest works, though there is an affected and extravagant air about some of them. His color was always pleasing, and some of his pictures are so finely finished that they look as if painted upon ivory.

A few of Greuze's paintings are known the world over. The "Village Betrothal" is sometimes called his masterpiece; the "Paternal Curse" is a celebrated work, and a favorite one is the "Broken Jug."

Most of the works of this master are in private galleries, but a few are seen in public collections; his pictures sell for fabulous sums.

Among the art-students in Paris in 1770 was a young girl, Marie Louise Elizabeth Vigée, known to us as

MADAME LE BRUN.

SHE was born in Paris in 1755. The father of Elizabeth Vigée was a painter of little importance, but he was a favorite with a large circle of friends; and though he died when his daughter was but twelve years old, he had already so encouraged her talent and so interested people in her as to make her future easy. She had a few lessons from Greuze and others; but she sought to study Nature for herself, and to follow no school or system,—and to this she attributed her success. When but sixteen years old, she was brought to public notice by two portraits which she painted and presented to the French Academy.

At the age of twenty Mademoiselle Vigée married Monsieur Le Brun, who was a careless and unfortunate man, and who spent all that his wife earned. In her memoirs she tells us that when she left France, thirteen years after her marriage, she had not twenty francs, though she had earned more than a million.

Madame Le Brun painted portraits of the most eminent people; and between herself and the Queen, Marie Antoinette, there existed a true

affection. Their intercourse was that of devoted friends. In the great state picture at Versailles, in which Madame Le Brun represented the Queen surrounded by her children, one feels the tender sentiment with which the artist painted her sovereign and friend. The Queen used her influence to have Madame Le Brun elected to the Academy ; Vernet also favored it, and the unusual honor was paid her of an election before her reception-picture was finished. This was a matter of great importance at that time, as only members of the Academy were allowed to exhibit their works at the *salons*, which are now open to all.

Many tales were told of Madame Le Brun's extravagance ; but her own account of an entertainment which she gave, and which was a subject of endless remark, shows how little she merited censure in that instance, at least. She relates that she had invited a number of friends for an evening, to listen to the reading of a poet. In the afternoon, while her brother read to her an account of an ancient Grecian dinner, which even gave the rules for cooking, Madame Le Brun determined upon improvising a Greek supper for her guests. She first instructed her cook as to the preparation of the food, and then she borrowed from a dealer, whom she knew, some cups, vases, and lamps, and arranged her studio with the effect which only an artist knows how to make.

Among her guests were to be several very pretty ladies, and they were persuaded to wear costumes as much like those of the old Greeks as was possible in the short time for preparation. Madame Le Brun wore the white blouse in which she always painted, and added a veil and crown of flowers. Her little daughter and another child were dressed as pages, and carried antique vases. A canopy was hung above the table, and the guests were placed in picturesque attitudes. The whole effect was such that when the later comers reached the door of the supper-room they had a delightful surprise ; it was as if they had been transported to another age and clime. A Greek song was chanted to the music of the lyre ; and when honey, grapes, and other dishes



MADAME LE BRUN'S PORTRAIT OF HERSELF.

were served after the Greek manner, the enchantment was complete. A member of the company recited odes from a Greek poet of ancient times, and all passed off delightfully.

The fame of this novel affair spread all over Paris, and its magnificence and cost were said to be marvellous. Some of the court ladies asked Madame Le Brun to repeat it ; but she refused, and they were disturbed by it. The king was told that the supper cost twenty thousand francs, but one of the gentlemen who had been present told his Majesty the truth. However, the sum was swelled to forty thousand by the time the story reached Rome. Madame Le Brun writes : " At Vienna the Baroness de Strogonoff told me that I had spent sixty thousand francs for my Greek supper ; that at St. Petersburg the price was at length fixed at eighty thousand francs ; and the truth is that that supper cost me about fifteen francs."

Early in the year 1789, when the first mutterings of the dreadful horrors of the Revolution were heard in France, Madame Le Brun went to Italy. She was everywhere received with honor ; and at Florence she was asked to paint her own portrait for a gallery which is consecrated to the portraits of distinguished painters. After she reached Rome she sent the well-known picture with the parted lips showing the pearly teeth, and the hand holding the pencil as if drawing.

Madame Le Brun could not execute all the orders for portraits which she received in Rome ; and she enjoyed her life in that city so much, that she declared that if she could forget France she should be the happiest of women. But after three years she was seized with the unrest which comes to those who are exiled from their native land, and, impelled by this discontent, she went to Vienna. There she remained three years ; but again she longed for change and went to Russia, where her reception was most flattering.

She spent six years in Russia, and into this time was crowded much of honor, kindness, labor, joy, and sorrow ; for all the professional

success which she achieved and the social distinctions which were showered upon her could not compensate her for the grief she suffered at the marriage of her only child to M. Nigris, — a man whose position did not satisfy her ambition, while he was personally offensive to her. When we remember what Madame Le Brun had experienced in the case of her own husband, we can fancy her chagrin at seeing her daughter married to a man who had so little self-respect as to borrow from the mother of his betrothed wife the money with which to pay the necessary marriage fees!

Not long after this bitter sorrow, Madame Le Brun turned her face towards France. On her journey she was cordially received wherever she tarried, and was several times urged to remain in the cities which she visited. Her arrival in Paris gave her great joy, for as she herself said although dreadful crimes had been committed there, and though she deeply mourned for Marie Antoinette and other dear friends, still it was her home, her native land. Soon, however, the great changes which had taken place induced a sadness which was almost insupportable, and in 1802 she went to England. She did not like the country nor admire the people, but she had the solace of the society of many old friends who were living there in exile.

After three years she returned to Paris to see her daughter, who had arrived in that city. Madame Nigris was very beautiful and fascinating. She had entirely outlived her passion for her husband, and sought her pleasure in a round of gayety and a life which separated her very much from her mother.

In 1808 Madame Le Brun, who was always hard at work and never free from sorrow, felt that her health demanded change of scene, and she made a journey into Switzerland, of which she wrote enthusiastically in her journal. After her return to Paris she bought a house at Louveciennes, where she spent much time in a restful country life.

In 1813 M. Le Brun died, and his wife, who had always spoken of him with much reserve and discretion, was truly grieved at his death. Six years later her daughter died, and soon after her brother, leaving her absolutely without near relatives in the world. She lived still a score of years, during which her time was principally divided between her homes in Paris and Louveciennes,—her grave being made in the cemetery of the latter place. Two nieces were the solace of her declining years; and one of them, Madame Tripier Le Frouc, who was a portrait-painter, profited much by the counsel of Madame Le Brun.

In her Paris receptions during the later years of her life the most distinguished people of the city were accustomed to assemble; artists, men of letters, and men of society here met on common ground, and laid aside all differences of opinion. Only good feeling and equality found a place near this gifted woman, and few people are so sincerely mourned as was Madame Le Brun when she died, at the age of eighty-seven.

Her works numbered six hundred and sixty portraits, fifteen pictures, and about two hundred landscapes from sketches made in her travels. Her portraits included those of the sovereigns and royal families of all the different nations in Europe, as well as those of famous authors, artists, musicians, and learned men in Church and State. She was a member of eight academies, and her works are seen in many fine collections. As an artist, we cannot admire Madame Le Brun as much as did many of her own day, but she holds an honorable place in general art, and a high position among women artists.

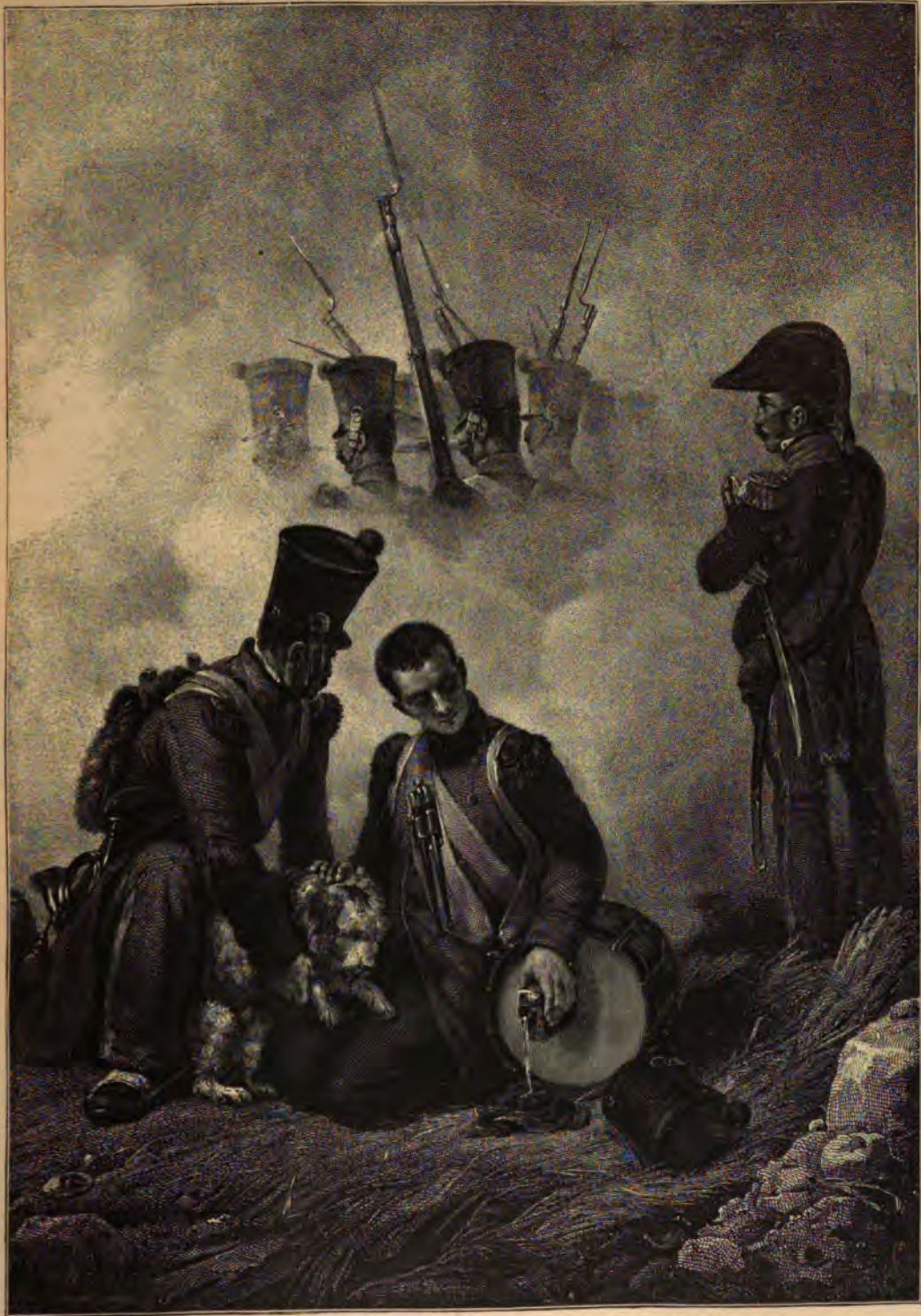
ÉMILE JEAN HORACE VERNET,

commonly called Horace Vernet, was born in Paris in 1789. As a boy, Horace was the pupil of his father, and before he was fifteen years old he supported himself by his own drawings.

The "Taking of a Redoubt" was one of his earliest pictures of a military subject, and from that beginning he devoted himself to the painting of military scenes. Horace Vernet married when but twenty years old, and soon after began to keep an exact account of all the moneys he received or spent. In this record the growth of his fame is shown by the increase in the prices which were paid him for his pictures; they vary from twenty-four sous — or about a quarter of a dollar — for a sketch of a tulip, to fifty thousand francs (ten thousand dollars) for a portrait of the Empress of Russia.

When twenty-three years old, he began to receive orders from the King of Westphalia and other persons of rank. In 1814, when twenty-five, he fought on the Barrière Clichy in company with his father and other artists, and for his gallant conduct there he received the Cross of the Legion of Honor from the Emperor's own hand. In 1817 Vernet painted the "Battle of Tolosa," which was the beginning of his triumphs; for he soon became the favorite of the Duke of Orleans (afterward king Louis Philippe), whose portrait he painted in various costumes and characters. Vernet was not in favor with the Bourbons, however, and as he had made some lithographs which were displeasing to the king, it seemed best for him to leave Paris. He went to Rome with his father and remained there for some time.

After his return to Paris, in 1822, Vernet exhibited forty-five of his pictures in his own studio. After the exhibition of his works orders and money came to him abundantly, and in the year 1824 he received nearly fifty-two thousand francs. About this time Vernet painted the



THE DOG OF THE REGIMENT. (AFTER A PAINTING BY HORACE VERNET.)

portraits of some distinguished persons, among others receiving an order for one of Charles X.; this made his portraits so much the fashion that he could not receive all who wished to sit to him. He took time, however, to paint some battle-scenes, and in 1825 finished the last of four which the Duke of Orleans had ordered to be placed in the Palais Royal.

In 1828 Horace Vernet was appointed Director of the French Academy in Rome. He lived generously, and held weekly receptions, which were attended by artists, travellers, and men of distinction; these assemblies were very gay, and it seemed as if a bit of Paris had been set down in the midst of the Eternal City. Vernet now painted a greater variety of subjects than before, but he made no advance in serious work. He soon grew very impatient of his life in Rome, though it was full of honor. He wished to follow the French army, and study new subjects for such pictures as he loved best.

In 1833 he was relieved from his office, and went to Algiers. There were no active military operations, but Vernet made many sketches and painted some Eastern scenes. During the same year, Louis Philippe ordered the Palace of Versailles to be converted into an historical museum. The King wished Horace Vernet to paint pictures of the battles of Friedland, Jéna, and Wagram. There were, however, no wall-spaces in the palace large enough to satisfy Vernet, and for that reason two stories were thrown together, and a great Gallery of Battle-pieces made.

Louis Philippe desired Vernet to introduce a certain incident into one of his pictures, which Vernet refused to do. He therefore left Paris for St. Petersburg, where he was received with much honor. He was, however, much missed at Versailles, and when suddenly called to Paris by the illness of his father, was respectfully reinstated at the palace. When the news of the taking of the city of Constantine was received, he was sent officially to Algiers to make sketches for his

pictures in the Salon of Constantine, which in the end became a vast monument to this artist. In 1839 Vernet went to Egypt, Syria, and Turkey, and again to Russia, where he made a long journey with the Emperor. He was a great favorite with this sovereign, though he did not always agree with his Majesty. It is possible that this independence of thought was really welcome to one who was too much feared to be often addressed with such frankness as Vernet used. While in Russia he painted the portrait of the Empress, and received many valuable presents.

After his return to Paris, Vernet devoted himself to portrait-painting; but his old love was too strong to be resisted, and in 1845 he joined the French army in the Spanish valley of Aran. The troops received him with much enthusiasm; for they honored him as the great painter of their hardships, their bravery, and their victories. During all his life he received with true modesty the honors that were paid him, and in this manifested the sterling common-sense quality of his character.

Horace Vernet died in 1863, full of years and of honors.

Vernet was forced to earn his living when so young that he had no opportunity for study, but his quick perception and active mind, with his large opportunities for observation, made him an acceptable companion to men of culture and learning. He was not a poet nor a true artist in the highest sense of the term: his art was not imaginative nor creative; he produced no beautiful pictures from deep resources in his own nature; but his works have great value and interest as a true record of events, and he commands our respect as one who made the best use of all his powers. Vernet, it must be confessed, was a trifle vain, and loved to upset a box which contained all his decorations, and spill them out pell-mell as if these ribands and stars, which were the rewards of his life-work, were of no value. Cheerfulness and industry were two of his chief characteristics.

Vernet's most remarkable gift was his memory ; he has never been surpassed in this regard by any other painter, and it is doubtful if any other has equalled him. He remembered things exactly as he had seen them. If he spoke with a soldier, although he knew neither his name nor any facts about the man, yet long afterward the memory of the artist held a model from which he could paint the face of that particular soldier.

Vernet painted action well ; he knew how to suit the folds and creases of his stuffs to the positions of the men who wore them ; his color was good, when we remember what colors enter into military subjects, for the crude brilliancy of the reds and yellows in gaudy uniforms are not suited to poetic effects of color.

JACQUES-LOUIS DAVID,

born in Paris in 1748, was, at the close of the last century, considered the first French painter of his time. So great was his influence upon the painting of France, that for some years he was an absolute dictator regarding all matters connected with it. He was a figure-painter, and painted but one landscape in his life. Many of his pictures seem to be mere groups of statues ; their flesh is as hard as marble, and there is nothing in them that appeals to our sympathy or elevates our feeling.

David became the friend of Napoleon, and painted the "Passage of St. Bernard" and other scenes from the life of the Emperor. After the overthrow of Napoleon, David was banished to Brussels, and his family were not allowed to bury him in France.

JEAN DOMINIQUE AUGUSTIN INGRES,

born at Montauban in 1781, was the most celebrated pupil of David. His father was a painter, sculptor, and musician, and desired that his son should excel in music. The boy played the violin, and it is said that when thirteen years old he was applauded in a theatre in Toulouse. But his love of drawing proved so strong that when seventeen years old he entered the studio of David. In 1801 he took the prize which entitled him to go to Rome, but his poverty prevented his reaching that city until 1806; he remained there fourteen years, and then passed four years in Florence.

In 1824 Ingres opened a studio in Paris, and received pupils; a little later he was appointed to the Academy. His work was severely criticised, and this so affected his spirits that in 1834 his friends obtained his appointment as Director of the French Academy in Rome. After holding this office seven years, he went again to Paris, and this time in triumph. Ingres was now praised as much as he had before been blamed, and until his death was loaded with honors, while enormous prices were paid for his works.

In the great Exposition of 1855, a room was devoted to the pictures of Ingres, and he received a grand medal of honor from the jury. He had no charity for those who differed from him in opinion. His appearance was not agreeable, — his face has always an expression of bad temper; but extreme determination of character often gives a disagreeable air to a face, and it may be this which disfigures the face of Ingres.

When he first went to Rome he was very poor, and the utmost economy of his means was necessary in order to give him a living and leisure for the pursuit of his art. In 1813 he married, after which his wife stood between him and all the petty troubles of life; she sold his

works for the best possible prices, and by assuming all his cares gave him quiet days for labor when he dreamed not of the trials from which she saved him by her patient devotion.

The works of Ingres are very numerous. He painted one picture which was sold in England for sixty-three thousand francs, and also executed some portraits as well as a few decorative paintings. He was without doubt a much greater artist than his master David, but there has rarely been an artist concerning whom the opinions of good critics differ so widely. Justice would neither unduly exalt nor debase him, but accord to him an acknowledgment of all that can be attained by patience and industry through many years, without the inspiration of great genius.

A list of the honors which were showered upon Ingres would be almost as long as the catalogue of his pictures; he was a Senator, a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor, a Member of the Institute, as well as of six academies, and was decorated by the Orders of several countries besides his own.

HIPPOLYTE DELAROCHE,

who is called "Paul Delaroche," was born in Paris in 1797. He was a very careful and skilful painter, and made many preparations for his work before beginning it. At times he went so far as to make wax models for his groups before painting them. He had a clear, simple conception of his subjects, but was not poetical nor imaginative. He had an intellect which would have won success in almost any career that he might have chosen; but he was not a genius.

The masterpiece of Delaroche is a great painting called the "Hemicycle," now in the theatre of the Palace of the Fine Arts in Paris;

this work is so famous that one thinks of it involuntarily whenever the name of Delaroche is mentioned. This picture has seventy-five life-size figures, and the artist spent three years in painting it; the arts of different countries and times are represented in it by portraits of the artists of those times and nations.

Among his historical subjects were the "Condemnation of Marie Antoinette," "Cromwell Contemplating the Remains of Charles I.," and other similar scenes. The interesting study which Delaroche made for the "Hemicycle," and from which he and his scholars painted that great work, is in the Walters Gallery in Baltimore. When the works of Delaroche are sold they bring large prices; his "Lady Jane Grey" was sold for one hundred and ten thousand francs, or twenty-two thousand dollars.

Delaroche was a Member of the Institute, an Officer of the Legion of Honor, and a Professor in the School of Fine Arts in Paris.

FERDINAND VICTOR EUGÈNE DELACROIX,

another gifted French painter, was born in 1798. While a youth he lost a fortune, and was forced to struggle hard for the merest necessities of existence. However, he had steadfastness and courage, and when twenty-three years old he exhibited a picture which attracted much attention, and was purchased for the Luxembourg Gallery.

In 1830 Delacroix travelled in Spain, Algiers, and Morocco, and painted a few pictures of scenes in those countries. After his return to France, he obtained the commission to decorate the new Throne-room in the Chamber of Deputies. This work was severely criticised by other artists, but when it was done it was found to be magnificent in effect; and from that time Delacroix was prosperous. Some of his large pictures are at Versailles, others are seen in the churches

of Paris ; he also received the important commission of decorating the Library of the Chamber of Peers. In 1857 he was made a Member of the Institute, having received a grand medal of honor from the jury of the great Exposition two years earlier.

The subjects of some of this artist's works were very dramatic, and he has been called "the Victor Hugo of painting." There is no doubt that his forcible imagination is his most noteworthy characteristic. Like all great artists, Delacroix loved space. This is shown in his decorative works, such as the "Apollo Triumphant over Python," on the ceiling of the Gallery of Apollo in the Louvre, which is one of his masterpieces in this kind of painting, and shows him to have been a genius of great dramatic, especially of tragic, power ; he excelled in depicting the terrible, which seemed to please him more than any other phase of experience. While the impress of a master's hand is on his pictures, we are not attracted by them and cannot love them. One writer has called Delacroix "the last of a grand family of artists," and his name is a fitting one with which to close our account of the French School of painting.

PAINTING IN ENGLAND.

KING Henry III., who ruled in England from 1216 to 1272, was a great patron of art for that early day. Mural, or wall, paintings were the chief works of the artists of that time, and the "Painted Chamber" at Westminster was famous for its beautiful decorations. We can only judge of it from written descriptions, since the pictures no longer exist. About 1350, under King Edward III., St. Stephen's Chapel in Westminster was richly decorated; but while we read of the pictures, nothing is told us of the personal history of the English painters of that time.

In the reign of Henry VII. (1485-1509) many foreign artists were employed in England. Among these was JEAN MABUSE, several of whose works still remain at Hampton Court. He was a good artist and a witty fellow. It is said that he was in the service of the Marquis de Vere when that nobleman was visited by the Emperor Charles V. The Marquis gave all his retainers some splendid white-silk damask, that they might make fresh suits in which to receive his Majesty. Mabuse, who was always in debt, had great need of money just then, and so obtained permission to superintend the making of his own costume. He then sold the rich damask he had received, and made his suit from paper. He succeeded so well in this that all who saw his dress were deceived by it. The joke was told to the Marquis, who asked the Emperor to observe the costumes of his retainers and say which one pleased him most. Charles

selected that of Mabuse; and the painter was obliged to go near enough to his Majesty that he might place his hand upon it before he would believe that it was of paper.

When Henry VIII. came to the throne, he was a magnificent prince. He loved pleasure and pomp, and invited many foreign artists to his court. He was also a most gallant gentleman, and



ENTRANCE GATES,
HAMPTON COURT, ENGLAND.

held tournaments, in which he appeared as a brave knight and a champion of fair ladies. After a time he became indifferent to art, and cut off the heads of the ladies who displeased him, endeavoring to persuade the world that he did this in God's service. He also suppressed monasteries, and destroyed so many artistic monuments that it is difficult to say whether he lessened or added to the art treasures of England. Among the foreign artists who served Henry VIII. was HANS HOLBEIN, who passed seventeen years in his service; many of Holbein's portraits are in England, and doubtless many works

of other artists are attributed to him. Henry VIII., while he allowed the destruction of pictures and altar-pieces, and permitted the carved work in churches to be broken down with axes and hammers, gave much attention to architecture; and in spite of his enmity to art, on one hand, he so encouraged it on another, that there is a sense in which we may say that the establishment of art in England dates from his reign.

The reigns of King Edward VI. and Queen Mary were so brief (1547-1558) and so full of religious and political troubles, that little advance was made in the arts of peace. However, there is one painter who is interesting to us in connection with Queen Mary. This was Sir ANTONIO MORE, or Moro, who was a native of Utrecht, and painted much in the same manner as Holbein. When quite young he went to Spain and entered the service of Charles V., who sent him to Portugal to paint a portrait of Donna Maria, who was betrothed to Philip II. More succeeded so well in this mission that some years later he was sent to England to paint the likeness of the Princess Mary, who became the second wife of Philip. The portrait which he made was beautiful, and some writers say that Mary was a very handsome woman. During Mary's life, More remained in England, and then returned to Spain in the service of Philip.

This king was a proud, haughty man, but he chose to treat More in a familiar manner, which led the artist to believe that he would be allowed to assume the same easy air towards his Majesty. One day the king rested his arm on the shoulder of the painter while he was at work; More dipped his brush in carmine, and drew it across the hand of the monarch. The courtiers who were present were filled with alarm; the hand of the king was sacred, and even high-born ladies were accustomed to kneel in order to salute it. The king looked steadily at his hand for some moments; the courtiers held their breath for some instants, for they believed that More's life hung on a thread.

Soon the king raised his eyes and looked about him with a smile. The painter threw himself on his knees, embraced those of the king, and kissed his feet in humble atonement for his rash act; and the sovereign appeared to have forgiven him. The officers of the Inquisition were then very powerful in Spain, and they believed that the person of the king was so sacred that it could not be touched by others. Therefore when they heard the story of the painter's boldness they believed that he had used some magic art by which he had bewitched the king. More's friends feared that he might be arrested and even put to torture; they advised him to leave Spain, and he hastily took his way to the Netherlands. He had not gone far when a messenger from the king overtook him, and told him that Philip much desired his return; but More feared to do so, and continued his journey to Flanders, where he entered the service of the Duke of Alva. So many of More's portraits exist in England that one is tempted to regard him as an English artist.

The long reign of Queen Elizabeth (forty-seven years) afforded great opportunity for the encouragement of art. Most of the painters whom she employed were foreigners, whose names and works I will not stay to enumerate, as from this time we can give the names of English artists who, if not eminent in art, are worthy of remembrance as the first painters of their country of whom we can speak with clearness.

NICHOLAS HILLIARD, born in 1547, was the first English painter whose fame still remains. He was goldsmith and miniature-painter to Queen Elizabeth. In the "Old Masters" Exhibition of 1879, in London, there were several works attributed to Hilliard, one of which was a likeness of the queen. His miniature of Jane Seymour, at Windsor, is a rare work. Dr. Donne, praising this painter, wrote: —

"An hand or eye
By Hilliard drawn is worth a historye
By a worse painter made."

ISAAC OLIVER, born in 1556, was a more skilful artist than Hilliard. He was a painter in the time of James I. His finish of jewels, laces, and other details was remarkable, and his works are eagerly sought by collectors of the present time.

One gentleman of rank, SIR NATHANIEL BACON, half-brother to the great Sir Francis Bacon, devoted himself to painting. His full-length portrait of himself belongs to the Earl of Verulam. He painted portraits and some mythological subjects; and these works, which were much praised by the writers of his day, are now carefully preserved by his descendants. He died in 1615.

King James I. loved ease and pleasure, and had so little taste for art that he left it to take its course as best it could. The following rhyme was not thought to be unjust to him:—

“James, both for empire and for arts unfit,
His sense a quibble, and a pun his wit,
Whatever works he patronized, debased;
But haply left the pencil undisgraced.”

During his reign the wealthy nobles of England built many fine palaces; they also employed good foreign artists; and the Duke of Buckingham, whose cultivated taste made him a true patron of art, exerted an influence upon the young Prince Charles which bore its fruit when he became the king. The way was somewhat prepared for Charles during the reign of James, for it was then that INIGO JONES built the Whitehall Banqueting House and introduced the architecture of the Italian Renaissance into England.

The best native painter under James was PETER OLIVER, son of Isaac, born in 1601. He copied some large pictures in water-colors, and painted miniatures. These miniatures, which were then much in fashion, were usually painted on ivory, and were frequently set in gold and jewels, and worn as locketts, brooches, or other personal ornaments. When out of style they were thrown aside, and from their delicacy and

size were easily injured or lost ; thus it happens that a perfect miniature by Hilliard or one of the Olivers is now both rare and very valuable.

King Charles I. was a true lover of art. Rubens and Vandyck were his principal painters, and Inigo Jones his architect ; the choice of such artists proves the excellence of his artistic taste and judgment. He employed many other foreign artists, of whom we shall only say that the English artists profited much by their intercourse with them, as well as by the study of foreign pictures which the king purchased. Early in his reign, Charles bought the splendid collection of the Duke of Mantua, and from time to time acquired many rich works by the old masters ; the *cartoons* of Raphael, which are held as a great treasure to England, were purchased by this king, who was also equally ready to buy good works by the painters of his own time.

The Duke of Buckingham and the Earl of Arundel were also generous patrons of art ; and the reign of Charles I. was a brilliant and important period in the art history of England. Unfortunately, the political troubles under Charles not only exiled men, but pictures and statues as well. A large part of the Buckingham collection was removed to Antwerp before the estates of the duke were sequestered, in 1649 ; and many of these pictures never again found their way to England.

In the earliest days of the troubles, the Earl of Arundel sent his collections to Antwerp ; and in the division of his property after his death, his marbles, pictures, gems, and other beautiful objects were so scattered that little idea of the original collection can be formed from the portions that now exist in different places. The full glory of art in England in the early part of the seventeenth century can only be known to us from its written history. We can easily understand that there might have been no English painters who could compete with the splendid foreign masters that served King Charles, for little can be said of the works of the native artists of the seventeenth

century ; but it is also true that what is known as the English School of Painting dates from that period.

When Charles I. visited Scotland, in 1633, he saw the works of GEORGE JAMESONE, who has been called "The Vandyck of Scotland." The king wished to have his own portrait by this master, and as a reward for it he gave Jamesone a ring which he drew from his royal finger. Jamesone had studied under Rubens in Antwerp, and was a fellow-pupil with Vandyck ; his portrait, painted by himself, is in the Gallery of Painters in Florence.

WILLIAM DOBSON, born in London in 1610, was a popular artist of this reign. He was a dwarf, but had gifts of mind which atoned for his bodily defects. Vandyck saw a picture of Dobson's which so pleased him that he called the attention of the king to the young artist. After Vandyck's death, Dobson was appointed Sergeant-Painter and Groom of the Privy Chamber ; but he fell into dissipated habits, and died when but thirty-six years old. By some writers Dobson is named as the earliest English painter of importance. His portraits are sometimes attributed to Vandyck, whom he aimed to imitate. At Hampton Court there is a fine picture of Dobson and his wife, painted by himself.

WILLIAM HOGARTH.

BEFORE the time of William Hogarth, portraits had been the only pictures of any importance which were painted by English artists, and no one painter had become very eminent. No native master had originated a manner of painting which he could claim as his own. For this reason the name of Hogarth stands first in the history of British Art ; and though that art was in its infancy, this painter ranks with the eminent masters of his class in all countries.

Hogarth's father kept a school in Ship Court, near Ludgate Hill,

London ; and here the painter was born, in 1697. The father was always poor ; and the son determined to be a craftsman who could earn good wages rather than to be a scholar who could rarely rise above poverty. Accordingly, when about fifteen years old Hogarth was apprenticed to a silversmith. At first he was taught to engrave coats-of-arms ; and the grotesque creatures which are frequent in these designs strengthened his natural love for the ridiculous, and made him apt in rendering such objects. The exactness which was required in this work was of great advantage to him : it not only educated his hand in cunning skill, but it also trained his eye to observe with the remarkable accuracy which is so manifest in his rendering of the details of his pictures, in which every peculiarity of person or costume is imitated with wonderful truthfulness. It is said that when he saw anything that especially interested him he made a sketch of it upon his thumb-nail ; but usually he relied on his memory, which rarely failed him.

When still quite young Hogarth had made a reputation which attracted the attention of booksellers, and he was much employed in making illustrations for them. After his apprenticeship was ended he studied drawing from life in the Academy in St. Martin's Lane, and frequented the studio of Sir James Thornhill, who was Sergeant-Painter to the King. There is no doubt that Hogarth's manner of painting was much influenced by his acquaintance with Sir James ; but it is more than probable that the frequent visits of the young artist were made to the daughter of Sir James, rather than to that painter himself, for in 1730 the young couple were secretly married, and the anger of the Court-Painter when he discovered this fact knew no bounds.

At this period Hogarth painted portraits which always had the merit of truthfulness. His own portrait, with his dog Trump beside him, is in the National Gallery, and has an air about it that makes us as sure that it is an exact likeness of him as we could be if we had known him intimately. His portraits seemed to earn a meagre living

for him, but his friends believed him to be capable of something better than these; and Hogarth himself was constantly dreaming of a time when he should give visible form to the fancies which were ever coming and going in his busy brain.

In 1734 Hogarth brought out a set of six plates made from his own pictures, which he called "A Harlot's Progress," shortly followed by another set of eight plates of "The Rake's Progress." These works immediately made him famous; and when his father-in-law saw them, he declared that a man who could paint such pictures could well support a wife. Soon after, the two painters became the best of friends; and, in truth, Hogarth was now quite as important a person as was the Painter to his Majesty. He had originated a manner of his own; he had neither attempted to illustrate stories of Greek mythology nor to invent allegories, as so many painters had done before him; he had simply given form to the Nature that was all about him, and had painted just what he could see in London every day. His pictures of this sort came to be almost numberless; and no rank in society, no phase of life, escaped the truthful representation of his brush. His painting was good, his faces and costumes excellent, and his interiors well managed; for while minor objects were introduced, they were not made too prominent.

One of his best and most famous series of pictures is in the National Gallery; it tells the story of *Mariage à la Mode*, or a marriage arranged by the parents of two young persons who have no affection for each other; the family on one side seek rank, on the other they desire money. The satire in these works is enormous; in each picture of the series the same persons are introduced in the various scenes, which show the progress of the story he wishes to tell until the end is reached. Hogarth was a teacher as well as an artist, for his pictures presented the lessons of the follies of his day with more effect upon the mass of the people than any writer could produce with his pen, or any

preacher by his sermons, though he had a thousand voices. It is true that there was much that was amusing, which was felt in spite of this; and many who study them will agree with Charles Lamb, when he said of Hogarth that "his chief design was by no means to raise a laugh."

His picture of the "March of the Guards to Finchly" is very humorous and full of absurd features. The first plate from this was published in 1750; the artist intended to dedicate the whole work to George II., but that monarch did not relish a satire upon his Guards, and when he saw this first picture he declared, "I hate boetry and bainting; neither of them ever did any good." The picture was dedicated to the King of Prussia.

In 1753 Hogarth published his book called "The Analysis of Beauty;" its theories were not accepted with favor, and the author was much disturbed by the fierce attacks made upon it. He had some personal quarrels which annoyed him exceedingly; and in 1759 he painted for Sir Richard Grosvenor the "Sigismunda," now in the National Gallery, only to suffer the mortification of having it returned to him. But in the midst of these troubles he also received many honors; in 1757 he was appointed Sergeant-Painter to the King, and thus held the highest position of any artist in the kingdom.

Hogarth died at his house in Leicester Fields, October 26, 1764. He was buried in Chiswick Churchyard, where stands his monument inscribed with this epitaph, written by Garrick: —

"Farewell, great Painter of Mankind!
Who reached the noblest point of Art;
Whose *pictured Morals* charm the mind,
And through the Eye correct the Heart.
If Genius fire thee, Reader, stay;
If *Nature* touch thee, drop a Tear;
If neither move thee, turn away,
For HOGARTH'S honored dust lies here."

Lord Orford, writing of Hogarth, says: "It would be suppressing the merits of the heart to consider him only as a promoter of laughter. Mirth colored his pictures, but benevolence designed them. He smiled, like Socrates, that men might not be offended at his lectures, and might learn to laugh at their own follies."

Many of Hogarth's works are in public places, and a large number of his own engravings from his pictures are in existence; these are very valuable, as they reproduce the full meaning of his works with a force and exactness which no other engraver could give them.

Hitherto English painters had sadly missed the advantages which foreign artists enjoyed in their National Academies of Art. The two important benefits of these Academies are that they provide systematic instruction for their students, both at home and abroad, and in their regular exhibitions enable young artists to bring their works before the public.

It was quite natural that Hogarth should undervalue schools and systems of teaching in art; he had made his way without them. At the same time he recognized the advantages of exhibitions, and was glad to join other painters in sending pictures to both public and private galleries; and there is no doubt that his influence had much to do towards supplying the needs of artists who succeeded him, for his success aroused a strong faith and a new interest in the native art of England, which showed their results in the establishment of the Royal Academy of Arts. A little more than four years after Hogarth's death, this Academy was founded by George III., who officially established it December 10, 1768, though he did not then give it a Royal Charter of Incorporation. The original members of the Academy numbered thirty-four, and among them was —

JOSHUA REYNOLDS,

who was elected its first President. This painter was descended from a family in which there had been many clergymen. His paternal grandfather, his father, and two uncles were in holy orders, while his mother and her mother before her were daughters of clergymen.



A PORTRAIT. THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE. (BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.)

Samuel Reynolds, the father of Joshua, was the rector of a grammar school at Plympton, in Devonshire; and in this quaint little hamlet, July 16, 1723, was born Joshua, the seventh of the eleven children of Samuel Reynolds and his wife Theophila. The boy became a pupil in his father's school when very young; he was not inclined to be a

student in any full sense of the word, but he loved literary exercises, and was so good a Latin scholar that in later years Dr. Johnson sometimes submitted his Latin compositions to the painter for his approval or criticism.

When Joshua was but a mere child his father was displeased to find him devoted to drawings; on a sketch which the boy had made his father wrote: "This is drawn by Joshua in school, out of pure idleness." The child found the "Jesuit's Treatise on Perspective," and studied it with such intelligence, that before he was eight years old he made a sketch of the school and its cloisters which was so accurate that his astonished father exclaimed: "Now, this justifies the author of the 'Perspective' when he says that by observing the laws laid down in his book a man may do wonders; for this is wonderful."

The little Joshua read books on Painting which were far beyond his years; and Richardson's prophecy of the appearance of a Raphael of British Art made his bosom swell with the hope that he might be that Raphael, — a name that he revered above that of all other great men of ancient or modern days. When about twelve years old, Joshua, while in church, made a sketch upon his thumb-nail of the Rev. Thomas Smart. From this sketch he painted his first picture in oils. His canvas was a piece of an old sail, his colors were common ship-paint, and he did his work in a boathouse on Cremyll Beach.

Along with his other varied learning the Rev. Samuel Reynolds had acquired a knowledge of pharmacy, which he imparted to Joshua, hoping to make him an apothecary. This instruction was doubtless a great injury to Joshua, as he afterwards tried to use the knowledge he thus gained for the improvement of colors, and was led to the use of such preparations as ruined some of his finest works. In 1740, when Joshua was seventeen years old, his father tried to carry out his plan and apprentice him to a druggist; but the boy was greatly opposed to this. He said: "I would prefer to be an apothecary rather than an

ordinary painter; but if I could be bound to an eminent master I should choose that." Fortunately Lord Edgumbe and other friends advised his father in the boy's favor, and he was finally sent to London and bound to Thomas Hudson, then the best portrait-painter in England. After two years Hudson suddenly dismissed Joshua from his studio, though the agreement was for four years: the master said that the youth neglected his orders; but others believed him to be jealous of his pupil's success.

Joshua returned to Devonshire and settled at Plymouth, five miles from his home. Here he painted about thirty portraits of the principal persons of the neighborhood, at the price of three guineas each. One of these portraits, painted in 1746, was shown to him thirty years later, when he lamented that he had made so little progress in all that time.

It was natural that the young artist should wish to visit Italy and see with his own eyes the works of art of which he had read. But the means for travel were not his, and when his father died, in 1746, Joshua assumed the support of two of his sisters, and Italy looked like an impossibility to him. At the home of his friend Lord Edgumbe he had formed a friendship with the young Commodore Keppel, who was ordered to the Mediterranean in 1749. He invited Reynolds to sail with him as his guest; and this invitation being accepted, the painter did not return to England until the end of 1752. He visited Portugal, Spain, Algiers, Minorca, Italy, and France. At times he painted portraits and received other commissions, which gave him the means to prolong his journey. He copied many famous pictures, especially in Rome, where he remained about two years, devoting himself to study with unfailing zeal and industry. He kept diaries during the journey which are very interesting and valuable. They contain many sketches of scenes and pictures which he admired, as well as his written opinions of all that he

saw. Several of these diaries are in the Lenox Library in New York ; others are in the Soane Museum, London, and in the Museum of Berlin.

Not long after his return to England, Reynolds settled in London. He lived in handsome rooms in St. Martin's Lane, and his sister Frances was his housekeeper. She was not a comfortable woman to live with, and delighted in confiding her troubles to any one who would listen to her. She thought herself an artist, and made copies of her brother's pictures ; of which he said, "They make other people laugh, and me cry." After she became acquainted with Dr. Johnson she painted his portrait for engraving ; but the learned man called it "Johnson's grimly ghost," and showed less gratitude than the good lady thought she merited for her work.

Very soon Reynolds's studio became the popular resort of artists, and through the influence of Lord Edgumbe many nobles became his patrons. He painted a full-length portrait of Commodore Keppel, which at once established his reputation. He was represented standing on a rocky shore, with a stormy sea in the background. This picture was received with enthusiasm, and in his second London year Reynolds had a hundred and twenty sitters, among whom were many notable people. The artist removed to Great Newport Street, and charged twelve guineas for a bust, twenty-four guineas for a half-length and double that sum for a full-length portrait.

The note-books which Reynolds kept are very curious ; in them he put down all his appointments with his sitters, his social engagements, and many minor details of his life. From these books it is very easy to make up an exact account of his occupations and pleasures. In 1757 he gave six hundred and sixty-five sittings ; his haste was such that he often sent his portraits home before they were dry. In this and the following year he earned more money than in any other two years of his life. In 1758 his sitters numbered a hundred and fifty, and included

Prince Edward, the Dukes of Marlborough, Richmond, and Cumberland, besides many other celebrated persons. It is pleasant to know that most of his patrons became his friends, and in spite of his deafness, which forced him to use an ear-trumpet, he was sought as a guest by many noble families. Beautiful women loved to have their portraits painted by Reynolds; in 1759 Lady Coventry and the Countess Waldegrave sat to him; these ladies were so beautiful that when they walked in the Park they were attended by soldiers, in order to ward off those who wished to observe them too closely.

Dr. Johnson and Reynolds met for the first time in 1753, and from that time they were faithful friends. Dr. Johnson delighted not only in Reynolds's success as a painter, but perceiving his other talents insisted on his writing for "The Idler," by which means the artist published a series of brilliant articles and made himself a name in literary circles. This kindness was more than repaid; for after Dr. Johnson became too poor to keep house for himself, he was always welcome to the house and purse of Reynolds.

In 1760 the master again raised his prices for his work, and at about the same time established himself in the house in Leicester Square, in which he passed the remainder of his life. This house was very fine; and though it exhausted all his savings to fit it up, he spent still more in setting up a gorgeous carriage for his sister, and in other expenses which served to advertise his success to all who observed them.

The various military and naval movements in which English officers were engaged, and such state occasions as the marriage and coronation of George III., afforded much occupation to the master; for all those who played any prominent part in public affairs desired to be immortalized by the brush of Reynolds. I could fill whole pages with lists of high-sounding names of his sitters, and of the friends whom he visited and received in his own house: it is marvellous how

so industrious a man could have gone so much into society. Among his friends were many men of letters, and he joined several clubs. He was passionately fond of these assemblies, and at one time was a member of that which met at the Turk's Head on Monday; the Devonshire on Thursday; the Thursday-Night at the Star and Garter; the Dilettanti Fortnightly on Sundays; and the Eumelian at the Blenheim Tavern. He also went frequently to the Ladies' Club at Almack's, attended the Blue Stockings after that was established, besides being often seen at the Vauxhall Masquerades, and at the new Pantheon, the splendid Hall of the Knights of the Bath. With all this, he was constantly at balls and dinners and parties in private houses, and often at the theatre, of which he was very fond, in spite of his deafness.

Reynolds seemed to have reached the height of popularity when in 1768 he was elected President of the Royal Academy, and was knighted by the king. He was of great advantage to the Academy, and heartily devoted to its interests. He was active in establishing its schools and equipping them with models, libraries, and conveniences for study; he gave much attention to its exhibitions, and founded the famous Academy Dinners, on which occasions men of rank and genius were brought together in such a way as to render them the most remarkable gatherings in the United Kingdom. From time to time he also delivered his well-known "Discourses on Art," which are remarkable as well for the good judgment in the selection of the subjects treated, as for the literary skill with which they were written.

About 1770 Sir Joshua built a villa at Richmond Hill, next to the famous Star and Garter. In the same year he spent a month in Plympton, and at this time he brought to his home his niece, Theophila Palmer, who remained with him until her marriage, eleven years later. She was very beautiful, and is known to all the world as

the "Offy" of the famous "Strawberry Girl," and other pictures of her which Sir Joshua painted.

With the exception of the absence of his youth, Sir Joshua spent little time out of England. In 1768 he visited Paris, and in 1780 he passed two months in Holland and Germany. When absent from London he was usually at the house of some friend in the country, or at his old home, of which he was always fond. He was elected an alderman of Plympton, and later its mayor; he assured the king that these honors gave him more pleasure than all the others of his life, with the one exception of his knighthood at the hands of his Majesty.

Few men have been so much admired by such a diversity of people as was Sir Joshua Reynolds. The testimony of his friends presents him to us as a man of admirable character. Perhaps no one knew him more intimately than James Northcote, who was received into his family as a poor Devonshire lad; he remained with Sir Joshua five years, and left him a prosperous painter. Northcote found him kindly, modest, and lovable in every way. He thus describes him personally:

"In his stature Sir Joshua Reynolds was rather under the middle size, of a florid complexion, roundish blunt features, and a lively aspect; not corpulent, though somewhat inclined to it, but extremely active, with manners uncommonly polished and agreeable. In conversation his manner was perfectly natural, simple, and unassuming. He most heartily enjoyed his profession, in which he was both famous and illustrious; and I agree with Mr. Malone, who says he appeared to him to be the happiest man he had ever known."

At one time when the artist was ill, Dr. Johnson wrote to him:

"If the amusement of my company can exhilarate the languor of a slow recovery, I will not delay a day to come to you; for I know not how I can so effectually promote my own pleasure as by pleasing you, in whom, if I should lose you, I should lose the only man whom I call a friend."

It often happened that Reynolds was present when his friends grew hot in dispute over their differences in philosophy, politics, or

other matters. The master had his own views, and these were well known to his intimates ; but he avoided all unpleasant argument. On one occasion, Garrick, Fox, and others, were the guests of Reynolds, when Dr. Johnson and the Dean of Derry had a warm dispute. Later, after a reconciliation had been made, the Dean addressed these lines to Sir Joshua, —

“ Dear Knight of Plympton, teach me how
To suffer, with unclouded brow
And smile serene as thine,
The jest uncouth and truth severe ;
Like thee to turn my deafest ear,
And calmly drink my wine.

“ Thou say’st not only skill is gained,
But genius too may be attained
By studious invitation ;
Thy temper mild, thy genius fine,
I’ll study till I make them mine
By constant meditation.”

Oliver Goldsmith was so much beloved by Reynolds that on the day of the poet’s death the painter did not touch his pencil, — the most meaning tribute that he could pay to his friend’s memory. Goldsmith’s last writing was an epitaph on Sir Joshua, which, though unfinished, has been called the best possible summing-up of the artist’s character. It is this, —

“ Here Reynolds is laid ; and, to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind.
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand ;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland ;
Still to improve us in every part, —
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart.
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
When they judged without skill, he was still hard of hearing ;
When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff.
By flattery unspoiled ” —

Edmund Burke said, when asked if Sir Joshua had no failings, "I do not know a fault or weakness of his that he did not convert into something that bordered on a virtue, instead of pushing it to the confines of a vice." In 1797, when the great statesman wrote the notes to Malone's biography of Sir Joshua, the paper was often



THE LADIES WALDEGRAVE. (AFTER THE PAINTING BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.)

blotted by the tears which Burke shed as he wrote out his memories of his beloved friend, with whom "he lived for many years without a moment of coldness, of peevishness, of jealousy, or of jar, to the day of our final separation." These opinions, quoted from men of such diversity of character, prove that Sir Joshua Reynolds was a

man worthy of honor and remembrance, independent of his merit as an artist.

In 1789 Sir Joshua lost the sight of his left eye; and though this changed his whole life, he retained his calm cheerfulness, and occupied his mind with the exciting topics of the time; for it happened that the storming of the Bastille occurred in the very week in which he gave up his pencil. He still used his brush a very little to finish or retouch works which were incomplete, but he sadly said: "There is now an end of the pursuit; the race is over, whether it is lost or won."

In 1790 troubles arose in the Academy, and Sir Joshua felt himself so badly used that he resigned the presidency and his membership of the Institution. The king requested him to return; but he refused, until the Academy publicly apologized to him. He then resumed his office, and in December delivered his final discourse, in which he defended his action and quietly alluded to the recent troubles. He ended by speaking of the great master of the world, and said: "I reflect, not without vanity, that these discourses bear testimony of my admiration of that truly divine man; and I should desire that the last words I should pronounce in this Academy, and from this place, might be the name of MICHAEL ANGELO."

It was a most interesting moment; and as the sound of his voice ceased, in the midst of an impressive silence Edmund Burke stepped from the brilliant audience, and grasping the master's hand, repeated Milton's lines:—

"The angel ended; and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice, that he awhile
Thought him still speaking, still stood fixed to hear."

Thus impressively and fittingly was ended Sir Joshua's last official address to the Academy.

The remainder of his life was a gradual decline; his sight grew

weaker and his strength less until February 23, 1792, when he died easily, never having suffered much pain. The king directed that his body should lie in state in the Academy rooms in Somerset House. The funeral was grand and solemn; the pall-bearers were dukes, marquises, earls, and lords; ninety-one carriages followed the hearse, in which were the first nobles, scholars, and prelates of the realm, with all the members and students of the Academy. He was buried near Sir Christopher Wren in St. Paul's Cathedral, where Vandyck had already been laid, and where, in later years, a goodly number of painters have been buried around him. In 1813, a statue by Flaxman was erected to his memory near the choir of the cathedral, and a Latin inscription recounts the talents and virtues of the great man whom it commemorates.

Having thus traced the story of Sir Joshua's life, it now remains to speak of him more especially as an artist. The amount of his work was very great, and it is interesting to notice that he often painted the portraits of three generations of the same family; he several times made portraits of persons in their childhood, middle life, and old age, and also those of their children and grandchildren. It is not possible to say exactly how many portraits he painted; some authors say that all his works numbered three thousand, and a catalogue made in 1874 claims that two thousand can now be located. He painted one hundred and thirty historical and poetic subjects; and it is doubtful if either Rubens or Vandyck equalled him in productiveness.

His greatest fame is as a portrait-painter, and as such he was a great genius. He had the power to reproduce the personal peculiarities of his subjects with great exactness; he was also able to perceive their qualities of temper, mind, and character, and he made his portraits so vivid with these attributes that they were likenesses of the minds as well as of the persons of his subjects. In the portrait of Goldsmith,

self-esteem is as prominent as the nose; passion and energy are in every line of Burke's face and figure; and whenever his subject possessed any individual characteristics they were plainly shown in Reynolds's portraits. So many of these pictures are famous that we cannot speak of them in detail. Perhaps no one portrait is better known than that of the famous actress, Mrs. Sarah Siddons, as the Tragic Muse. This is a noble example of an idealized portrait, and it is said that the "Isaiah" of Michael Angelo suggested the manner in which it is painted. Sir Thomas Lawrence declared it to be the finest female portrait in the world, and it is certain that this one picture would have made any painter famous. Sir Joshua inscribed his name on the border of the robe, and courteously explained to the lady: "I could not lose the honor this opportunity afforded me of going down to posterity on the hem of your garment." The original of this work is said to be that in the Gallery of the Duke of Westminster; a second is in the Dulwich Gallery. In speaking of Sir Joshua as a portrait-painter, Mr. Ruskin says: "Considered as a painter of individuality in the human form and mind, I think him the prince of portrait-painters. Titian paints nobler pictures, and Vandyck had nobler subjects; but neither of them entered so subtly as Sir Joshua did into the minor varieties of heart and temper."

His portraits of simply beautiful women can scarcely be equalled in the world. He perfectly reproduced the delicate grace and beauty of some of his sitters, and the brilliant, dazzling charms of others. He loved to paint richly hued velvets in contact with rare laces, ermine, feathers, and jewels. It is a regret that so many of his works are faded; but after all we must agree with Sir George Beaumont when he said: "Even a faded picture from him will be the finest thing you can have."

The most attractive of his works are his pictures of children. It is true that they too are portraits, but they are often represented in

some fancy part, such as the "Strawberry Girl," a portrait of his niece Offy; "Muscipula," who holds a mouse-trap; the "Little Marchioness;" the "Girl with a Mob-cap," and many others. He loved to paint pictures of boys in all sorts of characters, — street-pedlers, gypsies, cherubs, and so on. He often picked up boy-models in the street and painted from them in his spare hours, between his appointments with sitters. Sometimes he scarcely hustled a beggar-boy out of his chair in time for some grand lady to seat herself in it. It is said that one day one of these children fell asleep in so graceful an attitude that the master seized a fresh canvas and made a sketch of him; this was scarcely done when the child threw himself into a different pose without awakening. Sir Joshua added a second sketch to the first, and from these made his beautiful picture of "The Babes in the Wood." More than two hundred of his pictures of children have been engraved, and these plates form one of the loveliest collections that can be made from the works of any one artist.

His pictures of historical or poetic subjects were far less excellent than his portraits. Perhaps his best works of this kind are "Macbeth and the Witches," "Cardinal Beaufort," "The Death of Dido," and "Hercules strangling the Serpents." The last was painted for the Empress of Russia, who sent him fifteen hundred guineas for it with a gold snuff-box, bearing her miniature and her cipher in diamonds.

This master executed a few landscapes. In 1746 he painted a view of Plymouth, which was a work of love rather than art; his picture of "Conway Castle" is by no means an inferior work, and other pictures of scenery by him recall the manner of Salvator Rosa. The landscape backgrounds in his portraits are always true to Nature, and the trees especially fine.

When Sir Joshua was at the height of his power, he was accustomed to receive six sitters a day, and often completed a portrait

in four hours. He kept portfolios of prints from his portraits in a great variety of positions, and from these his patrons chose the style of picture which they wished to have. He placed his sitters in chairs upon castors, on a platform raised eighteen inches above the floor; he worked standing, and used brushes with handles eighteen inches long. His pictures are rarely sold, and when they are they bring fabulous prices.

In 1873 his "Portrait of Mrs. Morris" was sold for 5,450 guineas; in 1874 "Mrs. Hartley and Child" brought 2,395 guineas; and a portrait of Burke has been sold for 1,000 guineas. Good prints from his works are now becoming rare and valuable.

It is pleasant to know that some artists who were once unjust to Sir Joshua came to be his admirers; his rival Romney was noble in his defence, and when his friends spoke ill of Reynolds, Romney said: "No, no! he is the greatest painter that ever lived; for I see in his pictures an exquisite charm which I see in Nature, but in no other pictures." Sir Joshua suffered keenly from his treatment in the Academy; he felt that he was "wounded in the house of his friends." But the time came when his memory was honored there as it should be.

As we close this study of Sir Joshua, it is delightful to remember that so great a man was so good a man, and to believe that Burke did not flatter him when in his eulogy he said:—

"In full affluence of foreign and domestic fame, admired by the expert in art and by the learned in science, courted by the great, caressed by sovereign powers, and celebrated by distinguished poets, his native humility, modesty, and candor never forsook him, even on surprise or provocation; nor was the least degree of arrogance or assumption visible to the most scrutinizing eye in any part of his conduct or discourse."

RICHARD WILSON

was another original member of the Academy; and though not the first English artist who had painted landscapes, he was the first whose pictures merited the honorable recognition which they now have. Wilson's story is a sad one; he was not appreciated while he lived, and his whole life was saddened by seeing the works of foreign artists which were inferior to his own sold for good prices, while he was forced to sell his to pawnbrokers, who, it is said, could not dispose of them at any price.

Wilson was the son of a clergyman, and was born at Pinegas, in Montgomeryshire, in 1713. He first painted portraits, and earned money with which, in 1749, he went to Italy, where he remained six years. His best works were Italian views, and some of them were several times repeated; that of the "Ruins of the Villa of Mæcenas, at Tivoli," now in the National Gallery, was painted by him five times. His pictures are poetic in feeling and fine in color, and he is now considered as the best landscape-painter of his day, with the single exception of Gainsborough.

Wilson died in 1782, and it is pleasant to know that after more than sixty years of poverty, the last two of his life were years of peaceful comfort. A brother who died left him a legacy, and he retired to Carnarvon, where, in a pleasant home in the midst of scenery which was a perpetual delight to him, he passed his days in a content which was as welcome as it was novel.

Before the time of this master, English landscape-painters had followed the example of the Dutch masters; through his influence they looked to Italy for their models, and the effect of this change was soon seen in the greater merit of their works.

THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH,

though a great artist, had an uneventful life. He was the son of a clothier, and was born in Sudbury, in Suffolk, in 1727. His boyish habit of wandering about the woods and streams of Suffolk, making sketches, and finding his greatest pleasure in this, induced his father to send him to London to study art, when about fifteen years old. He studied first under a French engraver, Gravelot, who was of much advantage to him; next he was a pupil of Francis Hayman, at the Academy in St. Martin's Lane; but his real teacher was Nature.

After a time he settled in Hatton Square, and painted both portraits and landscapes. After four years of patient work, his patrons were so few that he left London and returned to Sudbury.

It had once happened that when he was sketching a wood-scene, Margaret Burr had crossed his line of sight; he had added her figure to his picture, and from this circumstance they had come to be friends. Soon after Gainsborough returned to his home, Margaret became his wife. He was a careless, unthriftly man, while she was quite of another sort, and was thus a true helpmate to him; to her carefulness we owe the preservation of many of his pictures.

After his marriage, Gainsborough settled in Ipswich; in 1760 he removed to Bath, and here both in portraits and landscapes he made such a reputation that when, fourteen years later, he removed to London, he was considered the rival of Reynolds in portraits, and of Wilson as a painter of scenery. Gainsborough was one of the original Academicians, and on one occasion when present at a gathering of artists, Sir Joshua Reynolds proposed the health of Gainsborough as a toast, and called him "the greatest landscape-painter of the day." Wilson, who was present, was touched by this, and exclaimed: "Yes,



THE BLUE BOY. (BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH. GALLERY OF HIS GRACE, THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER.) FAC-SIMILE OF AN ETCHING BY RAJON, PUBLISHED BY "L'ART."

and the greatest portrait-painter, too." Sir Joshua realized that he had been ungracious, and apologized to Wilson.

Gainsborough exhibited many works at the Royal Academy, but on one occasion he took offence because a portrait of his was not hung to his liking, and refused from that time, 1783, to contribute again to the Academy exhibitions.

Gainsborough was very impulsive, and was easily made angry. His disputes with Reynolds were frequent, though never very serious or such as to separate them for any length of time; it is said that the famous "Blue Boy" was painted for the purpose of practically contradicting Sir Joshua, who had said that blue should not be used in masses. There was also a soft and lovable side to this wayward man. His love for music was a passion, and he once gave his "Boy at the Stile" to Colonel Hamilton as a reward for his playing the flute.

We have said that older English painters had followed the Dutch in landscapes, and that Wilson introduced the Italian manner; but Gainsborough was English in the true sense: he copied the scenes of his own land, and his pictures of children have a wonderful charm because they are ruddy, brown, peasant children who live in England. His landscapes are quite varied in their style; one, called "A Wood Scene, with the Village of Cornard in the Distance," in the National Gallery, is more delicate and tender than are the works of the great Dutch master, Hobbema, but it resembles the pictures of that artist. "The Market-Cart," in the same Gallery, is a very famous picture, and is dark and brown in color, with a fine chiaroscuro, although the details are not carefully finished. Again, in the "Watering Place," same collection, is another manner; the rich color recalls the Venetian masters, and the foliage is in broad, dark masses. In each and all of these pictures Gainsborough showed himself to be a great landscape-painter.

His portraits may be thought to have too much of a bluish gray in the flesh tints, but they are always graceful and pleasing. At Windsor there are seventeen life-size heads of the children of George III., which are excellent. The National Gallery has a fine collection of his portraits, among which those of "Mrs. Siddons," "The Parish Clerk," and the group of the "Baillie Family," are the best. At a sale in Paris in 1874, this master's portrait of himself sold for nearly four thousand dollars; and in 1876 his famous "Duchess of Devonshire" brought fifty thousand dollars,—the highest price ever paid for any picture to Christie, the celebrated London dealer.

The "Shepherd Boy in a Shower," "The Cottage Door," "The Cottage Girl with Dog and Pitcher," and "The Shepherd Boys with Fighting Dogs," are among his best and most popular pictures, and are all familiar from the engravings which have been made from them.

GEORGE ROMNEY

was born at Beckside, in Cumberland, in 1734. His life was most discreditable. When he was twenty-two years old, he married Mary Abbot, who had nursed him when very ill; after the birth of their second child, he left her in Kendal, and during thirty-nine years he seemed almost to forget the existence of his family, and communicated with them at rare intervals, until in 1799, broken in health and spirits, he longed for the same tender care that he had known when a youth of twenty. During the years of his absence he had lived in such a manner as to forfeit all claim to the respect or affection of his wife and children; but now, when he came to them in his weakness, they nursed him tenderly through three weary years, and when he died they buried him in his native place.

It is more pleasant to speak of his pictures, for his portraits were so fine that he was a worthy rival of Sir Joshua Reynolds. His

pictures are mostly in private galleries, but that of the beautiful Lady Hamilton, in the National Gallery, is a famous work. He was ambitious to paint historical subjects, and some of his imaginary pictures are much admired. He was fitful in his art, and began so



MRS. CARWARDINE. (A PORTRAIT BY G. ROMNEY.)

many works which he left unfinished that they were finally removed from his studio by cart-loads. There was also an incompleteness in the pictures which he called finished; in short, the want of steadfastness which made him an unfaithful husband and father went far

to lessen his artistic merit. At the same time, it is true that he was a great artist, and very famous in his best days; his works excel in vigorous drawing and brilliant, transparent color. His pictures are rarely sold, and are as valuable as those of his great contemporaries, Reynolds and Gainsborough, of corresponding size.

THOMAS LAWRENCE

is the only other portrait-painter of whom I shall here speak. He was born at Bristol in 1769, and much of his work belongs to our own century. His father had been trained to the law, but before the birth of the painter had become an inn-keeper. When the boy was quite young he was taken to the "Black Bear" at Devizes, one of the posting-houses on the road to Bath. Thomas had a rare gift for reciting poetry; even at five years of age he rendered Milton creditably, and when a mere child he entertained his father's customers by his recitations, and took their portraits with equal readiness. His school life was short; but his unusual gifts secured him such friends as were much to his advantage, and he "picked up" a fairly good education by listening to their conversation.

When he was ten years old his family removed to Oxford, where he rapidly improved in his drawing. When he first saw a picture by Rubens he wept bitterly and sobbed out,—"Oh! I shall never be able to paint like that." He was very industrious, and when his father again moved, this time to Bath, Tommy made many crayon heads at a guinea and a guinea and a half each,—much to the benefit of his needy family. In 1785 he received a silver pallet from the Society of Arts as a reward for a copy of the "Transfiguration" of Raphael, which he had executed when but thirteen years old.

In 1787 the young painter entered the Royal Academy, London, and from this time his course was one of repeated successes. Sir



COUNTESS GREY AND CHILDREN. (FROM A PORTRAIT BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.)

Joshua Reynolds was his friend and adviser; he early attracted the notice of the king and queen, whose portraits he painted when but twenty-two years old. He became an Academician in 1794; after Sir Joshua's death he was appointed Painter to the King; was knighted in 1815; and five years later succeeded to the chief office of the Academy. He was also a member of many foreign institutes and a chevalier of the Legion of Honor. It is rare to find the path to honor and fame so easy as it was to Sir Thomas Lawrence; it presented no weary climbing to tax his patience and endurance; no pebbles ever seemed to lie in his way, and he could have walked there barefooted without injury.

His London life was brilliant, his studio was crowded with sitters, and money flowed into his purse in a generous stream; for his prices were larger than any other English painter had heretofore asked. But all this did him little good; for by some means he was continually in debt, and always poor.

In 1814 he visited Paris; but was soon recalled that he might paint the portraits of the Allied Sovereigns, their statesmen and generals. These works were the first of the series of portraits of great men that are in the Waterloo Chamber at Windsor Castle. In 1818 he attended the Congress at Aix-la-Chapelle for the purpose of adding portraits of notable persons to the Gallery of the Prince Regent. At length he was called to Rome to paint a likeness of the Pope and Cardinal Gonsalvi; he seems to have been inspired with new strength by his nearness to the works of the great masters in the Eternal City, for these two portraits are far beyond his previous work, and after his return to England, from 1820 to 1830, his pictures had a vigor and worth that are wanting at every other period of his life. He also painted a portrait of Canova while in Rome, which he presented to the Pope.

When Sir Thomas reached London he found himself the president elect of the Academy; it was a great honor, and he accepted it with modesty, while he was much gratified by this recognition of his merit.

George IV., following the example of the graciousness of Charles I. towards Vandyck, hung upon the painter's neck a gold chain bearing a medal on which the likeness of His Majesty was engraved. In the catalogue of the Academy, 1820, Lawrence is called "Principal Painter in Ordinary to His Majesty, member of the Roman Academy of Saint Luke's, of the Academy of Fine Arts in Florence, and of the Fine Arts in New York." To the last he had been elected in 1818, and had sent to the Academy a full-length portrait of Benjamin West.

From this time to that of his death there was little to relate concerning his life except that he was always busy, and each year sent eight fine works to the Academy exhibition. His friends and patrons showed him much consideration, and various honors were added to his list, already long. He was always worried about money matters, and he grieved much over the illness of his favorite sister; but there was no striking event to change the even current of his life.

At the dinner of the Artists' Fund in 1829 he said: "I am now advanced in life, and the time of decay is coming; but come when it will, I hope to have the good sense not to prolong the contest for fame with younger, and perhaps abler, men. No self-love shall prevent me from retiring, and that cheerfully, to privacy; and I consider I shall do but an act of justice to others, as well as mercy to myself." These were his last words in public; for on Jan. 7, 1830, he expired suddenly from ossification of the heart, exclaiming, "This is dying," — almost the same words used by George IV. a few months later.

Sir Thomas Lawrence was a man of fine personal qualities. His generosity may be called his greatest fault; for his impulses led him to give more than he had, — a quality which causes us to admire a man, while at the same moment it makes him guilty of graver faults. His kindness is shown in this anecdote. In 1818 he went to Portsmouth to attend the funeral of his brother, Major Lawrence, and while there he became interested in a poor family whose hut had been

washed out to sea. The painter gave them a sum sufficient to build a new house, and refused to tell them his name. A few years later he visited the same people again, and found them in much comfort; they recognized him as their benefactor, and received him with true gratitude.

He was always generous to unfortunate artists, and in this way spent large sums. He was also true to his own ideas of right and wrong, even at the cost of his own advantage. One illustration of this is the fact that when the ill-used Queen Caroline died, Lawrence ordered the schools and library of the Academy to be closed as long as her remains were in the country. This was brave and noble, for it was generally believed that any person who should sympathize with or show respect for her would lose the favor of the king; and many courtiers and office-holders acted upon this theory.

As an artist, Lawrence cannot be given a very high rank, in spite of the immense successes of his life. As in all cases, there are opposite opinions concerning him. He has hearty admirers, but he is also accused of mannerisms and weakness. His early works are the most satisfactory, because most natural; they are good in design and rich in color. Some sketches of heads with the canvas blank about them are fine, and seem to have been done almost instantly and never retouched. When his portraits are taken as a whole, it must be admitted that he flattered his sitters, and had much that was artificial in his style. He affected gorgeous accessories and loved to introduce crimson velvet and gold damask, furs and marbles, and all sorts of rich details,—in fact, the style which has been called “the curtain and column” portrait painting, was his in a great measure.

There is no doubt that his best and most beautiful works were his pictures of mothers and children. One of these, which is a portrait of the Countess Gower and her little daughter Elizabeth, is well known all over Europe and America, and has even been seen

in China, where a painting had been made from a print of it, and colored according to the fancy of the copyist. Another well-known work of his is a circular picture of two lovely, romping children; prints from it are scattered in many lands. The Waterloo Chamber is a splendid monument to his memory; several of his works are in the National Gallery, and hundreds of them are in the houses of England, where they are treasured for the sake of the painter, and of those whose forms and faces he made to be enduring after youth and beauty and even life had departed.

JOSEPH MALLARD WILLIAM TURNER

was an artist of great genius, and has exercised a powerful influence on the art of the nineteenth century. He was the son of a barber, and was born in Covent Garden, April 23, 1775. When the boy was five years old, he was taken by his father to the house of a customer of the barber, and while the shaving and combing went on, the child studied the figure of a rampant lion engraved upon a piece of silver. After his return home, he drew a copy of the lion that decided his profession, for then and there the father determined that his son should be an artist. As a child and youth he was always sketching, and, while he was fond of Nature in all her features, he yet had a preference for water views, with boats and cliffs and shining waves. After some schooling and much wandering about Brentford, Margate, and along the Thames, he began to study in the office of an architect, who decided that he was not in the right place, and advised the father to make a painter of his son. In 1789, when fourteen years old, Turner entered the classes of the Royal Academy, where he worked hard in drawing from Greek models. He had the good fortune to be employed by Dr. Munro to do some copying and other work, and by this means he revelled in familiarity

with the fine pictures and valuable drawings with which the house of his patron was filled. Toward the end of Sir Joshua Reynolds's life, Turner was a frequent visitor at his studio, and was always sketching some quaint bit of architecture, or some view which charmed his eye. He earned a little money by teaching drawing, and at length, in 1790, sent his first contribution to the Academy exhibition: it was a view of Lambeth Palace, in water-colors. During the next ten years, he exhibited more than sixty works, embracing a great variety of subjects. These pictures included views from more than twenty-six counties of England and Wales, for he was constantly in the habit of making sketching tours and bringing home numberless designs for painting.

In 1802 he was made a full member of the Academy, and also visited the Continent for the first time, going to France and Switzerland only. He visited Italy in 1819, in 1829, and again in 1840. He held the appointment of a professor in the Academy from 1807, and though his lectures were largely attended, his style was so peculiar and his voice so deep and mumbling that there was little real instruction to be gained from them. During a professorship of thirty years he lectured but two or three seasons; and even then he frequently disappointed those who gathered to hear him by not appearing at all, or by coming to say: "Gentlemen, I've been and left my lecture in a hackney coach;" or something of the same significance.

The pictures of Turner are often compared with those of Claude Lorraine, and at times he painted in rivalry with Cuyp, Poussin, and Claude, aiming to adopt the manner of these masters. An example in the style of Claude is his picture of "Æneas with the Sibyl at Lake Avernus." In 1806 Turner followed the example of the great Lorraine in another direction. Claude had made a *Liber Veritatis*, or "Book of Truth," which contained sketches of his finished pic-

tures, in order that the works of other painters should not be sold as his. Turner determined to make a *Liber Studiorum*, or "Book of Studies." It was issued in a series of twenty numbers, containing five plates each, and the subscription price was £17 10s. There were endless troubles with the engravers, and it was not paying well, and was abandoned after seventy plates had been issued. It seemed to be so worthless that Charles Turner, one of the engravers, used the proofs and trials of effect for kindling-paper. After the artist became famous this *Liber Studiorum* was very valuable. Before Turner died, a copy was worth thirty guineas, and more recently a single copy has brought £3,000. Colnaghi, the London print-dealer, paid Charles Turner £1,500 for the proofs which he had not destroyed; and when the old engraver remembered how he had lighted his fires, he exclaimed: "Good God! I have been burning bank-notes all my life." In 1871 an exhibition of choice impressions of the *Liber* was held in London, and in 1878 Professor Norton of Harvard University had a set of thirty-three of the best plates from it reproduced by the heliotype process.

Turner grew very rich; but he lived in a mean, dirty style. As long as his father lived he waited upon his great son as a servant might have done, and after the father's death, an untidy, wizened old woman, a Mrs. Danby, was the only person to care for the house or the interest of the painter. His dress was that of a very common person, and it is impossible to understand how a man who so admired the beautiful in Nature, could live in such a miserly manner as Turner did. His house in Queen Anne Street was so dirty and neglected without, that one would have guessed it to be a house given up to the rats and spiders; and within it was quite as bad. The dreary rooms were filled with uncared-for objects, and littered by pictures in all stages of progress. The house was so damp that the engravings went to decay, and thirty thousand fine proofs rotted here, having

been used as beds by seven Manx cats, who followed "their own sweet wills" in this ghastly abode. Although such living, as a rule, is the result of a miserly spirit, this did not seem to have been its motive in Turner's case, for there were many occasions when he spent money freely and was generous to others. The habits of his father may be an explanation in part; but a more probable one is the fact that the young girl who promised to marry him in his youth married another, in what seemed to him a heartless and cruel way. But it is now known that, during a long absence, the girl's mother had intercepted and destroyed both his letters and hers. The girl thought her lover had slighted and neglected her; the artist believed her to be selfish and false, and from this time he ignored all the pleasures of family life and became the strange unkempt guy that he was. He had sincere friends, however, who found much to admire in him; and in the few houses that he frequented he was a favorite with the young people, who, while they described his unattractive appearance, added that he was social, agreeable, and always entertaining. We cannot say what he might have been, could he have had the care and love of a home circle, and it is kind to remember his genius and virtues, and forget his failings.

Some time before his death, Turner seemed to be hiding himself; his friends could not discover his retreat, until at last his old housekeeper traced him to a dingy Chelsea cottage. When his friends went to him he was dying, and the end soon came. His funeral from Queen Anne Street was an imposing one. The body was taken to St. Paul's Cathedral; and there, surrounded by a large company of artists and followed by the faithful old woman, it was laid to rest between the tombs of Sir Joshua Reynolds and James Barry. His estate was valued at about seven hundred thousand dollars, and he desired that most of it should be used to establish a home for poor artists, to be called "Turner's Gift." But the will was not clearly

written, his relatives contested it, and in the end his pictures and drawings were given to the National Academy; one thousand pounds was devoted to a monument to his memory; twenty thousand pounds established the Turner Fund in the Academy and yields annuities to six poor artists; and the remainder was divided among his kinsfolk.

Perhaps no painter has lived about whose works there have been such extreme and opposite opinions. Some of his admirers claim for him the highest place in art. His opposers can see nothing good in his works, and say that they may as well be hung one side up as another, since they are only a mixture of splashes of color and lights and shades. Neither extreme is correct. In some respects, Turner is at the head of English landscape-painters, and no other artist has had the power to paint so many different kinds of subjects or to employ such varied styles in his work. His water-colors are worthy of the highest praise; indeed, he created a school of water-color painting. His *Liber Studiorum* cannot be too much admired, and some of his early pictures, in which he followed the Dutch School, are excellent; among these are "The Shipwreck" and "The Sun rising in a Mist." At the same time it is proper to say that the works executed in his latest period are not even commended by Ruskin,—his most enthusiastic admirer,—and are not to be classed with those of his earlier days and best manner.

This master was so fruitful, and the number of his pictures in oil and water colors, of his drawings, and of the splendid illustrations for books which he made, is so enormous that we have no space in which to speak as one should of the different periods of his art. There is a large and fine collection of his paintings in the South Kensington Museum; "The Old Téméraire," the picture which he would never sell, is there. "The Slave Ship," one of his finest pictures, is owned in Boston, and other celebrated works of his are in New York; but most of his pictures outside the South Kensington Museum are

in private galleries where no catalogues have ever been made, so that no estimate of the whole number can be given.

It is not best to think of Turner the man, for in that view we must ever be perplexed by the contradictory virtues and vices which ruled him from time to time; but to Turner the artist we may pay the highest honors and place his name beside those of Van de Velde, Cuyp, Poussin, and Claude Lorraine.

I shall tell you of but one more English painter,—one who is very interesting in his life and works, and of whom all young people must be fond, especially those of his own sex; it is the animal painter,

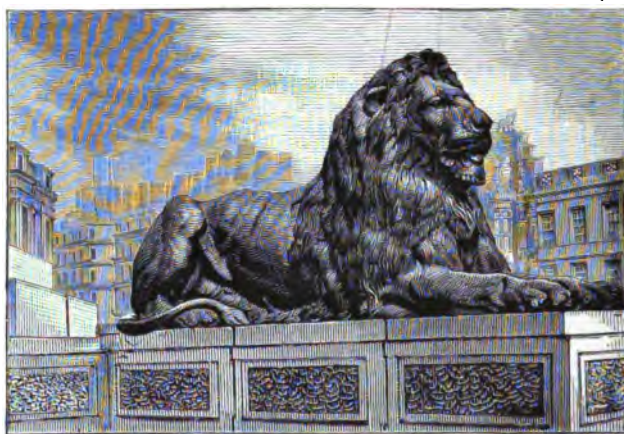
EDWIN LANDSEER.

HE was the youngest of the three sons of John Landseer, the eminent engraver, and was born at No. 83 Queen Anne Street, in March, 1802. The eldest son, Thomas, followed the profession of his father, and in later years, by his faithful engraving after the works of Edwin, did much to confirm the great fame of his youngest brother. Charles, the second son of John Landseer, was a painter of historical subjects, and held the office of keeper of the Royal Academy for twenty years.

Edwin Landseer had the good fortune to be aided and encouraged in his artistic studies and tastes even from his babyhood; for there are now in the South Kensington Museum sketches of animals made in his fifth year, and good etchings which he did when eight years old.

John Landseer taught his son to look to Nature above all else as his model, and Haydon, the painter who instructed his brothers, advised Edwin to dissect animals as other artists dissected their subjects. These two pieces of advice may be said to have been the only important teaching which Edwin Landseer received; he followed

them both faithfully, and when thirteen years old made his first exhibition at the Royal Academy. During fifty-eight years, there were but six in which he did not send his pictures there. When fourteen, he entered the Academy schools, and divided his time between sketching from the wild beasts at Exeter Change, and drawing in the classes. He was a handsome, manly boy, and the keeper, Fuseli, was very fond of him, calling him, as a mark of affection, "My little dog boy."



ONE OF THE LANDSEER LIONS AT THE BASE OF THE NELSON MONUMENT, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

He was very industrious, and painted many pictures; the best one of what are known as his early works is the "Cat's-Paw," and represents a monkey using the paw of a cat to push hot chestnuts from the top of a heated stove: the struggles of the cat are unavailing and her kittens mew to no purpose. This picture was once sold for one hundred pounds; it is now in the collection of the Earl of Essex at Cashibury, and is worth more than three thousand pounds. It was painted in 1822.

Up to this time the master seems to have thought only of making exact likenesses of animals, just as other painters had done before him; but he now began to put something more into his works, and



"THE CONNOISSEURS." (AFTER A PAINTING BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.)

to show the peculiar power which made him so remarkable, — a power which he was the first to manifest in pictures. I mean that he began to paint animals in their relation to man, and to show how they are his imitators, his servants, friends, and companions. Snyders had painted wonderful pictures of wild beasts, and Leonardo da Vinci and Vandyck had reproduced the noble beauty of horses and dogs; but Edwin Landseer was the first to paint animals in their sphere in home-life, and it was this that made him so much admired and beloved by the people everywhere.

Sir Walter Scott was in London when the "Cat's-Paw" was exhibited, and was so pleased by the picture that he sought out the young painter and invited him to go home with him. Sir Walter's well-known love of dogs was a foundation for the intimate affection which grew up between himself and Landseer. In 1824 the painter first saw Scotland, and during fifty years he studied its people, its scenery, and its customs; he loved them all, and could ever draw new subjects and new enthusiasm from the breezy North. Sir Walter wrote in his journal; "Landseer's dogs are the most magnificent things I ever saw; leaping and bounding and grinning all over the canvas." The friendship of Sir Walter had a great effect upon the young painter; it developed the imagination and romance in his nature, and he was affected by the human life of Scotland, so that he painted the shepherd, the gillie, and the poacher, and made his pictures speak the tenderness and truth, as well as the fearlessness and the hardihood, of the Gaelic race. The free, vigorous Northern life brought to the surface that which the habits of a London gentleman in brilliant society never could have developed; one critic has said: "It taught him his true power; it freed his imagination; it braced up all his loose ability; it elevated and refined his mind; it developed his latent poetry; it completed his education."

Landseer remained in the house of his father until he was a

person of such importance that his friends felt that his dignity demanded a separate establishment, and urged this upon him. He could not lightly sever his home ties, and it was only after much hesitation that he removed to No. 1 St. John's Wood Road, where he passed the remainder of his life. He named his house "Maida Vale," in remembrance of the favorite dog of Sir Walter Scott; it was a small house with a garden and a barn, which he converted into a studio. From time to time he enlarged and improved the house, and it became the resort of a distinguished circle of people, who learned to love it for its generous hospitality and its atmosphere of joyous content.

The best years of Landseer were from 1824 to 1840; in this last year he had the first attack of the disease from which he was never again entirely free. He suffered from such attacks of depression as to shadow all his life with gloom, and at times to threaten the loss of his reason.

It is said that Landseer was the first person who opened a communication between Queen Victoria and the literary and artistic society of England. Be that as it may, he was certainly the first artist to be received as a friend by the queen, who soon placed him on a perfectly unceremonious and easy footing in her household. She was often seen in St. John's Wood; and when it is remembered that on her coronation day she hastened to put off her robes that she might "go and wash Dash," her favorite spaniel, it is easy to understand that Landseer's works must have attracted her to him. When once she knew him, his character and his agreeable qualities soon made her his sincere friend. He was a frequent visitor at the royal palaces, and received many rich gifts from both Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. Between 1835 and 1866 he painted almost numberless pictures of the queen, of various members of her family, and of the pets of the royal household. In 1850 he was knighted, and was at the very height of his popularity and success.

It was most natural that the example of the queen should be followed by the nobility, and many families of high rank chose Landseer for their portrait-painter. He was also received by them as a familiar friend, and, with the single exception of Sir Joshua Reynolds, he visited and received in his own house more distinguished persons than any other British artist has done. He was the intimate friend of Dickens, Chantrey, Sydney Smith, and other famous men. An anecdote of Sydney Smith relates that when some one asked him to sit to Landseer for his portrait, he replied: "Is thy servant *a dog*, that he should do this great thing?" Landseer was a famous mimic, and frequently entertained his friends by this power; on one occasion he terrified Chantrey's servant by giving him orders, in precisely his master's voice and manner, from one end of the room, when the servant could see Chantrey in a very different place, with his mouth closed, not uttering a word.

Landseer had an extreme fondness for studying and making pictures of lions; and from the time when as a boy he dissected one, he tried to obtain the body of every lion that died in London. Dickens was in the habit of relating that on one occasion when he and others were dining with the artist, a servant entered and asked: "Did you order a lion, sir?" as if it were the most natural thing in the world. The guests feared that a living lion was about to enter; but it turned out to be only the body of the dead "Nero" of the Zoölogical Gardens, which had been sent as a gift to Sir Edwin.

His skill in drawing was marvellous, and was once shown in a rare way at a large evening party. Facility in drawing had been the theme of conversation, when a lady declared that no one had yet drawn two objects at the same moment. Landseer would not admit that this could not be done, and immediately took two pencils and drew a horse's head with one hand, and at precisely the same time a stag's head with antlers with the other. He painted with

great rapidity; he once sent to the exhibition a picture of some rabbits painted in three quarters of an hour. Mr. Wells related that at one time, when Landseer was visiting him, he left the house for church just as his butler placed a fresh canvas on the easel before the painter; on his return, three hours later, Landseer had completed a life-size picture of a fallow-deer, and so well was it done that neither he nor the artist could see that it required retouching.

There are several well-known portraits of Landseer; but that called the "Connoisseurs," painted in 1865 for the Prince of Wales, is of the greatest interest. Here the artist has painted a half-length portrait of himself engaged in drawing, while two dogs look over his shoulders with a critical expression. One of his biographers says of this work: "The man behind his work was seen through it,—sensitive, variously gifted, manly, genial, tender-hearted, simple, and unaffected, a lover of animals and children and humanity; and if any one wishes to see at a glance nearly all that we have written, let him look at his own portrait, painted by himself with a canine connoisseur on either side."

In 1840 Landseer made an extended tour in Europe, and this was the only occasion when he was long absent from Great Britain. In 1855 several of his works were sent to the Exposition in Paris; he was the only English artist who received the great gold medal.

There are many pretty stories told of the origin of some of his pictures, and others of the prices paid for them. One is that his life-long friend Jacob Bell had a picture by Sir Edwin, which he bought for one hundred guineas and sold for two thousand. He placed this sum to Sir Edwin's bank account, and narrated the circumstance to the artist, telling him that the seller wished another picture painted for the two thousand guineas. Landseer was delighted with the story, and exclaimed: "Well, he shall have a good one!" When

he discovered that the seller was Bell himself, he painted for him the "Maid and the Magpie," which the owner afterwards presented to the National Gallery. It represented a dairy-maid about to milk a cow; the maid stays to listen to her lover, who stands in the door-way. She has put a silver spoon in one of the wooden shoes beside her, and a magpie is carrying it away; from this theft the maiden later suffers untold trouble. The story is from Poussin's "La Gazza Ladra."

Sir Edwin Landseer was also a sculptor; and though he executed but few works in this art, the colossal lions at the base of Nelson's Monument in Trafalgar Square are a triumph for him. He was chosen for this work on account of his great knowledge of the "king of beasts." At his death he had modelled but one; the others were done from it under the care of the Baron Marochetti.

Sir Edwin continued to work in spite of sadness, failing health and sight, and in the last year of his life executed four pictures, one being an equestrian portrait of the queen.

He died Oct. 1, 1873, and was buried with many honors in St. Paul's Cathedral. He left a property of £250,000; and the pictures and drawings in his studio were sold for £70,000; and all this large sum, with the exception of a few small bequests, was given to his brother Thomas and his three sisters, £10,000 being given to his brother Charles.

Many of the pictures of Sir Edwin Landseer are familiar to all lovers of art. "High Life" and "Low Life," "A Highland Breakfast," "Dignity and Impudence," the "Cat's-Paw," "The Monarch of the Glen," "The Piper and Nutcrackers," and others are well known as prints to many people in many lands, for they are pictures which are much loved. It is needless to add any long opinion of the artistic qualities of this master; the critic Hamerton has happily summed up his estimate of him in these words:—

“Everything that can be said about Landseer's knowledge of animals, and especially of dogs, has already been said. There was never very much to say, for there was no variety of opinion, and nothing to discuss. Critics may write volumes of controversy about Turner and Delacroix, but Landseer's merits were so obvious to every one, that he stood in no need of critical explanations. The best commentators on Landseer, the best defenders of his genius, are the dogs themselves; and so long as there exist terriers, deerhounds, bloodhounds, his fame will need little assistance from writers on art.”

I N D E X.



PORTRAIT OF MRS. SIDDONS. (BY T. GAINSBOROUGH.)

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